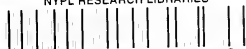


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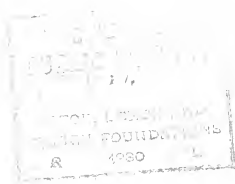
1944



Gen. Sterling Price.

MEMOIRS:
HISTORICAL AND PERSONAL;
INCLUDING THE
CAMPAIGNS
OF THE
FIRST MISSOURI CONFEDERATE BRIGADE.
BY EPHRAIM M^CD. ANDERSON.

SAINT LOUIS:
TIMES PRINTING CO., 206 NORTH THIRD STREET.
1868.





Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by Ephraim McD. Anderson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Missouri.

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DEDICATION.

TO

THE MEMORY OF THE SONS OF MISSOURI,

WHO FELL IN DEFENCE OF THE RIGHTS OF THE STATE,

AND THE CAUSE OF THE SOUTH,

THIS WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE great civil wars our country has passed through have never been transcended in ancient or modern times, either in magnitude, daring or duration. It is true the wars of "The Roses" in England lasted for a long period: from the first battle of St. Albans to the last on Bosworth field, it was nearly thirty years: there were, however, within this time armistices and intervals of peace and repose. The same may be said of the wars of "the Fronde and League" in France: while they continued for a considerable time, there were between the first beginning and final close frequent truces and long intermissions, during which hostilities were not waged. Though our revolution was protracted for eight years from the first act to the closing scene, its military operations were at times comparatively inactive. In the uninterrupted and rapid series of combats, in the unbroken and continuous prosecution of the struggle, it cannot be compared to the bloody and vindictive strife between the North and the South. In this view, the duration of the late contest is unexampled: for a war of four years it is not surpassed by anything on record.

The incessant and prolonged battles, their bloody and fatal character, the ceaseless activity of operations, beyond all former precedent, arose not only from the intense hostility existing between the belligerents, but from the great improvements in the implements of war, the ready facilities for throwing immense armies into the field, and the rapidity with which they could be concentrated for action.

The population of the North was so numerous, and her resources were so vast and immense, that the South was finally overwhelmed; but it was only by numbers that those brave spirits were forced at last to sheathe their swords, and the seared and veteran legions to lay down their arms: they had fought with courage that never faltered to the close. The great Cæsar,

when he saw that his fate was sealed, proudly and bravely folding his robe about him, fell at the base of Pompey's statue : this gallant race has proudly and nobly bowed to inevitable fortune. The truly great conquerors in other times and ages have ever been humane and generous.

The counsels and conduct of faction, even in a civilized state, may sometimes be marked by malignity and ferocity as vindictive and relentless, as the spirit with which barbaric chiefs have trampled upon and desolated conquered nations and empires. If, in a land that ought to be great as well as free, such counsels and conduct are proposed, will they not be indignantly spurned by a people whose magnanimity is invoked by their destinies, and by glory and honor?

The great controversy of State rights at issue during the struggle it is not proposed to treat as a practical question ; that must abide the arbitrament of arms ; nor am I about to write altogether history, properly so called. My desire is to sketch some memoirs and record some events, whose character will be at once historical and personal. Their military connection will include the campaigns of the First Missouri (Confederate) brigade, of which, I am proud to say, I was a member. These troops were those that followed the fortunes of our gallant old hero, General Sterling Price, to the east side of the Mississippi, and served on that side to the close of the war. The narrative will be faithful to truth ; at least, if there be errors, they will not be from intention.

My motive in writing is partly to illustrate the life of the soldier. The military memoirs and histories of the day appear to be devoted exclusively to the lives, characters and exploits of distinguished chiefs, and the most important events connected with their career, or calculated to embellish general history. I wish to introduce the reader into the tents and around the camp-fires of the common soldier—to scenes with which I was long familiar ; while at the same time we will go with him in the ranks, upon those fields made memorable and glorious by his courage and devotion.

It is also my design to characterize some of my old army compatriots, and pay a tribute of respect to comrades that have fallen and now slumber quietly in their soldier graves ; and while calling back scenes and events that are of interest and

importance, and jotting down memories that are cherished, I may somewhat forget, at least for the time, the feebleness of a vitality now pretty well exhausted. After four long years of absence, coming home the wreck of what I once was, diversion and employment such as this can give, will perhaps assist the "*vis medicatrix*," which may yet work me back to strength and manhood.

The jest, the joke, the bivouac, the battle, will rouse up and inspire, though the grim, sad spectres of woe and death, of Nox and Erebus, rise up and beckon us to their shades.

CHAPTER II.

THE CALL.

THE convention held in accordance with an act of the Legislature of Missouri, to take into consideration the critical condition of public affairs, had adjourned for the time. Such measures as it adopted looked to the preservation of the Union, and at the same time exhibited a decided reluctance to engage in war; yet nothing was done that seemed to dissipate the darkness of the political horizon.

Popular feeling was universally roused and alarmed at the gloomy prospect: politics and parties were running high, and while the issues were discussed publicly and privately, the people listened with the deepest interest and excitement. Crowds gathered in the towns every day to hear the news. Business of all kinds was stagnant; "the farmer dropped his plow, the blacksmith his hammer;" the merchant lolled idly about his counter, and numbers were collected at every saloon, hotel, and corner, talking of the agitating questions of the day.

Some were in favor of neutrality, others of immediate secession, but a large majority of the people of Missouri sincerely desired the preservation of the Union, and, at the same time, were opposed to waging war. The principal portion of her population was from Virginia and Kentucky, or of the blood of those States, and ties of birth and kindred with their clinging memories united them in love and affection to the land of their nativity, and the race of their common ancestors.

The propriety of arming the State was before the public, a measure partially provided for by the last Legislature; and although the period when this act passed was very late, yet prompt and energetic action might have accomplished something; nothing, however, was done, and doubt and uncertainty reigned in every quarter. Large meetings were held in all the great counties and many of the smaller ones, still the popular

mind arrived at no satisfactory solution of impending difficulties.

In the midst of this confusion, alarm, and apprehension, the affair of Camp Jackson occurred. A body of State militia, encamped and drilling under the laws of the State, in conformity with its usages and in strict accordance with the Constitution of the United States, was assaulted and broken up by the Federal authorities; the artillery, arms, and ammunition, were seized, and the officers and men imprisoned.

This at once was invasion, outrage, war—indicating a fixed determination to trample on all the rights, laws, securities, and guaranties of the State. It proved the beginning of a grand and unscrupulous system of violence and plunder persistently carried out in Missouri. Inaugurated, doubtless, at Washington, yet certainly with the counsel and consent of leading spirits in the State, this vindictive and lawless scheme to despoil the property and sacrifice the lives of her people has scarcely a parallel in the record of history. In the excited condition of affairs, what respectable, what enlightened government would have exasperated instead of soothing the public mind? would have daringly and defiantly outraged instead of justly, humanely, and scrupulously respecting the rights, privileges, and undoubted franchises of the people?

It was perfectly understood by those in Federal authority that the State was totally unarmed. The politicians and rulers who had governed in former times, engaged and absorbed in heated party contests, had utterly neglected providing the necessary arms and *materiel* for times of emergency, and when legislation awoke to its importance, the time had passed; a crisis was too near at hand.

Under these circumstances this premeditated blow was struck. There could be no question as to the result. Prompt, inevitable resistance was expected: the dignity, pride, and character of the commonwealth would demand this, and the slightest sense of duty and fidelity in its government would insure it. Following instantly upon the assured action of the Governor, the immediate seizure of the State Government by Federal officers was to be carried out, and in its defenceless condition, the subjection of the property of its citizens to military spoli-

ation and their lives to lawless and unpunished assassination would be fully and triumphantly accomplished.

Is there any monarch in the Old World that could conceive a plot so cruel, cold-blooded, and pitiless, against his own people? Is there anything to compare with this in the annals of enlightened, humane civilization? Is there any thing that transcends it in the reigns of the worst of the Cæsars?

The call of the Governor for fifty thousand men went forth. It swept over the wide border like the breath of the storm and the flash of the lightning: it was like "the fiery cross" from Roderick to his clansmen. The hopes of peace, an anxious solicitude that the Federal Government would wisely act in these perilous times, reigned in the breasts of our people, but thenceforth they were to become accustomed to the neighing of the war steed and the tramp of marching legions.

While those of maturer age and less ardent temperament were roused to action, the young and impetuous spirits who had thought of

"The big wars that make ambition virtue."

or who

"Had heard of battles and longed to follow to the field."

at once rushed to arms, and prepared to enter upon that scene whose long and gloomy vistas are now tracked with blood, and shadowed by the ghosts of the dead.

Good-bye to mothers, sisters, and "the girl I left behind me!" Though their soft eyes were "bleared wi' mourning," yet they looked proudly on the dear ones who went forth "to do or die" for the honor of the State. The war cry had gone over her wide prairies and from her thousand hills, and the curtain was about to rise upon that long and terrible drama, whose tragic acts have laid her household altars in ashes and bathed their memories in tears and blood.

CHAPTER III.

BOONEVILLE.

A FEDERAL force advanced to take possession of the seat of the State government, and to seize the person of its chief magistrate, who was compelled to leave the capital, and Booneville was appointed the place of rendezvous for the troops that responded to the call of the Governor.

In my neighborhood a company of infantry, numbering one hundred and eighteen, had been organized, and Frank Davis, afterwards distinguished as a partizan officer, had been chosen captain. Poindexter, an intelligent gentleman and a finely drilled soldier, was made first-lieutenant. No time was to be lost, for General Lyon was then advancing up the river, and the troops on this side might be cut off.

The quiet little village of Middle Grove awoke one Sunday morning to the martial airs of the fife and drum, and our company, after a warm and cordial shaking of hands with the crowd of old and young, of matrons and fair maidens, moved forward for the theatre of war.

The ages of our men were from eighteen to about thirty. I was one of the youngest. The company being infantry, it had been determined to travel in light two-horse wagons, in order to facilitate movements. There were about twelve or fourteen wagons, and some of the boys were mounted. All were in fine spirits and eager for action.

The roads were good, and we traveled briskly over a level, thickly settled country, and crossed the North Missouri railroad at Renick early in the morning. Here a halt was called. We stopped about ten minutes, and then hurried on. The spirits of the company seemed to be very much enlivened after we left Renick; indeed they became exuberant. The hotel proprietor of that "burg" was a gentleman of warm Southern proclivities, and opened his bar and invited the boys to test the quality of its

liquors; it is hardly necessary to say, that, under the circumstances, they could not refuse.

The prairie was soon left behind, and, entering a thickly timbered country, we found ourselves traversing a region known as the Perche hills. About twelve the command reached a creek, where it halted for rest and refreshment, and here we were joined by two companies, one from Randolph and the other from Paris.

The scene was lively, animated and novel. Though it was Sunday, a musician was sitting in a wagon playing the fiddle, and, by his ludicrous style and manner, greatly amused the crowd that had gathered round. Some were tending their horses, others eating and drinking, and all talking of war. The Paris company was attended by a fine brass band, which "ever and anon" gave to the breeze its stirring airs.

After resting an hour, the three companies moved on together. On our way, we were cheered at almost every house by genial smiles and waving handkerchiefs. A fair, sweet girl advanced in a yard that extended to the road, and stopped the band, which was in front, and requested it to play. Such good speed had been made, that our camping-ground for the night was not far ahead, and her request was complied with. As the strains rose upon the air in tender and touching softness, or swelled with bold and martial fire, in the intense and rapt expression of her bright face, she seemed one of the nymphs or naiads of ancient myth, the genii and guardians of wood and stream; the tears gathered in her soft and radiant eyes, and, as the strain ceased, "with melting heart and brimful eye," she gracefully waved her "adieux."

Having made about thirty-five miles, we camped for the night upon the premises of General John B. Clark. The encampment was in bivouac style, in an inviting pasture, with a stream close by. We were without tents, and our rations being cooked, the camp preparations were light. Here the Paris company elected their officers. They were a fine body of men, handsomely uniformed, and with a look decidedly military. We were now four miles from Fayette and twenty from Booneville, which it was expected to reach by twelve the next day.

In the morning, daylight found us on the road, and we soon arrived at Fayette. Here a very unwelcome piece of informa-

tion met us: *there were no arms in Booneville.* Our company had about eight guns, and these were the common rifle and double-barreled shot-gun. I had with me one of the latter. Whether to go on, or turn back, was now the question. Arms, but of rather an indifferent description, could be obtained at home, and without any, our commands would not be very efficient. It was, however, decided among the captains to go on, and stay with the army until arms could be procured, as the Governor had given some assurance that he would soon have a supply.

We advanced at a quick trot, and had gone four or five miles, when a messenger met us and gave the information, that the fleet under General Lyon had passed Rocheport only ten miles below, and that expedition was necessary to prevent our being cut off. It was not thought that we would be able to hold Booneville.

The horses were whipped to a brisker stride: on faster was the cry. Hark! a gun—another, booming far over the hills its deep and martial tone swells out, rolling in muttering thunder; then faint and fainter till it died away amid the distant clouds. What glorious music! it quickens the pulse, it thrills the brain. On! on yet faster! The horses are lashed to their utmost speed. Louder and deeper, gun after gun, rolls above our heads; the excitement grows wilder. Oh, for the winged chariot of Apollo to speed us on its fiery wheels! Our steeds are at their best, and yet we shout to urge their laggard pace!

This impassioned sensation of a young soldier is his first tribute to the genius of war—a first and proud offering on the altar of Mars. It often lasts for some time on the approach or opening of combat; but, like “vernal hopes and spring promises,” it is doomed to fade away. Long marches, hard campaigning, the sight of a few well-contested fields strewn with the fragments of war and the bodies of the dead and dying, teach, after a while, the sad and melancholy accompaniments to the stirring music of rolling musketry and booming artillery.

We soon arrived at Franklin, two miles from the river, and Booneville is on the opposite bank. The artillery had ceased firing. A horseman dashed up, his horse at the top of its speed, and yelled out, “Retreat; we are cut all to pieces!” and, driving the spurs into the horse’s flanks, shouted, “Follow me, if you want to save yourselves!” The officers were not disposed to

turn back, nor were the men willing, without certain assurance that an advance was impracticable. They did not, of course, expect to press on in the face of dangers too serious and insurmountable, and, without arms, it would not be possible to accomplish any important military result. If we were cut off from advancing to Booneville, our present design must necessarily be abandoned.

Two mounted men galloped up in a few minutes. They told us it was useless to go any farther: the battle was over, and the place was taken. They both said they were in the fight, and stated that it was very bloody and our loss very heavy—"the Federal artillery had mowed our men down: at one point on the road where it had played upon them, the field was covered with dead, and one of the gullies at its side was running blood." They further stated that the Federals had Minie rifles that would kill at the distance of a mile.

In a short time, a considerable number came up who had been in the fight. Many and contradictory accounts were given, and the conclusion of the calmer and more sensible portion of our men was, that the loss on either side was light—the enemy had perhaps suffered the most—about twelve hundred of our men had guns, and were in the battle—no artillery was used on our side; while the Federal force was twenty-five hundred, including a regiment of regulars, and all were fully armed and equipped with artillery and the *materiel* necessary to fight a battle; and this was nearly a correct view as subsequent reliable accounts proved. The information received in reference to future operations was, that Jackson and Price had gone to Lexington, and desired the men to meet them there with such arms as they could get.

Under these circumstances, the captains of the Randolph and our company determined to fall back, and have their commands provided with arms; then, as soon as possible, join General Price. The Paris company concluded to go up the river, try to cross, and risk getting arms on the other side; and a few who were mounted struck out for Lexington.

We had traversed most of the distance back towards home, and were moving on briskly, when some horsemen rode rapidly up, and reported that a Federal regiment had arrived at Renick by the railroad, and was advancing immediately in front. Most

of the men waited to hear no more, but leaped from the wagons and dashed into the woods. While recalling that scene, I see before me a tall form, with prodigious and lofty bounds clearing the tops of the bushes, while, at the same time, near me in the wagon lies a long rifle.

The teamsters and the few who remained with them, seemed about to be left to the tender mercies of the Federals, when it was ascertained to be a false alarm—only some of our men going to Booneville. We re-crossed the railroad about twelve, and half an hour afterwards a Federal regiment came up on the train, on their way to Booneville. That evening we got home in a rather demoralized condition. The Paris company did not succeed in crossing the river, and on their way back encountered the Federal regiment. This caused them to enter the woods, and make a considerable detour, which resulted in a long additional march, and they did not get in until about three days after our return. Thus ended this short and not very successful campaign.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEPARTURE.

THE condition of affairs in Missouri at this time, was melancholy and humiliating. The Governor had been driven from the capital, and was hotly pursued by a Federal army; an unrestrained, hostile soldiery was spreading over the country, and had commenced already a system of insult and outrage, soon to be followed by lawless plunder and cruel assassination.

Though the convention had, in many respects, failed to respond to popular feeling, yet it had not misrepresented that feeling in exhibiting an anxious solicitude for the preservation of the Union. It is true, the strange and unnatural policy of the general government, begun at Camp Jackson and still pertinaciously adhered to, was rapidly bringing about the conviction that any government was better than that under which we were living, and was preparing the way for that co-operation of the Missouri forces with the Confederates which afterwards occurred.

At this time the question was, whether the Federal rulers could with impunity trample upon the clear and incontestible rights, immunities and privileges of the State and the people. There might have been a few at that period, who were disposed to bow down before the government at Washington, and, perhaps, even to applaud its action; doubtless, some might have been found who were ready to

"Crock the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift might follow fawning."

The tone of sentiment, however, was one of almost universal indignation, and zealously encouraged the struggle to vindicate our rights and avenge our wrongs.

The Federals had taken possession of all the ferries on the river, destroying some of the boats, and guarding vigilantly those that continued to run; even the flats and skiffs had been

gathered up, and shared the same fate. The men on this side who desired to go to the army, found it almost impossible to cross, and did not attempt it in large bodies. Everything of this kind was done in a very quiet manner. The country soon swarmed with soldiers, who were hunting up and capturing the boys that had been to Booneville.

Our company was broken up; the first-lieutenant, Poindexter, with those who were mounted, had gone to Lexington, and infantry did not at this time attempt to get through, as Federal cavalry in force guarded every crossing, and was scattered through the country, watching and intercepting the roads. Price and Jackson had gone South with a considerable body of troops, and their exact locality was not known. Under these circumstances, men could only go to the army in small parties—not more than three or four together—in order to avoid suspicion and have a better chance of crossing the river; and, many of them failing to get over, the report made on their return discouraged others who desired and intended to join the forces under Price.

Time was wearing away, and, becoming restless under the prospects immediately around us, I went out on a general scout. Pursuing my way into the heavy forest that skirts the river, I encountered Bob Sweeny, at that time a lieutenant in a company that was organized and awaiting a favorable opportunity to get across. Bob was an active, energetic and brave officer, and had a genius for scouting. We soon ascertained that Colonel Congreve Jackson, of Howard county, was preparing to take over several companies: he had secured a couple of flats, and it was so arranged that they could be ready at the required moment, and some of the companies had gone into camp. I immediately attached myself to one of them commanded by Captain Perkins, an intelligent and efficient officer. He was afterwards colonel, and raised a regiment in North Missouri.

Our camp was in the hills of Randolph, on Moniteau Creek; five or six of our old company were there. We were armed with shot guns and rifles and had among us a good many revolvers. Here I made the acquaintance of Captain Hicky, an amiable gentleman and an excellent man, who discharged the duties of his position with skill and ability; his company

was to go out with Colonel Jackson, from whom he was the bearer of a message to Captain Perkins, the purport of which was, that he must have his company ready immediately, as a movement would be made in a few days.

The auspicious moment had come. The battle of "Oak Hills," sometimes called "Wilson's Creek," had been fought, and General Lyon was killed and his army defeated. The troops that were guarding the river and its approaches had been sent to Rolla to re-inforce the retreating army, or withdrawn to St. Louis.

I had been in camp about two weeks, and we were to leave in three days. It was my wish to see home again before taking my departure. I obtained leave, and went back to my father's, about a day's ride and remained one day, the last that was spent there for four years. Bidding them all a final farewell I mounted my horse and was "off to the wars again."

Riding a good steed, a fine traveller, the distance was rapidly got over, and about two o'clock I entered camp; it was evacuated. Moving on to a house not far off I found two of the boys there, one of whom was sick; they informed me the company had left early in the morning, and was by that time most probably near the appointed rendezvous. After getting something to eat and my horse fed, we left our sick comrade to the care and kindness of the family and pushed forward to the command.

We rode about twenty-five miles, and stopped at eight o'clock. An excellent supper regaled us here, our horses were fed, we heard some good music from a very charming girl, made our best bow, and were on the road again. After traveling ten miles farther, the horses showed signs of fatigue; mine had been rode sixty miles since morning. We entered a woodland pasture, fastened them to the trees, spread our blankets on the grass, and invoked "tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep."

Early in the morning we were in the saddle, and soon reached the command, which now numbered six hundred men. Two flats had been brought into requisition, and they had commenced crossing before daylight. After a day's hard work, everything, including horses, wagons and baggage, was safely crossed,

and moving about a mile in the country, we encamped for the night. Numerous tents, fires encircled by armed men, the array of martial equipments, began now to assume the aspect and front of war.

CHAPTER V.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

THE line of march was taken up for Marshall early on the following morning; here we were to be joined by other commands, which, like ourselves, had taken advantage of the favorable juncture, and were crossing the river above.

The arms of our command were such as could be gathered from the family arsenals, and were consequently of almost every conceivable character and description. The column marched in double file, and being cavalry, made quite an imposing appearance. The country, at first thickly wooded, in a few miles became open, with long stretches of prairie on every side, skirted here and there by narrow strips of woodland.

Our advance was uninterrupted, and about three in the afternoon we reached Marshall and camped in a thin skirt of oak timber about a mile from the town. The organization of our regiment now took place, and Colonel Jackson was elected to the command; John B. Clark, junior, then with the army near Springfield, was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and T. B. Wilson was appointed Adjutant. Wilson was a thorough tactician, and at the same time a person of most pleasing manners and address.

Colonel Jackson was apparently about fifty years of age, tall and rather old-fashioned in appearance, with a pleasant expression of countenance; he had served in the Mexican war, and had the reputation of a brave and gallant old soldier, but was certainly no martinet in military tactics; his favorite command, when forming his regiment, was "fall in men—fall in, in two rows." During the war his capacity and efficiency as an officer were fully tested and firmly established. The men from Boone were also organized into a battalion, and Colonel Middleton Singleton, whom I knew very well, was chosen their leader—a very intelligent and undoubtedly brave officer.

Other commands soon joined us: Colonel Bevier, of Macon, with four hundred men and forces from various quarters, whose

commanders are not recollected. The aggregate of our strength now was about two thousand, and Colonel Ed. Price, son of the old General, and one of the heroes of "Oak Hills," had come up to escort us to the army.

The encampment was striking and picturesque; stretching over the hills in groups the tents and soldiery presented an appearance of exciting and stirring life, while the war songs just coming in vogue resounded with loud and repeated chorus. Our camp was almost in the shape of a crescent, corresponding with the course of a stream of clear water flowing at the base of the hills upon which our tents were resting.

There was no artillery in the command, and nearly all were armed with shot-guns and rifles: it is not, however, to be inferred that all were armed, for some had no guns at all. The man who was the possessor of an old musket or carbine was considerably envied, as it was considered a more efficient weapon than the common shot-gun or rifle. Here I saw, for the first time, a Sharp's rifle, perhaps the only one in the whole brigade; it was a fine gun of its class, and handsomely finished. The owner explained to me, with unreserved courtesy, its superior qualities, the rapidity with which it could be loaded and discharged, the distance it would carry, and the deadly accuracy of its aim; I listened with rapt attention and almost envied him the possession of such a treasure.

All were full of life—gay, buoyant, and anxious to have a taste of war. The exceptions were few who had ever heard the whistle of the minie or the hissing sound of artillery missiles; great anxiety was expressed to get to the army, and some were sorely afraid that the fighting would be over before we could get there. Ambitious youth! be not impatient! you are destined yet to share in all the glory of war, and to test, too, its stern realities.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE MARCH.

WE are now in the month of August eighteen hundred and sixty-one. The command leaving Marshall, moved south over beautiful and undulating prairies, intersected here and there by little streams of clear, limpid water, almost obscured from view as they wended their way between flowering banks, or murmured on through grassy dells.

The large waters were skirted with scattering groves, the extent of which corresponded with the size of the stream upon which they grew. The soil was a dark loam, very rich, productive, and of considerable depth; fine crops of both corn and hemp were growing in the fields; the latter was just beginning to ripen, and some of the farmers were already cutting. The majority of the farms were large, and the country presented the appearance of substantial wealth, most of the houses being good, and some of them elegant, with tasteful improvements. The people generally were very warm and cordial in their reception of us, and welcomed the command with many demonstrations of pleasure and delight: often fruit and water were dispensed with fair hands; bright eyes greeted us joyously, and rosy lips murmured forth hopes for our success and triumph.

It is not necessary to say any thing of each day's march unless something of interest presents or occurs. We were several days *en route* to Blackwater. A German settlement we passed seemed to be deserted by the men, who were in the "home guards" service: a fort had been erected in sight of the town, but was now abandoned, and its garrison had gone to Cole camp or Lexington; a space about thirty yards square was fortified with earth-works, provided with port holes, while a small log house had been erected in the centre.

Our march was interrupted; the Federal forces that remained in the country had fallen back to fortified positions, from which they constantly sallied out, making reconnoissances and raids

upon neighborhoods that were not considered "Union:" this term was at that time a very vague one, and has since become, perhaps, even more indefinite.

Blackwater is a dark-looking stream, which rises in the county of Johnson, and running through Pettis and Saline, empties into the Missouri; fine mills are erected on its banks, and near one of them our camp was situated. This was a favorable location for wood and water, supplies for the command were easily obtained, and we remained here for four days.

Couriers informed us that General Price was about to advance northward from Springfield: it was not necessary to march over ground, so soon to be retraced, in order to form a junction with the main army; it would shortly approach the region we were traversing, and as the command was at a point where our commissariat could be readily furnished, it continued for the present stationary, and a large quantity of flour was ground, and some preparations were made for regular subsistence.

Pickets and guards were more carefully posted, and the camp was put under such strict surveillance that it was impossible for a soldier to get out without permission from headquarters; and at the same time the officers passed and repassed at pleasure. This was a decided distinction, and one that was never made, as I afterward found, among old army officers, who understood properly military practice and usages; but our chiefs were not then very experienced, and not exactly *au fait* in the rules and etiquette of camps. The encampments, however, continued to be vigilantly guarded in this manner and with this distinction until we made a junction with the army.

A good many scouting parties were sent out from this camp to hunt up powder, and such other war material as had been secreted by the "home guards:" our scouts discovered and brought in every day something of the sort; and, as supplies of this kind did not abound in the command, the captures were very acceptable. They arrested now and then a suspicious looking character, who, after examination, was generally released: notwithstanding those captured did not seem disposed to be very communicative, yet sometimes our officers obtained information of importance. Bob Sweeny often commanded the scouts, and acquitted himself in this service with skill and ability.

CHAPTER VII.

KNOB NOSTER.

LEAVING Blackwater, we advanced in a southwest direction towards Knob Noster, a village situated nearly on the line of Johnson and Pettis counties. The weather was warm and marching laborious for the infantry, which consisted of Colonel Bevier's command; consequently our progress was slow, and the march occupied three days.

The country was prairie, but not quite so rich as that we had left behind, and presented some characteristics not observed before. Large hills were seen in various directions in the open prairie, which resembled small, isolated mountains; a few were very high,—could be seen a long distance, and presented a spectacle at once unique and beautiful. The appearance of some of them is very striking and remarkable, rearing their tall and solitary crests on extended and level stretches of prairie, without the smallest knoll or undulation around: the soil is usually very rich near their base; though the ascent is very difficult, we succeeded in riding to the tops of the steepest that were on our route. From the summits of the highest the view opens upon boundless and beautiful prairies, dotted with clumps of trees and cultivated farms, while around these, lofty hills rear their huge forms, the undisputed giants of the plain. Clumps of trees, away from any stream or water, is another peculiar feature of this region. Elevations of a similar character, and surrounded by scenery of the same description, become more frequent as you approach the Ozark mountains.

To facilitate our movements, Colonel Price ordered Bevier's regiment of infantry to be relieved by alternately dismounting some of the cavalry. Infantry was decidedly the favorite arm of service with those officers who had been at Carthage and Springfield; and their experience, it was said, had made an unfavorable impression in regard to cavalry, which must be

thoroughly trained and disciplined in order to be efficient, and at that early period it was raw and unpracticed.

Flanking companies were thrown out to look after "home guards," if any should venture to follow or reconnoitre our movements; all of them, however, had taken refuge in military posts, the nearest of which were Lexington, Rolla, Booneville and Jefferson City: the rendezvous at Cole camp was broken up about this time. Now and then a glimpse could be got of a horseman on a high hill, but upon making any advance toward him he immediately disappeared.

During this march I joined Captain Fullenwider's company in Singleton's battalion; such had been my original intention, as a number of my friends and acquaintances were in it. My connection with Captain Perkins' command had been temporary, though, while attached to it, I had regularly discharged the duties of a soldier.

My new mess was composed of the Hulitts, Amos and Ambrose, who proved themselves good men and true, serving through the war with honor; John and James Hulan belonged to it also, of whom the latter served faithfully a long time until disabled with wounds: Ben. Jenkins, Mart. Baker and myself made out the list. My messmates were agreeable, jovial and merry companions: Jenkins and John Hulan abounded in wit, humor and fun, and Baker sang finely; with chat, song and jest the nights passed away pleasantly and cheerfully.

There is nothing more grateful in the life of a soldier, after the march of the day is through, the tents all stretched and supper over, than to draw up round the dying camp-fire and relate the incidents of the day and talk of the prospects of the morrow. Such was the custom of our mess, and as the drowsy hours drew on, a plaintive air from Baker, who seemed touched with some tender memory, or one of those wonderful tales from Jenkins or Hulan, closed up the evening,—and then—to sleep.

Our reception at Knob Noster was enthusiastic. Many of the ladies had little flags which they presented the nearest soldier as the ranks moved on, and the flag was placed in the head-stall of the bridle; some fortunate companies had a flag on the head of almost every horse, and made quite a display. Soldiering then was all *colour de rose*.

CHAPTER VIII.

IRISH SENTIMENT.

THE morning after our encampment about four miles from Knob Noster, I obtained leave and took my gun for a hunt, to kill a squirrel or any other game that might be found. Moving through the timber on the banks of the stream, I heard a shot not far off, and advancing in the direction, came upon a soldier who, like myself, was out sporting; he was a young Irishman, with a fine countenance, and the appearance of great physical vigor.

Why it is I cannot tell, but the manner, address, and expression of the Irish have always impressed me with a sense of genial and cordial feeling beyond that of any other race. Whether it is their rich and deep-toned speech, or a genuine touch of nature's nobleness, or both combined—so it is, the impression is made: a fine specimen of his countrymen was now before me.

We soon got into conversation, and, taking our seats on a log, chatted for some time. He had seen General Price at St. Louis, while president of the convention, and spoke of him in terms of the most unaffected admiration, saying that he was the finest looking gentleman in the whole convention, and presided over its deliberations with remarkable ease and dignity. As a general, he thought Price had no superior, and was eloquent in his account of the battle of Springfield, of which he had heard much, and spoke with enthusiasm.

According to his statement, a part of the corps of Siegel had reached St. Louis before the regular telegraphic dispatches, or the arrival of the courier communicated the news; these were some of the men who fled on the charge of the Louisiana regiment, and left their battery in its possession; arriving at Springfield in advance of the retreating army, they hurried through without stopping, and by forced marches reached Rolla on time—thence by rail to St. Louis. This accounted, he said,

for the rumor which spread through the city on the evening before the dispatches came in, to the effect that a bloody battle had taken place, and the Federal army was defeated and in hasty retreat.

After the news from Springfield, very strict measures, he stated, had been adopted at St. Louis to prevent men from getting away who might go to the army, and arrests were made every day; the guards about the city and along the roads that led from it were strengthened, and additional vigilance was exercised by the military authorities. He went on to say, if a man was cheerful and lively, he was thought to be rejoicing at the Federal defeat, and was forthwith imprisoned, the prisons were full to overflowing and additional ones were being prepared to receive their increasing occupants. Men knew not what offences they were charged with, and asked in vain to know the cause of their imprisonment; their demands for trial were treated with neglect, perhaps with greater rigor in their confinement, and any interference of the courts was derided and defied.

It may not be inappropriate to remark here, that these novel and unexampled proceedings in the conduct of a free government had already become an every day feature in the policy and administration of those in power; and all the sacred guaranties of personal security and the ancient and cherished principles of public liberty were trampled under foot and made a subject for scoff and jest by the minions of this new despotism.

Under the circumstances, the narrator observed, his determination was soon made to get away and go to the army; that his heart was with the cause, and he wanted to strike, as far as one arm could uphold it, for its success.

Inquiring if he had any difficulty in getting away, he answered, some little, but not very serious. A comrade had started with him, and by daylight they had advanced some distance from the city; a snack had been brought along, but somehow their bottle was empty, and it was dry traveling without a little refreshment; his companion undertook to go to a grocery not far off and get the bottle refilled, while he remained in the shelter of a thick undergrowth not far from the road.

The undertaking was accomplished, and his comrade was returning along the road, when immediately in front, four horse-

men came in view ; he saw they were soldiers, and quickly crossing, moved rapidly for the brush, when the cavalry dashed at full speed after him.

At a little distance from the highway was a flat, swampy piece of ground, rendered very soft and mucky by recent rains, and this lay directly in the route of the troopers making the charge ; the two foremost dashed into the bog, and in a jump or two their horses went down, floundering in the mud ; one of them throwing a complete summersault, landed both saddle and rider some distance in the swamp. While the hindmost horsemen drew up, the two in front, begrimed with mud, rose swearing vehemently—"donnerweitter, ter teufel, cot tam, donner und blitzen"—but by this time his friend came up, and, not waiting to hear the end of this volley of oaths, they made their escape.

This warm-hearted Irishman was a true type of his race—glowing in feeling, impassioned in sentiment—ready to give his life and fortunes to a cause he loved ; and thus it has ever been in all the history of this gallant and generous people ; in every land where a struggle has been made for independence, the Irish heart has beat in warm and cordial sympathy for its success, and the children of her soil have bravely struck for its triumph. In whatever region of the globe, whether amid the rigors of the frozen north, or under the burning sun of the tropics—whether in the vast and fertile valleys of America, or the steppes and wilds of Asia—the standard of war has been raised with liberty inscribed upon its banner, there the Irishman's heart has been, and there, too, in the foremost ranks of battle, with unfaltering step and steady hand, he has vindicated the honor and glory of that "green isle of the sea"—the undying resistance of her sons to oppression and despotism, and their eternal devotion to the cause of freedom.

CHAPTER IX.

A SCOUT.

WE remained a few days at this encampment, and our time was employed in hunting up arms and ammunition, of which a considerable quantity was obtained: thirty-six kegs of powder were found in one place, that had been carefully secreted by a company of "home guards," who had left for parts unknown.

Our company made a scout from the encampment here to Sedalia, on the Pacific railroad, distant about thirty-five miles. Information reached us that a considerable supply of arms had been buried or concealed near there, which had been brought up from St. Louis for the use of the Federal service, or sent by the provisional State government; and we were ordered to discover, if possible, the place in which they were hidden or deposited, and, if successful, to bring them back with us to camp.

Leaving about twelve o'clock in the day, by dark the command halted for a short time within nine miles of the place: from this point a sharp lookout was kept and pickets moved in advance. Several companies of "home guards" had been raised about this neighborhood and around Georgetown, only three miles from our destination, and an encounter with some of this force was not improbable. It would be easy here to bring in an incident or two of interest; to come upon a greatly superior number of these troops, and charge, rout or capture the whole squadron. Notwithstanding the temptation, truth compels me tamely to say, we did not have the good fortune to meet with any of these formidable bands.

About nine o'clock at night we reached Sedalia, went to a hotel, got supper, and had our horses fed. From a reliable source the information was received that the arms were no longer here; they had been shipped back down the railroad, and the object of the expedition could not be accomplished.

We soon left the place and moved on toward Georgetown: it was understood that a company or force of the "home guards"

would probably pass in this neighborhood during the night, and we took up position in the road and remained in the saddle until daylight; but our vigilance was not rewarded by meeting with a corps of the enemy, whose expected movement was mistaken, or perhaps prevented by our presence. As day broke we entered the town, and were soon enjoying a comfortable breakfast, while our horses were equally as well provided: we looked around here until nearly twelve, but not making any discoveries, neither seeing nor hearing any thing of interest, the command took up the line of march for camp.

Night approaching, a part of our company halted at a large three-story brick house, of quite imposing appearance; the officer commanding the detachment courteously informed the gentleman who appeared, that we were seeking a lodging for the night, and would be glad to find accommodation with him; to which he replied that his wife was very sick,—that he had scarcely any thing to eat, and that he had nothing for our horses. Lieutenant Summers, a gentleman of the kindest temper and feelings, was about leaving with his men, when one of them observed, that he had just been in the stable lot to water his horse, and saw plenty of corn and oats in the barn: this changed the face of affairs; if supplies were abundant for horses, perhaps there might be something for men, notwithstanding the deplorable condition of the establishment, as represented by its owner, and we accordingly dismounted.

The horses were soon in good quarters for the night, and after attending to them properly we went to the house, in front of which the lieutenant and host were sitting, and the latter was evidently making no effort to entertain his guest. Our new acquaintance was entirely out of humor, and seemed to take no pains to conceal it; the salutations we addressed him on advancing were acknowledged in a very morose and forbidding manner. There were only fifteen of us—not a very formidable party to entertain for one night, especially as from the style and appearance of the premises a supply of servants was likely at hand.

Our polite friend did not ask us to take seats, and being directed by the officer in command to occupy the room to the left of the hall, and to be quiet and orderly, so that the ladies of the house might neither be alarmed nor disturbed, we entered and

deposited our guns and blankets. The room was entirely without furniture, except a few plain chairs and a melodeon; in addition, however, there was a portrait suspended on the wall, which, from its grum and uninviting expression, was, doubtless, intended for the gentleman in front of the house.

Returning from the room, we met a young lady coming down stairs into the hall, whose countenance was so threatening, and brow so lowering, that her natural beauty, grace and attractions were entirely obscured, and she passed to the opposite room without noticing, except by an additional frown, our civil and respectful greeting. Amiable family! how enviable the good fortune of those who have access to your charming circle!

From some little incidents that occurred and expressions used, it seemed the family was fearful the house might be plundered. Our host was assured that we were, by no means, thieves or cut-throats; that at home we claimed to be honest, well-meaning people, and hoped not to discard this character; the assurance thus given must have had a salutary effect, for; it was not long before the head of the family imparted the pleasing intelligence that his wife was a great deal better; as she had been very sick when we stopped, perhaps to the excitement caused by our arrival, this sudden improvement in her health was attributable, or possibly to the pleasure and gratification of knowing that the house was not occupied by robbers and brigands.

Supper was soon announced, and was good enough; indeed, we expected no better, although there was nothing at all epicurean about it. The room in which we ate might have been the family dining-room, and was opposite the one in which our guns and blankets were deposited; no ladies of the household made their appearance, a couple of boys waited at the table. Our host thawed out a little, and yielded somewhat after a while, to the very considerable efforts we made to be agreeable; in truth, it was impossible for him to resist altogether the lively and amiable spirit and humor of his guests; before parting with him for the night he almost smiled. Sentinels were posted to guard against surprise, and see that no one left the house, and we retired—spread our blankets on the floor—

“And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.”

Our friends had been informed that early breakfast would be acceptable; we rose at daylight, attended to our horses, and repaired to the house where breakfast waited. On entering the room the spectacle that greeted our vision was almost bewildering; behold! fried chicken and eggs, biscuit and butter, milk and coffee, with other surroundings equally inviting,—all spread before us in appropriate and attractive style; and, wonder of wonders! the hostess had entirely recovered, and sat at the head of the table. Admirable and delightful change! can any appreciate more gratefully than soldiers such unexpected good fortune?

Thanking our host and hostess for this excellent breakfast, we left in a remarkably good humor, and soon joined the remainder of the company, which had stayed at a house farther on, where they fared sumptuously. Arriving at camp, and finding the command had moved, we followed on and came up about night; the tents were stretched, the camp-fires lit, and the stir and bustle of our little army again surrounded us.

CHAPTER X.

CLINTON—THE FLAG—JAYHAWKERS.

STRIKING our tents the next morning, we advanced in the direction of Clinton. All the country in this portion of Missouri is very much alike; wide, expansive prairies meet the eye, intersected here and there by streams skirted with timber: the waters, generally, are muddy and sluggish, and the whole region is devoid of springs.

Progressing by easy marches, we arrived at Clinton, at that time a very pretty village: the town was full of girls who waved their handkerchiefs, while the boys responded with cheers. One of the group near the road, a very pretty girl, who had been joining the others in the cry, "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis and General Price," suddenly changed her note as our company passed rapidly by, and, with the most evident excitement and admiration, directing her attention and gesture towards a handsome young boy in the command exclaimed, "Hurrah for the pretty little soldier with the gray cap on." It was a good joke on our young friend App., though he was quite proud of the compliment.

Our camp was pitched a short distance from the town on Middle Big creek, one of the tributaries of the Osage, and from this point the line of march led through Locust Grove, where we encamped for two days. A beautiful flag was presented here to Colonel Singleton by the ladies of the town: the colonel acknowledged its reception in an appropriate address, and his manner and bearing on the occasion were characteristic of the soldier and gentleman. The flag being the finest in the battalion, was taken for the regimental colors, and carried as such until it was nothing but shreds.

After leaving Locust Grove we marched in a southwest direction, and now began to see traces of the recent presence of Kansas jayhawkers; and, as we advanced, the evidences of their instinct for plunder increased; alas! how soon to be fol-

lowed by exhibitions of that still more horrible instinct for blood, that has distinguished their long and terrible career! Their chiefs were Lane, Montgomery and Jennison, their directors in council and leaders in the field: Lane was their especial favorite, their idol and representative on the floor of the Senate at Washington.

They came forth in armies, not as soldiers, for honorable war was not a sphere adapted to their character and genius; their vocation was something different, and faithful to its instincts, they left nothing behind them but mourning and desolation: they plundered a whole country, sacked its villages, and committed its habitations to the flames, marking their progress with barbaric outrage, and cruel, cold-blooded assassination.

The Arab of the desert, stealing upon the lone traveller, and plunging into his bosom the dagger to its hilt, grimly smiles and asks, "Art thou in health, my brother?" These demons of the border grimly smiled upon their dying victims, and exulted in their expiring agonies, while, with bloody hands and furious mien, they were ready to offer up new sacrifices to their horrid passions and infernal appetites.

Their great apostle, Lane, gloried in proclaiming the butcheries of these monsters, and, at the same time, heralded forth his chieftainship in their councils and his participation in their crimes: in speeches made by him and published to the world immediately after some of his raids into Missouri, he declared that, whenever he came across a man avowing himself for the Union, and expressing any respect for the Constitution, he at once and without hesitation, gave the signal; when there was no tree near at hand, the knife or revolver was substituted for the halter. If such was the end to which he consigned this class of men, what must have been the fate of others? Is there any thing that transcends this in all the history of crime?

The incarnate fiends, who plied their bloody work in the prisons of Paris during the first outburst of revolutionary terrorism, can never be forgotten: they had their signal, too; yet, in the midst of all their ferocity, there was a touch of human feeling,—some were saved. By his own voluntary and boastful avowal, Lane and his followers were utterly merciless.

Sometimes these bandits gathered up great caravans; having collected immense droves of horses and mules, and vast herds

of cattle, with long trains of wagons loaded with spoils, they hurried to their appointed destination: the rendezvous being reached, they feasted and reveled with the madness of bacchanals; in fierce and savage orgies they celebrated their successes, mocking the groans of the murdered, and carousing in deep revels to the health of their gallant leaders. The greatest glory, the proudest triumph, and most heartfelt joy of Lane was to stand in the midst of these robbers and assassins as their acknowledged chief. Does his spirit still haunt those wilds and walk in midnight vigils over their wide plains? His bands seem not to have forgotten even yet their treasured memories and their cherished vocation.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM SPRINGFIELD.

PASSING through St. Clair county, then sparsely settled, we crossed the Osage river above Osceola, and here met with some men on furlough from the army under General Price, who had been wounded at Wilson's Creek, and had recently left Springfield. One of them, Jennings Orr, had been color bearer to General Clark's division, and had received a gunshot wound through the arm; he took pleasure in responding to our inquiries concerning the battle, in which he had borne so honorable a part.

Every one who spoke to him that day wished to know something of the fight, and he did not seem to tire of the repeated and incessant questioning, but replied to our interrogatories cheerfully and with a broad smile on his face, saying, "well boys, let's sit down here on the grass, and while the train is crossing I'll give you a few particulars of the great battle;" so we gathered round, and were entertained, amused, and deeply interested by his well-told and exciting narrative.

The substance of it was: the camp had been surprised by the enemy, no pickets having been put out, from what cause he could not tell. Lyon's and Siegel's batteries opened about daylight, while the men were getting up; some had already risen, and the cooks were beginning to prepare breakfast; perhaps in a few instances it might have been ready. Most of the men had to dress and form in line of battle under a plunging fire from the batteries; the narrator was color-bearer to General Clark's command, and planted the colors in front of the camp, on which the general ordered the men to form.

The fire was very heavy, stripping the leaves, cutting down the bushes and sometimes small trees, and tearing the ground up all around. The division laid down to shelter themselves, though the colors were still kept flying, and all the color-

guard were killed except one, who was wounded. When the whole line was formed, the order to advance was received with repeated cheers, and the boys dashed forward to close quarters; a large part of their arms being shot-guns, could be used with effect only by closing on the enemy.

Bledsoe's artillery was placed in battery upon ground overgrown with large oak saplings, which were twisted over in getting the guns into position. Great execution was done by this battery, and the number of those wounded and slain by artillery missiles proved the skill and deadly accuracy with which it was handled.

The charge upon Siegel's battery by the Third Louisiana was described as a very splendid affair; the guns were taken and the Dutch routed by a bold and dashing attack; the command of General Sturgis had been driven off the field by the same regiment before it charged Siegel's force, from which a continued fire was directed by his artillerists upon the centre of our line.

General Clark had acted with the greatest coolness and courage, riding up and down his line during the hottest of the fire, and at the same time spoke encouragingly to his men; his words were, "give it to them, boys, you'll whip them directly." Upon being wounded shortly after, he called out, "I'm wounded, boys, but it don't hurt much—give it to them, they'll run presently," If the general's wound did not hurt much then, it did afterwards, for although at first not thought at all dangerous, it proved to be of a bad and obstinate character, and caused him serious illness and considerable suffering.

General Lyon's gallantry was not overlooked by our narrator; his charge, first with the regulars, and then at the head of the Iowa and Wisconsin regiments, was represented as bold and daring. The ground was obstinately and bravely disputed for five hours where Lyon fought; the Missouri forces and the Second Arkansas steadily and unflinchingly advanced all the time, until at last the summit of the ridge was won, and the enemy finally retreated from the field.

All this, and much more, was listened to with the deepest interest, and our attention increased with the progress of the narrative: he was still speaking of some of the incidents of the

battle when, the train having crossed, the command "fall in—forward," was given, and we parted from the wounded color-bearer.

It will not be out of place to mention an anecdote in this connection. At a subsequent period, General Clark, being a senator in the Congress at Richmond, and in conversation with some gentlemen on military affairs, was asked by one of them, "General, have you ever been in a battle?" his reply was, "Oh, my poor leg! I think it hurts me yet," at the same time slapping his hand upon the wounded limb.

The color-bearer told us the name of the man who killed General Lyon, and I afterwards came across a number of others who claimed to have performed the same feat.

While referring to the battle of Wilson's Creek, an additional outline will serve to illustrate more fully this memorable and hard-fought field. The stream from which the battle takes its name is crossed by the main southern road about seven miles south of Springfield, and immediately on the south or southwest side, at the crossing, lay the commands of Price and McCullough, except the Third Louisiana, which was on the northeast side of the creek. Their tents were stretched in the bottom or on the lower slopes of the hills which partly encircled them.

General Lyon, on the night preceding the tenth of August, approached the Missouri and Confederate lines by three different routes. General McCullough, who was in command, had withdrawn his pickets, and the advance of the enemy was undiscovered. Crossing about a mile above the camp with the main force under his immediate command, General Lyon formed his line of battle on the ridges overlooking the sleeping army, and extended it somewhat beyond a hill whose summit was bare and imbedded with rock and gravel, known as "the bald or bloody hill." The force thus brought upon this part of the field must have numbered near five thousand men, and included two regiments of regulars, the first and second United States infantry. The batteries of this division were placed in proper position and ready to open their fire at daylight.

General Sturgis advanced with his command on the main road which led directly by the encampment, and took position before reaching the creek, but very near to it, at a field upon the road; his force amounted to about thirteen or fourteen

hundred. General Siegel, in the meantime, leaving the main road by a route to the left, had crossed the creek and occupied high ground almost opposite to General Lyon's batteries, and thus the unconscious army below was placed between and exposed to two heavy and unexpected fires. Siegel's brigade numbered at least two thousand, and the whole Federal force approximated, if it did not exceed, eight thousand men, of which more than six thousand were infantry.

The Missouri troops were composed of McBride's, Clark's, Slack's, Parsons', and Rains' divisions, of which the last, and by far the largest, was principally cavalry; the others were very small, and only called by this title because the men composing them came from the military districts or divisions to the command of which these officers had been respectively appointed; and the greater part of each of these divisions, except McBride's, was cavalry, which, from the unfavorable character of the ground and the constant proximity of the combatants at close quarters could take no part in the action.

The corps of McBride numbered about twelve hundred, and the infantry of the other four did not exceed five hundred to each division; the former was armed with common rifles and the latter with double-barreled shot-guns. To this force must be added the Second Arkansas, about nine hundred strong, and we have the number of troops that were about to receive the attack of General Lyon's immediate command, and were equally exposed to Siegel's as well as Lyon's batteries. The Third Louisiana was engaged in a different part of the field, and, including this regiment, the whole force of infantry did not amount to five thousand men, and a few dismounted cavalry may be added to this number.

The ground upon which the main battle was about to be fought extended from the encampment along the declivities of the hills to the position occupied by General Lyon, and was covered by a dense growth of oak bushes and saplings, interspersed with trees of considerable size.

The strategic movements of General Lyon were entirely successful, and he had obtained every advantage of situation and position—so much so that the cavalry of his foe, from the impracticability of the ground, could not be brought into action, and in addition to this, the surprise he had planned would

be complete. Under these circumstances he could have but little doubt of the issue.

His different batteries having already opened with a brisk and plunging fire, the order was given by General Lyon to advance along the whole line, which extended about a half mile in length; and now, instead of beholding a confused and panic-stricken crowd, ready to throw away their arms and fly, he found himself confronted by a regular and unterrified array that advanced to meet him, and delivered its fire, from one end of the line to the other, with deadly precision.

Notwithstanding the Missouri and Confederate force was surprised and surrounded, yet the officers and men had but one idea, and that was, to conquer; the hour they had looked and longed for had come at last, and General Lyon and his bands were before them. With a throb of wild exultation they closed in the deadly strife, and from early morning to mid-day, the blazing fire, in volley after volley, rolled around them. Over the fiercely and obstinately contested field they advanced with firm and fearless step, driving before them the opposing and still contending ranks; with the nerve of veterans and the ardor of martial fire, they pressed on in brave and indomitable phalanx until the foe gave back, his general slain, his ranks slaughtered, broken, and scattered, and the victory was yielded at last to the intrepid heroes who had so unyieldingly and gallantly struggled to achieve it. The long and rapid retreat of the Federal army proved that its defeat had been complete.

In the meantime at an early hour the Third Louisiana attacked General Sturgis in the position he occupied at the field on the north or northeast side of the creek, and after a short but decisive combat drove him from the ground: with such portion of his command as could be rallied he crossed the stream above and joined the force of General Lyon. The Third Louisiana, then crossing, advanced on General Siegel, and in a bold and dashing charge routed his troops and captured his guns. In this battle that regiment obtained a reputation and renown which it afterwards sustained on many hard fought fields.

During the battle General Price rode along the lines, and by his bearing and expressions encouraged the men, while he noted the progress of the contest. The other general officers, Mc-

Bride, Slack, Clark, Parsons, and Colonel Weightman, commanding the infantry of Rains' division, were constantly with their respective commands, and acquitted themselves as brave and efficient officers. General McCullough acted as commander-in-chief, and exhibited the qualities of courage and firmness, but no strategy was attempted or exercised, or perhaps admissable, as after the surprise, victory could only be won by determined bravery and hard fighting.

CHAPTER XII.

JUNCTION WITH THE ARMY.

COLONEL PRICE having received orders to join the advancing army as soon as possible, we left our camp ten miles beyond the Osage early the next morning, and made forced marches in the direction of Fort Scott, which was then the headquarters of a large band of jayhawkers, about three thousand strong, who were stealing and destroying everything along the border and committing all sorts of outrages on the defenceless inhabitants.

It was generally supposed at the time that General Price was about to make a demonstration upon that point, with the intention of ferreting out this set of thieves and destroying their place of rendezvous. Why he did not afterwards do so, I am unable to say ; but, no doubt, there were reasons at that time satisfactory to him for leaving them unmolested. The army was certainly very anxious to hunt them out and bring them to punishment.

Our command marched all the day and night immediately preceding our arrival at the encampment of the army, and reached it nine miles from Fort Scott about seven o'clock in the morning : our baggage and the infantry had been left behind, and were some distance in the rear.

Here we were met by General Price, who came out to receive us. We had halted in the edge of a prairie and formed in line and, as he rode along the ranks and returned, a fine opportunity was presented to look upon this gallant old soldier. He was greeted by the command with shout after shout, which he acknowledged by raising his hat, as was his custom, and a fine view was presented of his countenance, figure and bearing.

The General's hair was almost white, and his age perhaps approached sixty ; the expression of his eye was mild and soft ; his forehead high and intellectual ; the nose inclined to be Roman, and the chin was broad and massive, which, together with the expression of the mouth, indicated firmness and decision ; in person, he was not less than six feet high, and his figure was

portly, striking and noble ; the countenance exhibited marked intelligence, and wore a genial expression, while his manner was at once courteous, dignified and impressive ; altogether, his whole appearance was that of one of "nature's noblemen," and came nearer to the portraits of Washington than any I have ever seen. Among our generals who figured in the West and Southwest, he was certainly the finest looking of them all.

Breakfast was just over in camp, and, as we had marched all night and were very hungry, they immediately set about preparing something for us. Our regiments separated among the different commands, and, having a brief interval of leisure, we went round, looking about through the army. All the artillery was in Parsons' and Bledsoe's batteries, and consisted of seven pieces, six of which were six-pounders, and the seventh was known as "Old Sacramento," and belonged to Bledsoe's battery. It had been captured in Mexico during the war with that country, by Doniphan's command, and was a very long bronze piece, of Spanish mould, smooth bore, but fully the length of rifled artillery, with a great many dents and marks upon it, and carried a twelve-pound ball. This was thought to be a very fine gun and a superior piece of metal, but somewhat injured by long service.

In moving round, I met a cousin of mine, Eph. McDowell, and a number of acquaintances, who had either started from Booneville with the army, or had gone South, and joined at Cowskin prairie, the point from which it had advanced upon Springfield. Cousin Eph. was an old associate and companion ; we had been raised pretty much together, and our meeting was most cordial and gratifying. He and some other old friends accompanied me through the camp, where everything was looked upon with interest by one who attached importance to the smallest details connected with this gallant army.

The Missouri State flag waved over the General's headquarters : it is emblematic of our coat of arms, and exhibits a portion of its blazonry, though the escutcheon, with the bear on each side, rampant and guardant, in heraldic terms, is not represented, and, perhaps, would not be appropriate, yet the ascending star, upon an azure ground, is there, and something else, which was not distinctly visible.

Instead of seeing troops, as most of us anticipated, finely equipped and handsomely uniformed, we found the men with

arms similar to our own, and their clothes, generally, in rags: the supply taken from home was exhausted or worn out, and they had not been able to replenish it. Their spirits, however, were fine, and there was a free, martial and war-worn look and bearing about them, that distinguished the conquerors at Carthage and Springfield from the new commands that were rapidly concentrating on the army.

Many of the old soldiers thought that the hardest fighting was over, and that we would not have much opportunity of testing our courage. One of them, an old friend, Lieutenant Rucker, from Sturgeon, remarked that he was very glad to see us, but we had come too late to do much good, as the war was about ended. Happy illusion! Little did they dream of the long years of trial then before us, or that even they, baptized as they were with the blood of battle, had only a partial experience of the toils and struggles yet to come.

The infantry in the army looked upon us as no great acquisition to their military strength. The battle of Wilson's Creek had been fought by them exclusively, and they did not regard cavalry with much favor. Captain Champion, of Colonel Kelly's regiment, which had distinguished itself in the recent battle, said he was of the opinion, that even a brave man, on a good horse, would be very much tempted to run. This sentiment was natural under the circumstances, but only correct when applied to untrained cavalry and inexperienced or inefficient officers: under able officers, and with proper discipline and practice, it becomes a potent element of military force.

Most of the divisions of the army were very small, not amounting to good regiments, and they were camped close together. They consisted of the command of General Rains, about five thousand strong—all cavalry, except Weightman's old command; of General Parsons, numbering perhaps eighteen hundred, of which four hundred were infantry; of General Clark, some five hundred and fifty, of which three hundred were infantry, and General Slack's division of two hundred and fifty infantry, made up the strength of the force in camp when we arrived. Our command fell into General Clark's division, adding to it about twelve hundred cavalry and eight hundred infantry.

Some of the men in our ranks belonged to General Harris's

division, which had not then come out. With the addition of our corps, the aggregate was about nine thousand five hundred, of which the infantry, at that time its most efficient force, only amounted to little more than two thousand. General McBride, with his command, had been left at Springfield, and Generals Slack and Clark were also there, wounded, while Parsons and Rains were with their different commands. It will be perceived that the real force which could be brought into line on a field of battle, was very small, as the mounted men, many of them at least, did not dismount and go into action, and they were not then sufficiently trained and disciplined to be brought into actual combat as cavalry.

Such was the army at that period, composed of the very finest materials, a portion of which having fought at Carthage and Wilson's Creek, was already veterans. A re-organization, however, was exceedingly desirable, in order to make it an army of infantry instead of cavalry: the former, in a comparatively short time, and under ordinary officers, is readily made efficient, while the latter can only be rendered effective by thorough discipline, and under commanders who are by temperament and character adapted to that arm of service.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DRYWOOD SKIRMISH.

WHILE we were at breakfast, our horses were grazing upon the rich and luxuriant grass, which grows heavier on the prairies here than on any others I have ever seen—sometimes rising above the heads of the cavalry as they marched through it, and presenting under the motion of the breeze a waving view like the gentle roll of the sea.

In about two hours the tents were struck, and the army moved in the direction of Fort Scott. The column being principally cavalry, was long; our position was about the centre, and enabled us to see distinctly each terminus of the line, which seemed to be at least three miles in length. We marched along very lazily and quietly, some of the men about half asleep on their horses, from having been up the night before. The measured tramp of the cavalry, the swinging step of the infantry as we caught glimpses of it in the windings of the narrow road, the heavy sound of moving artillery, the gay flutter of banners, the glittering and gleaming light upon the long array of arms, all gave token of real, substantial war, in some of its "pomp and circumstance."

The line had probably advanced about four miles, with slow and dragging tread, when we were suddenly roused from this state of semi-somnambulism by the ringing peal of artillery in front. Colonel Singleton immediately drew his command out of the road, and giving the order "double-quick," we plunged forward at a sweeping gallop. Looking ahead, at the distance of over a mile, near the entrance of the road into the timber on Drywood, we could see the smoke as it curled up from the long grass, and almost immediately the cannon greeted us with its deep and sullen roar. Reaching a small branch along which were a few scattering trees, a short distance from the point at which the fighting was going on, we were ordered to dismount, and every fifth man to hold horses. So ardent and impetuous

were the boys, so anxious to go into the fight, that it was difficult to get any one to remain; most of them preferring to let their horses go rather than stay behind. About this time a cannon ball whistled over, the first we had ever heard, and one man immediately volunteered his services to remain; this shot was followed almost instantly by a second, and another man said if no one else could be got to stay, he would help hold the horses.

I thought if we could have a few more shots come by just a little lower, that a detail would not have to be resorted to; but there was no time for parleying, and one was made, very much against the inclination of most of them. Our regiment was moved forward to the left of Bledsoe's battery, which was then engaged, and took position there. Another command, however, was on our right, between us and the guns. Presently General Parsons' artillery came up in full gallop, and being placed in battery, immediately opened fire. Closely following, in double-quick, came Kelly's regiment, mostly Irishmen, and I heard Captain Champion's clear ringing voice as they passed a little to our right, "forward my brave boys of Carthage and Springfield," and at the moment it struck me, how proud I would be to have been on the roll of this company.

By this time the batteries were both in full play—the infantry on their right was closing in, and the rattle of musketry began; a good many of the muskets taken at Springfield were in Kelly's regiment. It was very hard to be standing still, when our services might have been perhaps of importance; but such is the way in which battles are fought: the position must be maintained until orders are received to move. This was the first time our command had been in action, or at least near enough to hear the humming of the balls and the buzzing sound of the grape; they stood it well, and seemed to envy the good fortune which the infantry exclusively enjoyed on that day.

The fight lasted about thirty minutes, when the jayhawkers gave way and fled towards the fort, about four miles off. They had secreted themselves and horses in the woods, which were very thick, and made a demonstration upon our advance, wounding Captain Bledsoe and several of his company before they could get into action. Our batteries having opened, and the line of battle closing in on the enemy, they retreated in haste,

leaving their dead and some of their wounded on the field. The contest was so brief that we had scarcely time to get their range, and consequently there were few either killed or wounded.

Our regiment did not have an opportunity of sharing in the fight—not even firing a gun. Our horses were soon brought up by the men in charge, and we were ordered in pursuit. It will not be proper to omit that some of those who were detailed to stay with the horses had left and joined us while the fight was going on, answering to the reproof of the captain, that they could not possibly remain behind.

Mounting, we dashed forward in full chase after the enemy, and soon came into the woods, through which the distance was about half a mile; they were very dense and crowded with undergrowth, the road only admitting of four riding abreast. We had fairly entered, when a general, coming up at full speed on our rear, ordered us to give the road to his division, as he had orders to pursue in advance with his command. Colonel Singleton could not do otherwise than obey his superior, and we backed our horses into the brush, waiting for them to pass. On they came, at a sweeping pace, filling the air with shouts and laughter.

About ten steps to our left there was a mud hole in the road, some three or four feet deep, and the horses had considerable difficulty in getting through. We were looking for some one to be unhorsed, when a company that had lost a little ground came by at full speed, and into it they pitched. Some of the foremost were riding little mules, and five or six of them went in up to their ears, throwing the riders heels over head into the mud; the piling of mules and riders was complete, and we looked every moment to see some of the men killed by those pressing on in the rear, but they all succeeded in scrambling out except two, who were run over several times before we could rush into the road and stop the column. They were taken out badly injured, one with his arm broken, and the other bruised about the ribs; and one of the mules was dragged out about as badly used up as the men. We soon moved on and left them with some comrades, to give them proper attention.

As we advanced I noticed, not far from where the accident mentioned had occurred, two men killed by our artillery, the

first I had ever seen. A crowd had gathered round them, drawn by that peculiar curiosity which leads one to look upon the faces of the dead.

Having passed through the timber, we advanced into the prairie, and came upon the whole command that had passed us in the wood, formed and forming upon a hill to the left of the road, while at the distance of about three quarters of a mile the jayhawkers were disappearing from view, and their artillery was bringing up the rear. Colonel Singleton moved right-oblique about a hundred paces, and gave chase, but the fort being only three miles off, with the start they had we did not overtake them; if we had, perhaps they might have given us some trouble, as they had artillery and were twenty-five hundred strong, while our force was only a battalion.

Returning to the point at which we had left the cavalry, we found the infantry and artillery up, and the army preparing to camp. The evening was excessively warm—we were very thirsty, and drank water, with a relish, so muddy that our horses would scarcely touch it; it was the best that could be found, and thirst becomes sometimes so intense that anything having the appearance of water is seized upon with avidity.

The encampment was in the bottom on the creek. Picketing our horses, we stretched ourselves upon the grass to rest until the train, which was some distance behind, could get in. The sultriness of the evening increased with the approach of night, dark clouds began to loom up, faint streaks of lightning flashed along and played upon their crests, and soon the pealing thunder gave admonition of the coming storm. When the rain came on, it poured in torrents: night set in dark and dismal—no tents, and our train several miles behind. My blanket was gone up, and my coat too: I had taken my coat off on account of the heat, and Dr. Austin proffered to take care of it. Some wounded men having been brought in, he laid it down to attend to them, and that was the last of it.

We waited for awhile vainly expecting our tents and baggage; the rain continued, coming down in a deluge, and as the night wore on, a comrade and myself, placing our saddles on the ground at the root of a large tree and drawing his blanket close around us, leaned back in a sitting posture, and despite hunger and the elements, were soon asleep.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WHEREABOUTS OF LANE—INCIDENTS OF THE BORDER.

THE force we encountered, it was said, was under the command of Montgomery. Lane, about that time, was going backwards and forwards from and to Washington, making arrangements for the pay, emoluments, and complete equipment of his bands and their leaders: already the government had provided them with artillery, arms, equipments and ammunition, and they were received into its service, and marched under "the stars and stripes."

The programme of Lane now required a commission as general from the President, and also rank for his subordinates, Montgomery and Jennison. Lane received his appointment as commander-in-chief of these worthy cohorts from Mr. Lincoln, and Montgomery and Jennison were provided with positions under his chieftainship. These brigands, then, were all in the regular pay and service of the government, armed and equipped out of its treasury.

Some difficulty, I have been informed, arose afterwards, about Senators and Representatives receiving military appointments, and drawing their pay and emoluments, while, at the same time, they held their seats in Congress and drew salaries as members. However this may have been, Lane retained his seat in the Senate, and continued to the last the actual head and chief of all the Kansas jayhawkers, directing them in council, and always with them in the field in their most desperate and daring raids.

Although it is well understood that Mr. Lincoln, the President at Washington, was, at all times, and from numerous sources, kept fully informed of the robberies, murders, conflagrations, and innumerable outrages of Lane and his bandits; yet, they were left without any serious interference, to pursue, free from restriction or control, their frightful and awful career.

Some incidents which occurred at this time may serve here to

illustrate the condition of things at that early period, before the darker and more terrific scenes were opened and presented to view.

On one occasion a farmer received a visit from a company of these marauders, who, having gathered such spoils as suited them, proceeded to deface and destroy what they could not readily carry off: this accomplished, they proceeded to the stable, where they found but a single horse, the rest of that sort of stock having been sent to places of concealment,—a circumstance very common at that time in the western part of the State. Afterwards, as Federal soldiers and State militia spread over the whole country, this practice, I understand, became very frequent and general all over Missouri.

The horse that had not been sent off was extremely vicious, and could only be managed by his groom. Not being able to bridle him and get him out, they pressed the services of his keeper, and the animal was taken outside and saddled. One of the gang immediately mounted him; but was instantly thrown and crippled by the fiery steed. The animal was fine, and unwilling to give him up, several of the best horsemen got into the saddle,—only to be hurled in succession to the ground,—the last one being severely and seriously injured: some now drew their guns up to kill the horse, when it was proposed to take him off with them and dispose of him with the other plunder, intended for the Kansas market. This proposition was accepted, and a halter securely fastened and placed in the hand of one of their best riders, while two or three took post in the rear to keep him up; at the first movement, the determined animal, in one or two plunges, released himself and dashed away at full speed, followed by the discharge of several shots without effect. The defeated robbers left, firing, as they did so, a general volley from their guns and revolvers at the house and its inmates.

A gentleman living not very far from the border, seeing that the times were getting worse every day, determined to get away. His stock was accordingly disposed of or sent off, and his family and furniture removed to a place of security: the owner and his son, a boy about fifteen, remained on the premises to give them some attention and watch the progress of events, until it became too dangerous to stay longer.

In a short time a band of jayhawkers came to the neighborhood. It was their custom to advance in considerable force to some central point and scatter in small bands,—to clean out the surrounding farms and villages as rapidly as possible,—then to rendezvous and promptly decamp with their plunder. The border was not at that time so much depopulated and devastated; and a strong company was often readily got up to chastise and pursue the robbers.

The gentleman, knowing that his house would soon be visited, prepared to receive his visitors and leave them a farewell remembrance. In the yard was a large and deep cistern, the water from which was drawn by a sweep: it stood in full view of the entrance, which was at the side, where there was a rack for hitching horses. Taking up the platform on the well carefully, he sawed the under side of every plank near each end, leaving a very thin strip on top to disguise the sawing and hold the plank together. Having restored the planks to their former position, and fastened the ends back on the frame, he placed a new saddle and good-looking overcoat on the edge of the platform, securing them on the side farthest from the entrance to the yard.

Missourians, who read this, will at once understand the effect of this temptation upon the sort of visitors who were expected. If I have rightly understood, such property was always considered favorite spoils, even by the best Federal commands that were in Missouri during the war. The arrangements being completed, a vigilant lookout was kept; towards evening six horsemen were discovered approaching: the party of two at the house took position promptly at a window commanding the ground, with two double-barrelled shot-guns, loaded with good sized shot,—the best ammunition they had. The marauders galloped up, alighted, and hastily throwing their bridles over the rack, entered the yard.

One of the first objects that attracted their keen vision was the saddle and overcoat. According to usage the first captor became the possessor of this kind of plunder, and, with a simultaneous rush, they all dashed for the platform. The three foremost reached the well at the same moment, and sprang upon the planks together, crashing them down at once, and plunging into the deep water below. The three behind, finding they were

beat, slackered their speed, and had not recovered from their astonishment at the catastrophe, when they were assailed by a volley from the window. This entirely demoralized them; beating a hasty retreat and mounting, they received a second volley, which completed their panic. Dashing the spurs into their horses they left, covered with shot, smarting with wounds, and utterly astounded at their reception.

Another incident comes to my mind. A widow lady had nearly completed her arrangements for removing,—her stock and grain were disposed of or sent off, and some of her household effects, when a band of Kansas brigands came to the neighborhood. Hastily removing whatever was about the premises, or as much of it as she could, she went off with her family, having left behind two jars of preserves in a closet, and two loaves of bread near them: the preserves had mixed with them a considerable quantity of tartar emetic. Her son, his horse hitched at some distance in the woods, watched from a neighboring thicket the *denouement*. The marauders, ten or twelve in number, soon arrived and quickly entered the house: after staying in it for some time, they came forth in evident alarm, vomiting copiously. Running to their horses, they left in haste, and were hurrying to the rendezvous to procure, if possible, medical aid, supposing themselves poisoned: having gone two or three miles, they met some of their band, who informed them that their rendezvous was captured, with some of their men, and the word was, to take care of themselves.

The young man had mounted his horse and followed at a short distance behind: seeing them meet their comrades, and hastily turn their horses westward with increased speed, he advanced towards their late rendezvous, surmising that they had been routed: soon meeting a force in pursuit, he directed their course and followed on with them, overtaking in succession all of the widow's patients, whose exhaustion and thirst compelled them to stop at the branches on their route, where water could be obtained. They had good cause to remember that day's raid, and to appreciate the advice of the renowned Mr. Weller to Samuel, his son, "Samivel, my son, bevare of vidders."

Notwithstanding the outrages of the jayhawkers had not, at this time, reached to those terrible excesses, afterwards perpetrated by them, yet they were bad enough, and rapidly,

approached their fearful climax. If the details of their crimes are ever gathered up, they will present a series of uninterrupted and unpunished atrocities of longer continuance, and, at the same time, more horrible, infamous and revolting, than anything in all our modern annals.

CHAPTER XV.

CAMP ON DRYWOOD.

THE rain, which was pouring down when we encamped on Drywood, did not cease until after midnight, and the next morning we found ourselves thoroughly drenched and completely surrounded with mud and water. Our train had come in during the night. Collecting some wood upon an elevated piece of ground, we forthwith proceeded to prepare breakfast, which, notwithstanding wet fuel and other inconveniences, was soon ready and dispatched with that appetite which men enjoy who have fasted for twenty-four hours. After breakfast, the camp was moved out on the prairie skirting the woods, where our tents were stretched and our horses turned upon the fresh grass. During the campaign of this summer the horses lived entirely upon grass, which was done by what is called "picketing." A picket is a long rope, from twenty to thirty feet, one end of which is around the neck of the horse, the other being attached to a stake in the ground: many used iron pins for this purpose.

Of course, we thought it very strange that the army halted here, and went into camp within three miles and a-half of an inferior force of the enemy, giving them an opportunity to escape and carry off all valuable supplies. General Price's reasons, no doubt, justified him in not destroying the fort and breaking up this den: it is probable that he received orders from Governor Jackson that evening, not to go into Kansas, as a communication from President Davis expressed a desire that he would not invade any of the United States territory. The Governor of Missouri might very properly, however, have ordered the punishment of these brigands, no matter where found, for invading her territory and despoiling her people: as the Executive of the State, bound to protect the persons and property of its citizens, it seemed to be his duty to have this nest of robbers hunted out and destroyed. Many of those who had been plundered and outraged by them were in our ranks,

exasperated and burning for an opportunity of redress, and if the army had been led into Kansas, their wrongs would have been, at least in part, settled and avenged.

A very strong picket was put out that night, and I was one of the detail from our company. My coat was very much needed now, the dew being heavy and the night chilly. Sleeping in the rain the night before had not been refreshing, and as I had marched all the night preceding, the next morning when our picket was called in I was ready for sleep. In the evening I went to the hospital in search of my coat, but it was not to be found. The wounded seemed to be doing well, receiving every attention, and their situation was comparatively comfortable. A soldier here, by the name of Elliott, belonging to Captain Perkins' company, had his leg broken by a cannon-ball: it had not been amputated, and he afterwards recovered without losing it—a rare circumstance, as in cases of limbs fractured by cannon shot, amputation is almost universally resorted to and required.

We returned along the line where most of the fighting had been done: there were bullet marks on the trees, and impressions on the grass where the lines had been formed. On the way back to camp, I came to the conclusion that a soldier in his shirt-sleeves in heavy rains and chilly dews, was seeing some of the realities of war, if not very stern and serious, at least not very comical or amusing.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PURSUIT.

AFTER remaining two days in camp here, the army was put in motion, and its course directed northward, to the great delight of the men from the north of the river, who were anxious to fight on their own soil, and felt confident of acquitting themselves honorably whenever led into battle.

The line of march for some distance led along the border, over a prairie country, intersected along the streams with narrow strips of timber. Easy marches were made, from eighteen to twenty miles a-day, uninterrupted by any accident or excitement until within thirty miles of Warrensburg. It was here ascertained that a Federal force was at that point: this information was received about two o'clock in the afternoon, and orders being given for a halt, a hasty meal was prepared, and being dispatched, the advance was continued. The cavalry was ordered ahead and marched all night, General Price keeping near the head of the column: three or four times we halted for a half hour or more, for what especial purpose I did not ascertain—most likely, however, to receive information. Early the next morning we were in Warrensburg. Our infantry had been moving all night, but was a considerable distance behind.

The Federals had decamped the evening before, and had taken the direction to Lexington. The roads were in a miserable condition from recent heavy rains, obstructing the progress of our train very much, and it was consequently a considerable distance behind. Orders were sent to hurry it up, and I understood it was the intention of our commander to breakfast and move in pursuit immediately, but we waited until the train came in: this was late in the evening. In the meantime a hard rain began to fall, and we encamped for the night. The rain continuing, we did not get our camp-fires started until very late, and it was after midnight before supper was ready.

At an early hour the next morning the army was on the road

to Lexington. The cavalry moved in the advance, travelling briskly; in about fifteen miles we came upon the camp occupied the night before by the retreating enemy: they had been delayed on account of the rain, and could not possibly be more than twelve miles ahead. The distance to Lexington was about twenty-one miles, and there was now but little chance of overtaking them, as they were already more than half way; but a majority of their force was infantry, and it was still possible to come up with them.

General Price pushed forward with his cavalry in pursuit: the order "forward, double quick," was given, and our horses were spurred into a lope. Citizens joined us on the road at different points, who gave information that the retreating force was pressing every means of transportation—horses, mules and wagons; they were also taking along all the negro men they could get: their movement was fast, most of the infantry having pressed horses, and those who were still on foot were very nearly broken down.

Our pace had been a hard gallop, and many of the horses gave out, forcing some of the men to a slower gait, or a halt. Most of us still kept up our rapid advance, but, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts, we were not able to overtake the Federals, who reached Lexington at dark and took shelter in the fortifications. Having got within three miles, we were told by persons coming out from town, that the enemy was safe for the present, and we accordingly halted in a woodland pasture and bivouacked for the night, eating roasted corn for supper. Our train and infantry were a long distance behind.

If we could have gotten anything to eat in Warrensburg, we might have pushed forward and captured the retreating corps; but every eatable of any consequence had been used up or destroyed there by the Federal command, and we were compelled to wait for our train: this gave time to effect an escape.

CHAPTER XVII.

SKIRMISHING—ARTILLERY COMBAT.

THE command was up next morning by light, and was preparing to breakfast, in a very primitive style, on roasting-ears, when shots were fired by the pickets stationed in the road, about three hundred yards distant; the shots were returned, and we at once understood that the enemy was making a demonstration. Our battalion was nearest the point, and Colonel Singleton immediately gave orders to "fall in," forming the line along the pasture fence; the right rested on the road; in front stood a hemp-field, and the hemp was cut and in shocks. The rest of the line was formed along the fence, to our left, and no troops were upon the right of the road.

The Federals advanced in our front to the top of a hill about three hundred yards distant, and covering themselves behind the hemp-shocks, opened fire with their long-range guns; they were only visible when stepping out to fire, but the glitter of bayonets was very distinct all the while behind every hemp-shock. Our guns would not reach them, and it was not the inclination of the commander-in-chief to waste ammunition in unnecessary skirmishing, especially as he felt confident of capturing the whole force at Lexington. Powder, lead, and caps, were all very scarce with us, and it was indispensable that we should take care of what we had; consequently in about twenty minutes the men were withdrawn, and the enemy did not attempt any advance. Taking up position on favorable ground, we awaited the arrival of the infantry and artillery.

About two o'clock in the evening, the whole force being united, we marched upon Lexington. A mile and a-half from town our advance was met by the enemy, who, after a sharp action, retreated within his fortifications, closely pressed by our forces.

The fortifications enclosed the ground immediately around the University, a large building of brick, two stories high, situated below the town. The line of works was well constructed

and of considerable extent, capable of sheltering a strong force—extending entirely around the hill on which the college stood, and separated by a deep hollow from the neighboring buildings; there was, however, one large house between the fortifications and the river on the outside of the line, and one or two small houses in the hollow above. The ground from the top of the hill to the river gradually descends, until near the water it breaks off in precipitous bluffs; the house I have mentioned was on this descent, about sixty yards from the intrenchments and two hundred and fifty from the college. Above was woodland, composed of large forest trees, with very little undergrowth; here the works occupied a more extensive space, and enclosed a hollow, in which most of their horses and wagons were posted. On the southeast side the fortifications reached but a short distance from the building, while next to the town and back, their area was much more extended. Northwest of the hill and outside the works was the campus, a beautiful level, some two hundred and fifty yards wide. A part of the works described had been completed for some time, also an inner line, going only partially round, and these were covered with a sod of blue grass.

Our division advanced by a back street, which entered an open space about four hundred yards from the college. Parsons' battery accompanied us, and took position at the point where the street opened on the plain, his fire being diagonal across the campus. The enemy's guns played upon us as we advanced, and the grape rattled around thick and fast; they consisted of five or six pieces and two mortars, but the last were not used on that occasion.

The fire from our guns now became rapid, and was promptly and briskly responded to; the aim was evidently skilfully directed. On each side of the street, at the corners, were houses, one brick and the other frame, and back of them, orchards, in which our men were formed: some were in the street, and others were sheltering themselves behind the houses. At the corner of one of these houses about twenty of our men were gathered, shooting at the Federal artillerists, when a ball struck the corner and knocked out a quantity of brick, killed one man and wounded one or two more; the corner was not so much crowded afterwards.

The shot from the enemy, which was principally grape and canister, cut down the unripe fruit from the trees, and the men hastily seized and devoured it—a refreshing repast to us, as we had not tasted anything but green corn for thirty-six hours. The firing was now quick and incessant on both sides—that from the intrenchments almost grazed the ground about us, and disabled several of the men at the artillery, so much so that it became necessary to replace them from the ranks of the infantry. Our field officers had mostly dismounted, as they were much more exposed on horseback.

During the heaviest part of the combat, General Price galloped up, covered with dust, his fine face glowing with the excitement of exercise, and his eye kindling with the fire of battle. Perfectly self-possessed, he seemed not to heed the storm of grape and canister, and taking his position in the rear of the battery, directed the handling of the guns. Many of the officers urged him to retire or dismount, but with perfect coolness he kept his position. While here, I observed a grape-shot strike his field-glass, breaking it in pieces: without the slightest apparent emotion, he continued giving his orders. Remaining about twenty minutes, he retired, leaving a lasting impression upon his men, who have ever loved him as their chief, and admired him as their “beau ideal” of honor and chivalry.

We had heard but one or two shots from Bledsoe, and murmurs ran through the ranks—why does he not open? why do we not hear the thunder of “Old Sacramento?” It was said, he could not get a position, but others whispered that he had no ammunition; and this was indeed the real cause of the silence of his battery.

The ammunition of our battery was beginning to run short, when one of the caissons was struck and blown up by a shell, diminishing the small supply. The action had been kept up over an hour without intermission; the enemy's fire was slacking, and soon was kept up irregularly at intervals. At sundown ammunition for our guns was exhausted; some of the shot from the works were sent back to them, and darkness coming on, we retired. Marching a mile and a-half from town, the army encamped, and having prepared supper, ate with appetites sharpened by long fasting. A couch of down could not have made my sleep more sound and refreshing than it was that night.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GATHERING—PICKETS—ARRIVAL OF AMMUNITION.

It was now the middle of September—the summer was gone—the rich green foliage of the forest was putting on the mellow tint of autumn—all nature was preparing to change the gay vesture she had worn and assume the sober dress of the advancing season.

Ammunition for artillery being nearly exhausted, we waited the arrival of a supply. In the meantime, a line of pickets was formed—the river and roads, above and below, were guarded—and we went regularly into camp and commenced drilling. Most of our officers were comparatively unpracticed; but, we began with alacrity, and made some progress.

General Price's headquarters were at the fair-grounds, a mile above town: the camps were located around, and not far from the town, from a half mile to a mile apart. It was nearly a week before we attacked the Federal lines, and, in the meantime, the army received considerable reinforcements—detachments were dropping in every day, sometimes small, then in larger force.

On the third or fourth day, Harris' division came in, about four thousand strong, with two pieces of artillery, a six and a nine-pounder. Among the troops in this command, some had seen service and been under fire: the regiment under General Green had several encounters, and on one occasion, having no balls for his cannon, it had been charged with gravel and rock, doing good service and clearing out the enemy effectually.

I had secured a favorable position to witness the approach of this force, which was hailed with cheers and acclamations on all sides. In the line was a regiment from Monroe and Ralls, commanded by Colonel Brace, and in it was my brother, two years older than myself. The company to which he belonged, was handsomely uniformed, as were also some others of the command, making quite a showy and military appearance.

Brace's command was encamped a few miles from Paris just before starting to join our army, when a Federal regiment arrived there with orders from General Fremont to seize the specie in the bank at that place. Sequestration, confiscation and plundering were just coming in fashion, and the General was not disposed to be behind the times. The specie and its keeper, however, had disappeared, and Brace was preparing to escort the Federals out of the county, when they took a panic and left in hot haste. Their retreat was on Shelbina, and was followed by pickets from the Monroe regiment. Some distance in advance, my brother and Charley Hanger, who were scouting and reconnoitring, at a turn of the road, came on the retreating corps—a picket within twenty steps of them. Being challenged to halt, and the Federal raising his gun, they all fired about the same time. The horse on which the soldier was mounted galloped back to the line, his rider badly wounded. The encampment was quickly broken up and the retreat continued.

At Shelbina, Brace's regiment was joined by Green's command. But, while the attack was being made, the Federal command got on cars and left in such haste, that some of their equipments were forgotten.

My brother and myself were soon together, and the news from home was anxiously asked and quickly narrated. Many old friends and acquaintances were in the new arrival, and greetings were warmly and cordially exchanged. Large Federal forces had been endeavoring to cut off, scatter or capture the various commands before they concentrated; but, by marching in the night—sometimes fighting—then skilfully manœuvering, they had at last made their way through all obstacles. Instead of crossing the river in flats (the mode we had been compelled to adopt,) by means of their artillery, a steamboat had been pressed into service, and their transportation across was promptly and easily effected.

Between our camp and Lexington, half a mile from the town, we had a picket of twelve men relieved every twenty-four hours, and no one was permitted to sleep during that time. About four hundred yards from us was a Federal picket, usually sheltering themselves behind some hay-stacks near their stand. Occasionally, they called to us to come down; we would respond that they had better come to us. Sometimes they would gallop up

within a hundred and fifty yards and fire, and then were promptly run back ; but, as we had no orders to drive in the enemy's pickets, they re-occupied their position.

The Federal commander had, before our arrival, seized all the specie and bills in the Lexington banks, and lodged them in his fortifications : the sum was large, between six and eight hundred thousand dollars. There were also some prisoners confined within their lines, whom, it was said, they intended to shoot, and among them was Colonel Ebenezer Magoffin, a brave and gallant officer, who had been captured while resisting, alone, an attack of Federal soldiers, and was afterwards very harshly and brutally treated by his captors.

Our expected ammunition came at last, not a large or abundant supply, but sufficient for the immediate emergency, and we now prepared with energy and promptness for the serious work before us—attacking and capturing a strong force protected by well-constructed lines of defence.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ATTACK AND CAPTURE OF LEXINGTON—INCIDENTS DURING
THE SIEGE.

ON the evening of the 16th the army received orders to be prepared to move early in the morning, and ten rounds of ammunition were issued and distributed to those who had none. Before daylight on the 17th the men were roused by the reveille; in a short time breakfast was over, and the troops awaited orders.

About sunrise our command was formed in marching column, and advanced half a mile in the direction of town, where a halt was called until the other divisions moved forward; the whole force was now about fifteen thousand strong, but much the greater part was entirely raw and totally undisciplined. The advance to the attack was on two roads, one being near to the river, the other passing by the fair ground. Our division was on the outer road, about third in the order of march.

As we approached the outposts the musicians of the different regiments fell out of ranks and united on the side of the road, amounting to near a company in number. Here the air resounded with bursts of martial music; "the ear-piercing fife, the doubling drum," gave forth their notes of war, and the ranks moved on in lively and animated step. As we drew near, the roll of the drums became deafening—the efforts of one performer especially attracted my attention; in zeal and energy he seemed determined to outstrip all competition. While in the height of one of his grand rolls his drum bursted, and left him entirely thrown out and discomfited.

Our column met with little opposition, the pickets falling back before us. A Federal force met us in the outer edge of the town, but immediately gave way before our advance, which swept into the place. The artillery now began playing upon us, but with little effect, as we were protected by the houses.

The ladies greeted us warmly; many of them came out, and,

assembling in groups, cheered on the men, while others were dispensing water to the command, seeming to regard the cannon balls and shells from the enemy's mortars less than we did ourselves.

The divisions were promptly assigned to their positions—the fortifications were soon entirely surrounded, and our artillery opened upon them from different points. It was not the intention of General Price to charge the works until he had attempted their reduction by every other means, and if this could not be accomplished in a reasonable time, it would then be necessary to carry them by assault. The ground was such, where our command was posted, that a near approach could not be made without great exposure. The small arms of the enemy were of longer range than ours, and on the side next to our position there was little protection near their lines.

General Harris' division occupied the best ground that could be obtained for using small arms with effect: this was near the river and under the bluff, between a hundred and fifty and two hundred yards from the enemy's lines; here really most of the fighting was done, and it will be necessary to add to the general description already given, some details, in order to convey a distinct understanding of the strategic position.

From the works out, for about sixty yards, was a gentle slope, farther down the declivity increased, and at the distance of a hundred and fifty yards it became very steep and abrupt, and the ground was covered with a scattering growth of large trees, with logs and stumps here and there. Our riflemen were taking advantage of every possible shelter, and soon directed a harrassing fire upon the heads of the enemy, whenever they were raised above the breastworks. On the right, and towards the front of the division posted here, stood the two-story brick house before mentioned, which was now occupied by a Federal force; it was an important point, and General Harris determined to take it, as its possession would enable him to place sharp-shooters in short range of the enemy.

About twelve o'clock a charge was made on the house, and after a spirited engagement of fifteen minutes it was taken. With a shout of triumph, our men took possession, and from the windows above and below soon poured a deadly fire into the hostile lines. The artillery quickly opened upon the house after

its capture, but the men held their post, and directed so severe a fire upon the artillerists that they were forced to leave their guns and take shelter by lying down in the intrenchments. Colonel Mulligan, seeing the great advantage we had gained at this point, determined to recover it, and a gallant and successful charge was made by an Irish regiment, driving our force out and capturing some of the men up stairs; they were, however, immediately charged in return, and, after a bloody engagement of twenty minutes, were compelled to retire to their fortifications and leave us in possession. The whole fight was in plain view from the position occupied by our command.

About three o'clock in the afternoon our battalion was ordered down to the river as a guard for some boats, including the ferry, which had been captured early in the morning. We remained here during the siege; at least, this was our post, although many of us, when not on actual duty, were often at the lines where the fighting was going on. Near the ground occupied by Clark's division, to which our battalion belonged, were a stable and one or two small houses within range of the intrenchments, and these were used as a protection by our sharp-shooters. Whenever a soldier inside the works moved, half a dozen balls immediately followed, and kept him at a double-quick. Obtaining leave, I went up every day and exchanged a few shots; it was rather more exciting than our quarters on the river.

While enjoying the sun one of those days, down on the levee, idly lounging around, we were suddenly roused up by a proposition from a little fellow named Roberts: addressing himself to Tom Moore, from Pike, a very large, athletic-looking man, weighing two hundred and forty, he challenged him to a wrestling match, stating at the same time his belief that he could throw him. Moore promptly took him up, and at it they went, on the rocks of the levee, which were set ends up. The holds were fairly taken, and the struggle commenced; the weight of Roberts, not over a hundred and forty, was so unequal that it was evident only extraordinary vigor and action could save him. The contest was for some time doubtful, balanced between the powerful efforts of the giant and the sinewy muscle and activity of his comparatively diminutive antagonist; at length, however, Roberts came down with a very hard fall; but quickly

springing to his feet, he demanded another trial, and, without hesitation, it was immediately given. Again the wrestlers closed in the hard and laborious struggle, and every muscle was tasked to its utmost tension, the veins swollen until they looked like cords. Roberts appeared determined this time to win; his game and pluck were now counting greatly. In vain, gigantic exertions were made against him; the little fellow still held his footing; with fixed eye, dilated nostril, and compressed lip, he clung to his huge adversary with a grip of iron. Once again Moore put forth his giant strength, and made a desperate effort, but met with skill and unflinching nerve, it failed, and now it behooves him quickly to regain his firm foothold, for Roberts, with flashing eye and the spring of a panther, made a dashing pass, and before the footing was fairly recovered, Moore's heels were in the air, and his monstrous frame came on the hard rocks with fearful force. This fall was decisive; Moore was in no condition to ask a third trial.

The battle progressed slowly, and on the third day it was rumored, if they did not soon surrender, we would have to charge the works. Our artillery had been hammering away, our sharp-shooters kept busy at work, but there was no indication of a surrender. Time was precious, for efforts were making to bring up reinforcements, and it would not be long before a serious demonstration must be made by the large force General Fremont had at his command.

On the morning of the 19th, it was reported that Sturgis, with a strong corps, was approaching on the other side of the river. The boats at the landing were immediately brought into requisition, and our division, with some other troops, was sent over to meet him. We formed in line of battle about a mile from the river, and a body of cavalry advanced to feel his position. They came upon him at no great distance, and, after a short skirmish, he hastily retreated, leaving a large number of tents and other equipments, which fell into our hands. After a few hours, we re-crossed the river and took our former position, having enjoyed a little excitement—very acceptable in the dull routine of post duty.

There was a spring about fifty yards from the fortifications, and small parties of two or three, with buckets and canteens, began to sally out at intervals for water. This was a favorable

indication: water must be getting somewhat scarce, it was thought, for it was always a dangerous undertaking, as they came within range of our riflemen. It was now probable that the garrison might become straitened from a deficiency of this element, without which neither men nor horses could be long sustained.

On the third day, hot shot was fired at the enemy's magazine, but without any favorable result. We had gained no decided advantage, except the capture of the house on the side where Harris' division was engaged; and, during the night, additional fortifications had been thrown up by the garrison, which protected it very considerably from the fire of our riflemen.

In the warehouses on the river was stored a quantity of hemp bales and large coils of rope. On the morning of the 20th a number of wagons were sent down, accompanied by a detail of men to roll out and load up these articles: our command assisted. Soon the wagons moved off to the position occupied by Harris' command, and unloaded their freight. Each bale was put in charge of three men and rolled up the hill: by keeping it in front, the men were protected from the enemy's fire, while our riflemen directed their aim at every head that was raised above the breastworks. General Price was on the ground, giving orders and encouraging the men by his presence. The operation went bravely on, and in two hours the enemy saw before them, within fifty yards, a long line of works, equally as good as their own: our men were now firing between and over bales, at short range, all along that part of the line. They tried to use their artillery, but were again driven from their guns—indeed, a man's head above their works was in a very precarious condition.

Hitherto the men in the works had been able to cross, in some places, from one point to another, but all that was stopped, and they had to lie down and keep close.

This was a decided change in the aspect of affairs, and the enemy was not slow to discover it. After the lapse of about five hours, finding that the prospect was becoming more gloomy instead of brighter, a white flag was raised, and the firing ceased. An officer came out with a message from Colonel Mulligan to General Price, desiring to know what terms would be granted if he surrendered. The answer was, that the surrender must be

unconditional. The conditions not being accepted, the firing was renewed; but, in a short time, the flag was hoisted again, and the fire ceased. For half an hour or more messages were exchanged, when the terms were accepted, and, as their flags were lowered from the works, a wild shout was raised—echoing from the hills, it was taken up and prolonged from rank to rank, until, reaching the distant camps, it resounded back again.

The troops now began to go up to the works: joining in with others, I walked over, and we took our stand on the fortifications. We were immediately opposite to a part of an Irish brigade, a fine hearty-looking set of men, who said they were not whipped.

The view before us was such as battle-fields usually present—dead men, dead horses, trees riddled by balls, soldiers' apparel, blankets, knapsacks and canteens scattered about; guns, pistols, sabres and saddles were also lying around.

A strong guard was placed upon the works, to see that no one came out with anything belonging to the captured force, as all the equipments, horses and *materiel* of war were to be turned over to the ordnance and quartermaster's departments. Some who were coming out pretty well loaded, were compelled to deposit the spoil, very much to their disappointment.

General Price had ridden in, and was sitting on his horse near the centre, where he received and immediately returned the sword of Colonel Mulligan. A man was now seen ascending the roof of the college. All eyes were turned upon him. The stars and stripes were lowered, and our flag was raised over the pierced and shattered building, amid the shouts and cheers of the assembled thousands.

The troops of the garrison marched up in column, and stacked their arms by regiments.

Some canteens lay within a few feet of me in the intrenchment. Wishing to ascertain whether the report that they were without water was correct, I examined three or four of them. One was filled with water alone; the others with water mixed with a fair proportion of whisky—about “half and half.”

The fruits of the capture were over three thousand prisoners, including some home guards, upwards of three thousand guns, cavalry equipments for a regiment, five pieces of artillery and

two mortars, a considerable amount of ammunition, a number of wagons, horses and mules, together with tents and other camp equipage. Among the ammunition there was very little for artillery. A supply would have been all-important at that time.

Six or eight hundred thousand dollars were taken, belonging to the bank in Lexington, which were restored to their proper ownership.

A number of prisoners were released, some of whom expected to be shot. Their liberation was to them a reprieve from death, and their countenances beamed with gladness and joy.

The men were kept in the fortifications until paroled, when they were at liberty to go where they pleased. Most of the officers, especially the colonels and captains, were held as prisoners at the time, and afterwards moved with the army, being allowed every indulgence consistent with their safe-keeping.

The siege had lasted three days and a half, the surrender having taken place at about two o'clock on the fourth day.

CHAPTER XX.

AT LEXINGTON AFTER THE BATTLE.

AFTER the surrender the troops returned to their camps. The battle being over, the news spread rapidly, and brought many spectators to the scene of action, who wished to witness our military array and see something of what they had heard and read of war: many hastened to greet their kindred, and welcome the warriors who were making a brave struggle to wipe off the stain upon the escutcheon and honor of Missouri. Those were days of excitement, of hope, and aspiration.

The camp of our division was moved below town, about three-quarters of a mile from the fortifications, placing us at a favorable point to guard the approach to our lines from that direction, and the encampment was also in a better location, convenient to an abundant supply of wood and water.

It was the interest of the army to remain in its present position as long as possible, as its strength was daily augmented by the arrival and accession of considerable reinforcements. Some of the commands from the north side of the river often encountered strong hostile corps, and were constantly engaged in combats with the enemy, marching and fighting alternately, until they reached our outmost guard.

Many of the troops coming in brought no arms, and those that had been captured were given principally to them; they were chiefly muskets, and superior in war to the guns with which we were generally supplied. The shot-guns had proved very effective at Wilson's Creek, where the men were enabled to come at once to close quarters, but a weapon of longer range is considered more efficient and desirable for the use of infantry.

The stock and many articles of value, part of the capture, had been transferred to the quartermaster's care, and they had been distributed to the different commands, as their necessities seemed to require. Something was constantly and

steadily effected towards meeting the more urgent wants of the army.

General Price issued an address to the troops, appealing to them to stand by him, and pledging himself to a faithful and zealous discharge of the grave duties and high responsibilities of his position; the address was received in that spirit of devotion to our cause, and affection for the person and character of our chief, that were so deeply graven in the hearts of Missourians.

The hopes and expectations of the army were high, and some thought that the invaders would soon be driven from our soil. Doubts and fears were left to the past, and the dawn seemed to appear and brighten the horizon, dissipating the mists and clouds that had shadowed and darkened our earlier fortunes.

Many of the men who had been in the battles of Carthage and Wilson's Creek, and even some who came out with us, were getting furloughs, and among them Eph. McDowell, who had been in the army from the first. I wrote home by him, and, as an illustration of the feeling among us at that time, here recall some of the contents of my letter. It stated that "I wished to see them, having much to amuse and talk about, but would not ask for a furlough until we had captured Booneville and Jefferson City. Our capital must be in our hands before I could think of asking permission to leave the army." Days of hope! bright memories—alas! how like phantoms these visions of the past now flit before me!

The horses of our division were generally sent home by men furloughed for the purpose of taking them, leaving only one small regiment mounted, numbering about two hundred and fifty. Captain Wilson, who wanted a good horse, pressed me to let him have mine, to which I acceded, as its services were no longer required by me, being now an infantry soldier.

The men from their respective counties were organized into regiments: those of Boone constituted one, of Howard, another, and so on, throughout the division. Our battalion was organized into a regiment; Colonel McKinney, who was older in service than any other officer, and a brave and gallant soldier, was elected to the command. The other officers remained as before—Lieutenant-Colonel Singleton and Major Quinton Peacher constituted those of the field, while Lieutenant Rucker,

of whom I have spoken before, was appointed adjutant, and Bruce Ball sergeant-major. The regiment numbered about four hundred men, and was the sixth in General Clark's command.

The county of Monroe, from which I came, was in General Harris' division, most of which still remained cavalry. Infantry I considered most serviceable and effective, and this alone would have retained me in my old company. My cousin, John McDowell, to whom my attachment was warm, and most sincerely reciprocated by him, was in this company, and desired that we should be together: we both had friends and acquaintances also in it, whose good fellowship was pleasant and grateful.

Our artillery was very much in need of ammunition, and a small foundry at Lexington was set to work, casting shot and shell; its operations were very slow, and from this source no adequate supply was likely to be obtained.

A large portion of the army had been collected together in the past two weeks, and was almost entirely raw and undisciplined. There was no line of distinction, in most of the commands, between the officers and men: the material was fine, and the men were willing to fight, but required efficient training; at that time the captains were not scarce who could not drill their companies. Notwithstanding all this, I was impressed with the conviction that both officers and men would have acquitted themselves honorably in the field: the courage and gallantry which distinguished our raw and inexperienced troops, both at Carthage and Springfield, showed the sort of stuff of which the Missourians were made.

While in camp, I discovered one morning a couple of boys belonging to the regiment, coming in from town. One of them I knew very well; they were both pretty tight. The comrade of my acquaintance was much drunker than he was, and seemed to be affording some amusement to his more sober companion, who was evidently inclined to have a little sport at his expense.

As they approached their company quarters, close by, his comrade observed to the more sober one, that his head hurt him very much: "Ah," he responded, "I will wash it off, and cool it with some water; sit down on this camp-stool, and I will have you all right in a minute." Getting him seated, he picked up a canteen lying near by, and began to pour its con-

tents, which was molasses, upon his heavy suit of hair; the fellow, not feeling at all cooled by the operation, observed: "What is that you are pouring on me? it is not water." "Hold still," said he, "keep your hands down, you are drunk—it is water—I intend to shampoo you," and picking up some shucks lying near the tent, began to rub his application in, at the same time asking him if it was not pleasant; applying the stalk end of his shuck rather too roughly to be agreeable, his victim remonstrated, putting his hand up to his head, which came in contact with the daub of hair, dirt, and molasses. "What have you done, d—n you?" and gathering the first thing that came within his reach, an enormous cake of corn bread, he let fly, barely giving him time to dodge; this was immediately followed by the camp-stool and skillet, the offender making tracks, and the fellow too drunk to follow.

The camp here soon began to grow monotonous, and time hung heavily upon the impetuous and restless spirits, who were fretting over its dullness, and longing for stirring scenes and exciting incidents. Our eyes were now turned in the direction of St. Louis, where General Fremont's army was concentrating, a portion of which was already advanced as far as Jefferson City, and even farther up the Pacific railroad. At this epoch, all looked to and awaited the orders of our chief.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MOVEMENT FROM LEXINGTON.

AFTER remaining in camp ten days, the order of the 29th of September, to prepare for the march, was received with entire satisfaction by the army, which was anxious to be moving.

On the morning of the 30th our tents were struck, and the line of march was taken up towards the South. The country, on leaving Lexington, presented the appearance of great fertility: the crop was exceedingly fine, and the soil seemed to correspond with the growth it had produced: it was a very black loam, of immense depth and great richness, originally covered with a forest of magnificent timber, among which were the walnut, hackberry and ash, in great abundance—sure indications of productiveness. The houses were generally handsome and built with taste, many of them being brick, and often located in stately groves, ornamented by flowers and rich, luxuriant evergreens: the yards were covered with a beautiful coat of blue grass, of the deepest green: the plantations were generally large, and in a fine state of cultivation, denoting wealth and substance in their owners: the people were refined, intelligent and courteous—their appearance striking, both in looks and manners. As we moved along, groups of them were on the road-side, to look upon the army, in whose fortunes they exhibited a deep interest.

Having marched about nine miles, our division went into camp, the others camping at intervals around. The army, known as the Missouri State Guard, was now about twenty thousand strong, and a very formidable corps—with more thorough discipline, no troops could possibly be superior to them. The train was some distance behind, and did not come in until very late at night, owing to the road being blocked up by wagons of different commands. While waiting for it around the camp-fires, the design of the movement was being surmised and expatiated upon by the men.

It was rumored that Fremont was at Sedalia with a large

army, and most of the soldiers expected that General Price would advance upon him there: others expressed their doubts, and said it was altogether probable that we would be compelled to retreat, as there was not ammunition enough in the army to fight a battle. I had heard an ordnance officer say that the greatest deficiency existed in the want of caps—that there were not enough in the department to furnish the men a sufficiency to fire three rounds each. The army was not supplied to any extent with cap-boxes, and the caps the men had brought out with them were mostly rendered useless by frequent wetting: those captured at Lexington, being only a small amount, were for muskets or guns with large tubes, and not at all suitable for our rifles and shot-guns, which constituted more than four-fifths of the arms: there were none to be had in the country, all having been gathered up, and no manufactory was within our reach where they could be obtained: men had been sent South for them, but, with the greatest dispatch, they could not possibly return in time, as they would have to go into the Confederacy to get them.

The artillery, of which we now had fourteen pieces, was also very scantily provided, not having twenty rounds to the piece, and most of what we had was round shot: we had no base in Missouri to draw such supplies from: Governor Jackson was then in the South making arrangements to get them, and other articles which the army very much needed.

Under these circumstances, it was thought by many reflecting men that it would be prudent to fall back. All were in favor, however, of testing the mettle of General Fremont's army—were willing, even anxious, to fight, and no doubt General Price was also; but it could not be done without caps and ammunition. When Napoleon's army was without ammunition, it used the bayonet, and we might have done likewise, but had no bayonets to use.

In this condition of affairs, we were forced to fight a finely equipped force, thoroughly supplied with ammunition, and superior in numbers, or fall back to a position where supplies could be obtained. General Price was also expecting some fine artillery from the South, which he was desirous of getting before engaging in a general battle. Military criticism cannot justly censure the

movement about to be made : under the circumstances, it must be considered wise and judicious.

In the morning, we moved at an early hour, our course being still South, and not in the direction of Sedalia. The conviction began now to settle down that we were retreating, and the sad and painful reality gradually came upon us, that we were leaving the fair country through which we were passing, and our homes and firesides, in the hands of the enemy. Some were at first inclined to murmur, but all this, after a while, yielded to the abiding confidence felt by the men in their commander, and cheerfulness was soon restored to the ranks. Marching about twelve miles, we camped on a small stream, affording an abundance of wood and water.

It was evident here, from the orders given to the wagon-masters respecting the train and its movements for the following day, that we were retreating, and the hopes of those who clung to the idea of advancing on Fremont, were rapidly fading away. I laid down in our tent considerably depressed, and was haunted through the night by dreams and visions of home.

CHAPTER XXII.

FALLING BACK.

IN these pages many incidents will be narrated, presenting some idea of the habits, sentiments, conduct and characteristics of the soldier, both in the camp and in the field, and also of the labor, toil and privations, as well as the pleasure and amusement of campaigning. If not always interesting, they will at any rate be illustrative, and the reader can have a correct and faithful impression of the soldier's life as it is, without extenuation on the one hand, or exaggeration on the other. Of bloodshed and carnage, he will see enough before he gets through, to satisfy the most craving appetite, and I trust that the occasional digressions and lighter shades of the narrative will serve to relieve, in some degree, the darker ground of the picture, upon which he will have to dwell perhaps too often.

The next morning the train moved in the advance—a certain indication that we were falling back: some time was occupied in getting it into motion, and, as soon as it was fairly upon the road, the army followed on. We were now advancing into the prairies, and, with disappointed looks, and heavy hearts, saw, back in the distance, the woodland bordering on the river, disappearing from view. In front was a beautiful plain, upon which we had now fully entered.

For several days nothing seemed to lay before us but a series of uninterrupted marches, with no events to vary or relieve their tedium and weariness. We awoke every morning to the music of the reveille, and entered our tents at night with tired step and cramped feet.

Our friend, Tom Moore, of gymnastic memory, was heavily burdened by his surplus flesh, which he was parting with at the rate of about three pounds a day, his panting and blowing gradually diminishing. It distressed him greatly that he was fast losing his rotundity, and he repeated, in the most melancholy

manner, that he believed he would be a skeleton before long. He invariably kept his place, though it cost him a great effort, often blowing like a steam-engine: so good a soldier was he, that he never even fell out of ranks.

Our march was directed towards Papinsville, and, as we drew near the Osage, heavy rains began to fall, swelling the streams and making the roads very muddy: even the small branches, usually dry, were full, and so numerous, that the men, tired of fixing crossings, plunged into them, often to their waist, taking it all coolly and cheerfully, notwithstanding the weather was not at the time very warm. Many of us got frequent duckings, falling down and going under, head and ears, very much to the amusement of lookers-on, but not very diverting to the performers: this was a sort of sport during the day, as we were generally wet from the rain, and did not mind being a little more so, but at night our clothes were anything but pleasant or comfortable.

Arriving one night at Johnstown, the rain poured down in torrents, and, after all our efforts to secure a dry place for the tent had failed, we laid down upon the ground, over which the water was standing, and many of us slept even soundly, waking up in the morning wet and chilled, yet considerably refreshed.

After a fatiguing march of between eighty and ninety miles, the army approached the Osage, our division encamping about an hour before sunset, on a fine October evening, about three miles from the river, and about the same distance below Papinsville. Our tents were stretched and supper nearly ready, when we received orders to move to the river: they were soon obeyed, and a little after dark the command moved out, our half-prepared meal being thrown into the wagon, with other articles belonging to the camp.

Between us and the river was a low, marshy flat, extending to the high ground along the river bank: this was now covered with a sheet of water, from a foot to two feet deep, over which was forming in the cool, frosty atmosphere of the night, a thin coat of ice, rendering it rather unpleasant to tramp through. There was, however, no alternative, and merrily the boys marched in: we were kept moving briskly for a while, and did not mind it, until the advance of the column, reaching the opposite side, halted, leaving us and other commands standing in the water

over our knees. There was no ground dry enough for camping except the bank on the river. Immediately in front, where the head of our column debouched from the swamp, was occupied by divisions in advance, and our brigade-quartermaster, whose duty it was to select the ground for encampment, had gone in search of a suitable location. After some time, we were ordered forward, much to our relief, and soon were camped again and drying ourselves by good fires. The wagons followed close after us, and our suppers were quickly prepared. Some of the mess were disposed to swear a little over our recent mishaps; but, with appetites whetted by the movement and its accompanying incidents, we were soon in a good humor, and ate in a style and with a vigor and perseverance, that would not have discredited Major Dugald Dalghetty, the Scottish free-sword, who amazed the Highlanders by the manner in which he handled the huge venison pasty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CROSSING THE OSAGE.

THE river was much swollen, almost to the top of its banks, and in its present condition had the appearance of a formidable stream. The army had no pontoons of any description, and only one small flat could be obtained, which was in operation about a mile above, crossing General Harris' division and others. The greater part of the army was to be crossed at the point where we were encamped, and a pioneer corps had been sent to build a raft for that purpose; it was not yet completed. Walking down to the ferry in the morning, some distance from our camp, I observed the construction of the raft going on. General Price was standing upon the bank, giving directions in regard to it; the material used was cut from the timber growing on the river side. A couple of large logs formed the base, fastened together by smaller ones lashed across with ropes, and firmly pinned down, and over this planks were laid and made fast, presenting an irregular and uneven surface, but strong enough for wagons, men, and horses to stand upon; it was a rough affair, and looked like a very insufficient and uncertain means for crossing over more than half the army. It was to be operated by a large rope attached to a tree on each side.

The crossing soon began; two wagons and a few men being crossed at a time: it answered very well, but was slow; as they landed, the men went into camp on the other side. The cavalry were crossing above and swimming their horses. The commander-in-chief directed the management of the newly-constructed raft, and sat upon the bank, giving the whole operation his exclusive attention. In the meantime I was attracted by some soldiers fishing, who had caught several fine fish, and soon prepared to try my hand also, as I was very fond of that amusement.

Having obtained the necessary tackle at the camp, a comrade

and myself, taking a favorable position, offered the most tempting inducements to the finny denizens of the flood, but with no great success; we finally secured a very fine cat, an ample provision for supper; and its flavor and quality received the approval of the mess, when set before them, nicely prepared, that evening. By-the-by, fair ladies, do not smile; the boys soon learned to be capital cooks; some of you will read these pages, and I want you to understand that I am a pretty good cook myself—or rather was once.

The pecans were just getting ripe, and some of us went out the next day to cut down a tree; there were many of that growth on the Osage. The woods had put on their autumnal hues, the morning was beautiful, the sun shone forth in genial warmth, its rays glistening in bright reflection upon the waters of the angry flood before us; the air was vocal with the song of birds—it was a lovely day. While we were enjoying the scene and its attractions, the object of our expedition was not forgotten: the tree was cut, and after some time employed in getting the nuts out of their hulls, we gathered up about a half bushel, only tolerably dry, and not very palatable.

Returning to camp and getting dinner, some of us repaired to the crossing, and found the General still at his stand, supervising the movement. The raft had broken during the morning, and a couple of wagons were upset into the stream, but no lives were lost, and the damages had been quickly repaired; so the work still went on.

After three days and nights of unremitting diligence, the last of the army was over, and prepared to move forward.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PROGRESS TOWARDS THE SOUTH—FALLING OFF OF THE ARMY—
GOVERNOR JACKSON'S SPEECH.

THE army again moved South, its course being a little east; passing into Cedar county through White Hare, it took the direction of Greenfield, county seat of Dade. The country we passed over was almost entirely prairie, the streams having timber on their banks, and being sometimes so great a distance apart, that long marches were necessary in order to reach wood and water: the soil was rather thin, as the short crops upon the fields indicated, and few of the people seemed to be in easy or affluent circumstances.

Our army was now considerably diminished in numbers: the men had been falling off for some time. Some were left on account of sickness, but the greater part were taking French leave and going home, and this had begun when we were only three days from Lexington: those who had joined us principally from curiosity and a desire of novelty, were the first to leave. It had, however, continued, from day to day, until their loss was very perceptible in the different divisions. This desertion was witnessed with the greatest regret and mortification by a majority of the army, and was looked upon as a stigma on its character and standing. Denouncing it seemed to do no good; it still continued, and we had already lost in this way about five thousand men.

Approaching Greenfield, we marched into the place about ten o'clock on a drizzling, foggy morning. At this point we were met by Governor Jackson, recently from the South. The command was halted, and we were notified that the Governor would address the army: the soldiers soon began to crowd the courthouse and throng the yard, all anxious to know how our State affairs stood and what was the news from the Confederacy. It was the first time I had ever seen the chief magistrate of the State. He was tall in person, rather slender, and quite a plain,

unassuming gentleman, about fifty years of age : his manner was easy and deliberate, while his countenance indicated thought and care.

The speech was able and patriotic; informing us that he had not succeeded in getting the much-desired arms we had long looked for; that the South needed the supply she had on hand; but he had secured twelve pieces of fine artillery, which soon would arrive, with plenty of ammunition of all kinds. In reference to our guns, he said they were much better than we thought, their qualities being tested at "Oak Hills" and "Lexington." Some one replied, "We have no bayonets," to which he answered, that they were not of much importance, being rarely brought into actual service; but, if we chose to have them, it was easy to get them made: any piece of old iron would do: it would not be difficult to sharpen and fit it on a shot-gun. If it was rusty, only a little more force would be required to make it penetrate.

We were told that our army was greatly admired in the South: its successes were discussed and eulogized everywhere, and much was said of the high character and reputation it had already achieved.

The Governor stated that a large supply of clothing, boots and shoes had been purchased, and would be forwarded with as little delay as possible. This was welcome tidings to most of the men, many being already bare-footed. He concluded by saying, that nothing but stern duty could have kept him from us so long; his business for the present being transacted in a manner, he hoped, entirely satisfactory, it was his determination now to remain with the troops, and share with them the toils and hardships of the tented field; enjoining us, at the same time, to place the most implicit reliance in General Price, whose name was already a household word in the South. The Governor expressed the most unbounded confidence in our commander—in his ability and efficiency, and in his assured fidelity to the high trust committed to his keeping.

The speech being over, we marched on to camp, about three miles distant, feeling greatly relieved in regard to supplies, which were needed so much. The men were all in better spirits, too, looking forward to the improvement of their personal comfort, the liberation of the State from Federal thralldom, and the ultimate realization of their hopes and expectations.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SPRING RIVER COUNTRY—INCIDENTS ON THE MARCH.

LEAVING Greenfield, we soon entered the beautiful region known as the Spring River country—superior to any part of Southwest Missouri : its waters are principally tributaries of the Neosho, which winds its course through the Indian territories, to the west, and empties into the Arkansas at some distance from their eastern limit.

This country abounds in the finest springs and numerous streams of clear, rapid water, with a current so constant and fall so considerable, that they present water-power scarcely surpassed, for all the purposes of manufacturing art. Located on many of them are large mills, three stories high, of the best construction, some not more than a mile or two from the source of the stream, so bold is the spring at the very fountain-head, from which it gushes.

Some of these mills were brought into requisition for the use of the army, and manufactured for us flour of the choicest quality ; the wheat of which it was made was of the finest description. The excellence of the grain and the superiority of the mills combined, enable the owners to supply an article equal perhaps to any in the world.

The level lands between these streams, constituting the greater portion of the area, are very productive. Large crops had been raised and harvested, amply providing all the cereals necessary for the army, while fine orchards grew upon every farm, and the limbs of the trees bent low with their heavy loads of ripened fruit. The woods upon every hill were black with clusters of the finest grapes, exhibiting one vast vineyard, its fruit now ripe and tempting the eye and appetite by its luscious richness, wonderful abundance and rare and excellent flavor. A country possessing by nature so many advantages, when penetrated by railroads and improved by more thorough cultivation, must become one of the most attractive and desirable in the West. This region was

much devastated during the war, being within the circuit of the Kansas brigands—also suffering from some of its own inhabitants—and many of its most valuable structures and best improvements were laid in ashes.

Passing on, we reached Sarcoxie and camped within a mile of that place, on the farm of General Rains. It was understood that the division would not move on the following morning, and the boys prepared for a day's rest, which was very acceptable after long and laborious marching.

Shortly after getting into camp, two of us went down to the creek, about three hundred yards distant, for water, and came upon a couple of men who had just killed a hog and were preparing to put it in a condition for immediate use. Acts of this kind were strictly prohibited by our division commander and the higher officers generally; but many of the company officers winked at such things, and perhaps the mess-tables even of the colonels were occasionally graced by a nice quarter of shoat, surreptitiously captured and presented by some of the men, who were regular hunters of what they called "the mud lark."

The provost-guard had orders to arrest every man found engaged in this business, and the two who were at work here, seeing us approach, doubtless, thought that we belonged to that corps, and immediately took to the brush, leaving their pork behind. Walking down, we took a look at the grunter—a fine, fat fellow, about half grown. Being in our possession, the idea occurred to us that we might appropriate him without disobedience of orders, which said that we must not kill hogs, but contained no injunction against eating them after they were killed. We acted accordingly, carrying it down under the bluff, and concealing the precious spoil under a brush pile: as soon as it was dark we could come down with some help, take his skin off, cut him up, and elude the vigilance of the guard by placing the pieces in camp kettles, and returning with them as if we had water.

Having gone back to camp, the mess was duly informed that we had the "dead thing" on a porker, and wanted the assistance of one or two to bring him in. The announcement was received with a smile of peculiar satisfaction, and the hearts of the grateful boys were evidently touched at the prospect of having for supper something so superior to hard-driven army beef.

In a short time it began to grow dark, and four of us posted off on our errand, each with a bucket or kettle in hand: going down the bank where he lay, we cautiously raised the brush—our hopes at once vanished: he was gone! Perhaps our deposit had been watched by the original captors, and they reclaimed their spoil. We returned to camp with kettles and buckets empty, and our information was a sad disappointment to the mess, which, being sure of something better for supper, had given away our rations of beef.

Another incident, somewhat amusing, occurred here, told me by comrades who were present. Some men of the command went over to the house to purchase butter or chickens, or anything that could be had in that line, when Mrs. Rains came out and said she would be very much obliged to them and the soldiers generally, if they would not take anything from the place without permission, and gave an especial charge not to burn the fences or kill the hogs. Not knowing that it was Mrs. Rains, they replied that they belonged to Clark's division, in which such proceedings were not countenanced or allowed; but when Rains' cavalry, which was behind, came along, she had better lock the smoke-house and call for a guard, as they swept everything before them.

After remaining a day, the troops moved out early on a bright, frosty morning: they were fresh, animated, and marched briskly, joking with one another and showering volleys of jests and gibes upon every straggler who happened to be out of ranks, very much to his annoyance and discomfiture: the expressions were such as "Left, left—close up!" "You'll be cut off!" "Hello! mister, you've drapt something!" "Hold on, stranger, we're going that way!" Some one was sure to know the name of the unlucky wight, and would call, "How are you, John?" or whatever name it might be, and the whole command would repeat in succession, "How are you, John?" There was a man by the name of Bradley, who was a sort of factotum and purveyor for headquarters, riding about a good deal: whenever he came along near the columns on march, or the lines in camp, which he did often, it commenced at one end of the line, "How are you, Bradley?" and, as far as he went, or was seen, it was carried along—always, "How are you, Bradley?" Sometimes the subjects of this kind of sport would get very much exasperated, and then the boys

enjoyed it the more, as being a successful hit. Such are some of the little episodes that vary the life of the soldier.

Our march was to the Neosho, passing through Granby, a rambling, little village, built up entirely from its mining operations. The mines were lead, and had been extensively worked before the war, but were not in operation at that time: enough of this article had been taken up to supply the wants of the army. As we proceeded, the day became warm and the roads dusty and disagreeable, many of the men falling out of ranks from the effects of heat and dust, combined with fatigue: our feet became so hot that every creek or branch was waded to cool them, and, as our boots were generally full of holes, the water was a pleasant and grateful relief. The troops ahead seemed eager to get on, and did not slacken their step from a very fast walk: by the time we reached Neosho, we were all pretty well broken down, having marched twenty-three miles by two o'clock P. M., the distance being made within time that would be considered very expeditious even for cavalry.

We camped about a quarter of a mile beyond the place, near a large spring, which bursted boldly out from the side of a hill, flowing on in a beautiful, clear stream, with force and water enough to turn a mill. Stretching ourselves under the shade of the trees, we waited the arrival of the train, then some distance behind: getting in a couple of hours afterwards, our tents were raised, and we were informed that the command would probably remain for several days.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ACT OF SECESSION—ADVANCE OF CONFEDERATE FORCES—SUPPLIES
FOR THE ARMY—DETACHMENT AT NEWTONIA.

WHILE the army was encamped near Neosho, the Legislature, convened in extra session by the Governor, at that place, passed an act of secession about the 22d of October, 1861; a quorum was present, and the act corresponded with the sentiments and feelings of the army at the time. It was greeted with cheers, and salvos of artillery echoed and resounded through the valleys and over the hills. Gayety and rejoicing were the order of the day, and the success and glory of the cause were toasted "in reamin swats that drank divinely."

We now considered our State a part of the Confederacy, and hoped ere long to be supported by heavy forces from that quarter. Our retrograde movement was believed about over, as troops were advancing under the command of General McCulloch. Some of these passed near our camp, and among them was the Third Louisiana, a crack regiment, that attracted the attention and drew forth the admiration of every one by its disciplined movement and gallant, soldierly bearing; it was handsomely uniformed, well armed and equipped, finely drilled, and one of the most efficient regiments at that time west of the Mississippi—commanded by Colonel Hebert.

A scant supply of clothing and shoes met us here, relieving a portion of the most needy, but nothing like a sufficiency, as many who were actually suffering got none. Three pair of shoes were issued to our company, its proportion of what came to the division: there were eleven men in the company who needed them very badly, myself among the number; all of us had something in the way of boots or shoes, but in a very sorry condition, and so difficult was it to ascertain whose feet were nearest upon the ground, that we were ordered to stand up in a row for inspection. We all walked out and formed, each hoping to be one of the lucky fellows; looking down the line to see

what sort of a chance mine was, I discovered several pair of bare feet, the owners of which had been smart enough to leave their shoes or boots behind; though my prospect now was anything but flattering, I still held my place until all were ordered to break ranks except the barefooted part of the squad; there were five, who drew straws for the prizes, the toes of the longest straws being left out in the frost or compelled to fall back on their reserves in the tents.

Hard frosts were beginning to fall, and unless something could be raised in the shoe or boot line, my prospect of being barefooted would soon be realized; there was little hope of getting anything more, at least for some time, from the quartermaster's department. A shoemaker's shop was in operation in the town, very much crowded with business; by strong and earnest persuasion, backed by a gold piece, I succeeded at last in getting my wants supplied.

The country around Neosho is generally rocky and hilly, or undulating; there are, however, some level bottoms on the streams, the soil of which is alluvium, and produces remarkably well. After remaining here several days, the army moved a few miles east, and camped a week upon Oliver's prairie, our command halting within four miles of a pretty little village called Newtonia, and camping at a large spring, known as "the big boiling spring." The name is very appropriate, as it boils up in a level space about twenty-five yards from the base of a hill, flowing off in a considerable stream, clear and transparent as crystal. The spring is several yards across, and readily swam a horse anywhere near its centre.

Fine wheat crops had been raised in this locality, and a splendid mill in the village was put to grinding for our division; the flour was deposited in the academy, at that place, until the command was ready to move. Our mess was detailed as a guard for it, and we had a jolly time out there to ourselves. If our biscuits were not shortened with fresh tallow, and though our fricassees might sometimes savor of nice pig, it is not to be inferred that we did not come fairly by the choice ingredients and palatable morsels that now figured in our cuisine; by no means must the reader take up this impression; there is one little incident, being an exception, that will serve to show how soldiers sometimes get their rare dainties.

An old gentleman close by was making up his molasses, and we concluded to purchase some for the mess. Going over with one of the boys, we made our bargain, but upon offering him a good bill of Missouri money, he said, though he had the change, that no paper money of any description would be received by him, and nothing but specie could buy anything he had to dispose of; so we failed to get the sorghum. We bid him good-day, observing, as we left, a vicious-looking bull-dog lying near, and also that he was pouring his newly-made syrup into a hogshead standing in the yard, over which was spread a sheet for covering.

A proposition was introduced that night, and, after full discussion, was adopted by the mess, to send over a detachment and get a little of the molasses we could not succeed in purchasing. Accordingly a party of two, chosen for the purpose, sallied out with a bucket, and, drawing near the premises, found everything quiet, the hogshead still standing in the yard, and no visible obstacle in the way. Number one says, to number two, "go and fill the bucket, and I will stand here at the fence and watch;" number two advanced and dipped his bucket in, cautiously raising and replacing the cover, and had returned about half way back, when the growl and bark of the bull-dog were heard, and the huge outline of his powerful form was distinctly seen in the moonlight, as he came bounding forward. Number one suggested to number two, that he had better hurry up, which he was not slow to do, depositing the bucket in the hands of his comrade just as the fierce animal seized him by the leg; hallooing and scrambling, at the same time, to get over the fence. Number one comes to the rescue with a stick, dealing the dog several hard blows, which have a salutary effect, enabling both to get over to the outside of the fence and start off briskly just as a head is popped from the window, and a "what's up?" comes from the deep-base voice of the occupant; of course, nothing was "up" with us, and we moved ahead, number two complaining considerably of a stinging sensation in his leg.

Of that molasses we made pies and sweet-cakes. Reader, did you ever eat any sorghum sweet-cakes, made by soldiers? well, if you have not, you need never want to.

There had been no school at the academy for some time, but from the indications before us, such as maps, globes, and astro-

nomical instruments, it had certainly been prosperous in times past. In the upper story of the building was a masonic hall, with all the paraphernalia belonging to a lodge of that order. No damage was done the building, the flour being deposited in one of the lower rooms that was vacant, and we studiously respected all the works of learning and art, as well as the property of the disciples of a noble and distinguished fraternity, which met within its walls.

In a few days orders were received for us to join the company; the flour was loaded into the commissary wagons, and we left our comfortable quarters with reluctance, having spent several pleasant days free from camp regulations. We left one evening late in October, and the next morning the army moved towards Cassville, where a junction of all our forces took place, General McBride's division coming in from Springfield.

A regiment of this command had, before leaving, an engagement with General Fremont's body-guard, about four hundred strong, which was defeated, leaving some prisoners in our hands, and retreating hastily to his main army, then within about thirty miles of Springfield.

McCulloch's forces were all within striking distance. Our artillery was looked for daily, and it was thought that a collision between the two armies would soon take place near this point. The men were in fine spirits, ready for the expected contest, and waited impatiently the movements of the advancing foe.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GUARD DUTIES—ARRIVAL OF ARTILLERY—PROSPECTS OF BATTLE.

THE camp of our division was located in a little bottom, about a mile and a half south of Cassville, a small branch running by, and high rocky hills almost encircling it. The country is broken and rough, except the bottoms, which are generally rich and productive. The growth of timber was a mixed one of oak, hickory, cherry, walnut, and maple, of no great size; it is a very good country for fruit and wheat, and portions of it are well adapted for corn.

The camps here were strongly guarded, and orders were issued forbidding any one to pass without written permission in the day, or the countersign at night. The sentinels, however, were by no means vigilant, and the management and regulation of them none of the best; the reliefs of the guard were arranged in three divisions for the night: the first standing one-third of the time, then returning to its quarters; the second following, posted for its part of the duty, and returning, like the first, at the end of the watch to its quarters; the third maintained the guard until daylight.

The second and third relief were generally allowed to return to their quarters when not on post, the names and companies of the men being taken down by the corporal or sergeant of the guard; these officers were frequently seen going around hunting up their men in the tents. The sentinels were allowed to keep fires, and it was no uncommon occurrence, when going the rounds or putting on the guards, to find nearly half of them asleep. We were not as yet accustomed to be continually in presence of an enemy, and had not learned that sleepless vigilance which watches over the approaches and outposts of a well-trained army.

The commands were drilled daily, and some of them began to move like soldiers, gradually and steadily acquiring the

step and bearing, as well as the skill and address of disciplined squadrons.

General Clark, who had recovered from his wound and gone down into Arkansas to hurry up our artillery, returned, bringing with him twelve brass pieces, entirely new, with everything pertaining to them; all were of the best material, and in complete order; eight of these were six pounders, and four twelve-pound howitzers. These last were not much heavier in weight than the six-pounders—by no means as heavy and unwieldy as Napoleon guns of the same calibre, and rarely, if ever, used to fire solid shot at long range; the object in their construction is to admit of ease and facility in handling, to discharge canister and grape at short range, and spherical case shell at long distance.

Six pieces of this artillery came into our brigade; the battery was commanded by Captain Wade, of St. Louis, and good material for artillerists selected for his company.

General Clark now took command of the division, relieving Colonel Bell, who had commanded it in his absence.

A body of six thousand cavalry was sent forward to feel General Fremont's position, then at Springfield, and draw him out if possible.

The army moved to Pineville, and while on this march I was thrown with Captain Wade: an acquaintance, who had recently joined his battery, and was his color-bearer, tendered me a ride on his horse, by the Captain's side, and being tired, I gladly accepted his kind offer. The captain was in the prime of life, of medium height and rather slender, but sinewy, active, and muscular in his movements and development; his chin and nose were prominent, his forehead high and somewhat furrowed; his manners were plain and unassuming; he usually wore a pair of green spectacles. As he will figure in these pages, in his brief and brave career, this personal description is given as a remembrance. His conversation, while I rode with him, was cheerful and pleasant, entering freely upon topics of interest, and narrating, in a very agreeable way, incidents of his recent sojourn in the South.

At Pineville ammunition was issued, each man being required to have not less than twenty rounds; the guards were not allowed to go to sleep upon their posts or build fires; the

guns were inspected, and orders issued to keep everything prepared for immediate service. In the remote recesses and deep canyons of those rocky hills, and of that wild and weird region were now heard the busy note and stirring preparation of war. Rumors were afloat that our cavalry was falling back, and Fremont advancing.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SPORTS OF THE CAMP.

THERE was a great deal of game in this locality : hunting was a frequent recreation with me, and a wild turkey generally was part of the spoil of a morning's hunt.

In the regiment, every night, wrestling and scuffling became a very common amusement. There was always a large pile of corn near the tent of the quartermaster, which was used as forage, and here was the place of rendezvous : each night parties gathered to try their skill or witness the sport. A man walking up on the corn-pile and taking his stand, was considered a challenger to any and all comers, and it would not be long before a contending champion advanced from the crowd : a ring was formed, and the wrestlers closed in the exciting trial of manhood. Sometimes half a dozen couples would be in the ring at once, and the exhibitions of strength and activity called forth the applause, while they seemed to absorb the interest of the spectators. Our old acquaintance, Roberts, occupied the champion's place as often as any one else, but I never saw his competitor, Tom Moore, of Pike, enter the arena.

This amusement was at first confined to our regiment, but, finally, other regiments came down, and the sport became still more interesting, assisting to while away, in lively and manly pastime, "the lazy hours of tedious day."

General Clark made a speech here to his division, producing a very favorable impression upon those who had seen but little of him before. He was decidedly a favorite in the army, and seemed to take great interest in the welfare of his command.

We had been in camp about ten days, when information was received that General Fremont had been superseded as he was in the act of moving South, and General Halleck, having assumed the command, was falling back with the army in a very demoralized condition. Lane, with his band, about five thousand strong, had gone towards Kansas, taking every thing he could

possibly carry off, burning and devastating the country, and leaving a black and desolate waste behind him.

Preparations were now made to move North again, and in a few days the army was in readiness.

General McCulloch, with his forces, fell back into Arkansas, and went into winter quarters.

About the tenth of November, General Price moved North : McBride's division advanced to Springfield, and the main army marched towards the Osage.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EN ROUTE FOR AND ARRIVAL ON THE OSAGE.

WITH light hearts and cheerful countenances, the army began to retrace its steps, always looking to the North with longing and hope. If it had been brought into battle and received the assurance that on success depended its remaining in the fair valley of the Missouri, the result, in my opinion, would have justified the most unbounded confidence.

Passing through Newton county, we made good progress, marching from fifteen to eighteen miles a day, and traversing again the Spring River country.

At Sarcxie General Clark took his leave of us, and made a very appropriate farewell address to his command. Colonel Bell also left: they were both Representatives to the Confederate Congress. So strong were the emotions of the General on leaving, that he shed tears, betraying in his whole appearance marks of sincere regret, and exhibiting the most affectionate solicitude for the interest and welfare of the soldiers of his command. He requested that Colonel Jackson should take charge of the division until some one was regularly elected to fill the vacancy. His desire was cheerfully acceded to, and the troops parted from their chief with the most lively remembrance of his affability, kindness and attachment.

Making our way on, we soon entered the broad prairies of Dade, which were now entirely shorn of their richness and beauty by the hard, wintry frosts, rendering them bleak and dreary, and leaving little that was beautiful or attractive on their wide surface. Marching through Cedar, we camped upon one of the western tributaries of Sauk river. Some of the timbered lands here were evidently of fine quality, but most of the prairie looked rather thin; the soil was neither deep nor rich in appearance. In the northern part of this county was encountered one of the cold spells of November, attended by a high wind and drifting snow: the snow lasted only for a day, but the

wind blew cold and piercing over the prairie, and rendered it extremely disagreeable to all—especially to those whose clothes and shoes were about worn out ; but, nothing daunted, they went merrily ahead—they were going in the right direction.

Our route was towards Osceola. Reaching Sauk river, our division encamped about a mile above its mouth. The town had been burnt by Lane and his bandits.

CHAPTER XXX.

CAMP ON SAUK RIVER.

OUR camp was situated in a bottom, upon which was standing a heavy growth of timber that was rapidly converted into firewood by the soldiers. Large fires were now kept at night, as the weather was cold, and few of the men had more than one blanket, which was a very insufficient protection against the wintry atmosphere. The tents were generally stretched facing one another, leaving between them space enough for a big logheap, and this was kept constantly supplied with plenty of fuel.

Notwithstanding the fine fires, we often had to get up during the night to warm, and, after thawing out awhile, would lie down again and sleep comfortably for a short time.

Back of our camp was a range of hills, running parallel with the river; these were generally steep, and in some places precipitous, covered, for the most part, with a scrubby growth of timber. In front lay a wide bottom, extending down into the fork between Sauk river and the Osage; near, and below us, was camped the division of General Harris, then commanded by Colonel Green, the General having gone to Richmond as a representative in the Confederate Congress.

General Price established his headquarters on the north bank of the Osage, immediately below the junction of the two rivers, a ford being just below; he camped like the rest of us, in his tent, and up to this time I had never heard of his quartering, even for a single night, in a private dwelling.

Preparations were made to remain here some time; forage and provisions being readily obtained in the adjoining country, large supplies were brought in. I was out in the country several times, and on one occasion we passed a house recently burned, the owner being then in our army; the family was living in one of the negro cabins, a few servants were on the premises, entirely women and children; the men and boys had been taken

off by the party who committed the deed. From the lips of the family we heard its sad story; it was to this effect: the gentleman who lived here, and a brother of his, had a political quarrel about the beginning of the troubles, in which harsh words passed; the brother shortly after went away, they knew not where; but returning, a little while since, with a party of Lane's men, he ordered the family out of the house and applied the torch, not allowing anything at all to be removed.

The members of the family were in a very destitute condition; their clothes had been consumed and they were left without any supply whatever, except such as they had on at the time; their wants had been partially relieved by some of the neighbors. A pretty little blue-eyed girl, belonging to the family, attracted my attention, and I asked her to come up and talk to me; she readily came, and I raised her to my knee, when she said, "Uncle John very bad man; burn papa's house—all mamma's nice things, and my pretty doll, too," and the little thing burst into tears; so tender, touching, and plaintive was her manner, that I could scarcely restrain my own feelings. Putting her down, I bid the family good morning, and joined a couple of the boys who had just gone out, and were looking on the blackened chimneys and scorched trees that stood near, cursing in their hearts the fiend who could bring such ruin upon his brother's family.

As the wagons moved off, I looked back upon the scene with a feeling of pain and sadness, and the determination to cling to the cause, and assist in defending our rights and avenging our wrongs as long as I could raise an arm to strike, settled still deeper in my heart.

All supplies for the army were paid for in scrip, issued by the quartermasters, subject to the approval of the quartermaster-general; after receiving his endorsement it generally passed very current, both in and out of the army. When corn was purchased, at this time, the men went out with wagons and gathered it in the field, and we were on an expedition of this sort.

Our return to camp was late, dark overtaking us on the road. The approach was over a high ridge, in full view of the encampment, which presented a scene of marvellous and striking beauty; there was even something grand about it, as spread

before us, it suddenly met the eye upon reaching the summit of the hill. Below, the white tents extended far up and down the line of the river, bright camp-fires blazing in front, around which groups of soldiers were distinctly seen, standing, sitting, or moving in varied attitudes. The dark outlines of the sentinels could be distinguished in phantom shapes as they slowly walked their beats, the shadowy figures of horses, as they drooped their heads in the attitude of sleep, assumed goblin and mystic forms; above all hung the glowing and luminous brightness, tinging the sky with its radiance, so often produced in the atmosphere by innumerable camp-fires.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS—UNOFFICIAL COMMISSARIAT.

IN the organization of our regiment at Lexington, only the colonel, as has been stated before, was elected; the lieutenant-colonel and major retained their positions without an election. It seemed that some irregularity was discovered in this, and an election for these officers was ordered by the commander-in-chief. Major Peacher was chosen lieutenant-colonel, and Sergeant-major Bruce Ball was elected major, both very good officers, and popular in the command. Colonel Singleton was at the time quite sick in the country, some distance off; his loss to the regiment I very much regretted, as he was a brave and intelligent officer, of undoubted efficiency in the exigencies of active service.

An election was held by the commissioned officers of the division, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of General Clark; there were several candidates, and the election was closely contested. Colonel Ed. Price, commanding the third regiment of our division, was elected General. The vote was very close between him and Colonel Poindexter.

General Harris being appointed a member to the Confederate Congress, an election was also held to fill his place by the officers of that division. Colonels Green and Burbridge were the most prominent candidates, and the contest was very equal between them: by a small majority Colonel Green was chosen to the command.

We took many tramps up and down the rivers after game, always with some success: in our rambles we found numerous little lakes in the bottom; the water, when near the prairie, was clear and transparent, and their form and appearance often beautiful and striking, their margins frequently overhung by large brown rocks, with a covering of light soft moss upon

them. They were the resort of large flocks of wild ducks that sported their richly variegated plumage on the rippling waters, presenting to the sportsman at once a scenic display and a tempting attraction. Many brace of these graced our mess table, though it often required some labor and considerable address to secure them, the lakes being sometimes large and the game wild; but they would not have been prized so highly if they had been very easily obtained.

Our division grumbled a good deal about having to live on indifferent beef, while the one camped by our side was feasting and rejoicing in an abundance of fine fat pork. Almost every load of forage that came into our neighbors' camp was ornamented by a beautiful porker or two on top; as many as a dozen at once would come in in this way, making our friends across the way lively and frolicsome over their rich and enviable larder. The impression of some was, that they were probably bought by the commissaries, as such a number were coming in; if so, it was exceedingly desirable that the commissaries of our division should be on the lookout, and furnish us at least a moderate supply of what our neighbors were getting in such plentiful abundance.

Walking out on a road some distance from camp one day, a solution was presented of this matter. I observed a lot of wagons, not far off, coming in loaded; suddenly stopping, the men who were with them surrounded a lot of hogs, and, drawing their revolvers, opened fire upon them; so well was the attack managed that five were killed before they got out of the ring. They were evidently old hands at the business, and their expertness and address at once and fully explained how Harris' men got so much hog-meat.

General Green, after awhile, stopped these extra rations of his division; the men had feasted considerably during the time they enjoyed them, and had an opportunity to keep in a pretty good supply of lard, so essential an ingredient in getting up good biscuit, and one that was rare and very scarce in our camp.

It is very demoralizing to a soldier to see such things going on around him, and conducted with impunity; it makes him feel very much like becoming his own commissary. I here

invoke in time the lenient judgment and indulgence of the reader, if he or she should, at any subsequent period, find me a participant in any transactions of this sort, and, while deprecatingly asking clemency in advance, refer to that old and truthful adage—"evil communication corrupts good morals."



Gen Little

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONFEDERATE SERVICE—ORGANIZATION OF CONFEDERATE CAMP.

A FALL of rain rendering our camp in the bottom very muddy and disagreeable, it was moved to a more desirable location, about two miles above on the Osage. General Green also moved his encampment about the same distance up Sauk river.

About this time, the first of December, recruiting began for the Confederate service. It was desirable to transfer the whole State guard, but this could not be done without a thorough reorganization of the army, making the regiments larger, diminishing the officers to less than half their number, and subjecting it to a radical change in many respects. The officers differed very much as to the proposed movement: some strenuously advocated the Confederate side, and others warmly and, I have no doubt, as conscientiously contended for the maintenance of the State guard. Addresses were made by leading officers, zealously supporting the importance of the movement and the decided advantages that would inevitably result from it. General Price gave his voice and influence to its support, looking upon it as the most advisable measure that could be adopted.

Some of our best officers were sworn into the Southern service, and the process of recruiting was begun. It commenced about the same time in all the different divisions: the troops who joined remained for the time being where they were, until a sufficient force was raised to justify going into a separate camp. Colonel Bevier was the most active officer in our division in this operation, and succeeded in getting about two hundred men to join him. Colonel McKinney, the commander of our regiment, also advocated it strongly, and urged the enlistment upon those who wished to serve in the most effective capacity: he declared his intention to go north of the river upon the opening of spring, with a view to recruit a regiment for the Confederate service. His intention was carried out, but about the time he was ready to start through the Federal lines with his men, he was captured,

and a very brave and efficient officer was lost for the time to the Southern cause.

Colonel Poindexter also expressed his determination to have a regiment in readiness at an early period, and he recruited shortly afterwards over a thousand men, but was followed up by General Giutar, and, being attacked not far from Fayette, in Howard county, his levies were so scattered that he did not succeed in bringing them together again. After many adventures, he made his way back, in the latter part of winter, with a force comparatively small.

The officers who came north of the river used every exertion to get their men out, for they were cognizant of the fact that it was from this part of the State the army must receive the principal increase of its force, and those recruits which were necessary to keep up even its present numbers. The most earnest hope, the most heartfelt aspiration of the men, was to advance into the centre of the State, and to fight it out right there, and they looked forward to the spring as the period for the realization of their fondest anticipations.

An officer wishing to raise a company for the Confederate service, would get all the men he could to join him, and then, attaching himself to some regiment forming for the same purpose, would continue recruiting until his quota was made up, or his command perhaps exceeded considerably the number required.

A detachment from General Green's division, consisting of thirty-five or forty men from Monroe and adjoining counties, had united together to enter the Confederate service : they were from Colonel Brace's regiment, and had tendered Adjutant Wilson, of Colonel Jackson's command, the position of captain of the company. In this detachment were many of my acquaintances, friends and boys from my neighborhood, and I determined at once to attach myself to this company.

A Confederate camp had been established, and several officers, with their detachments, had gone there : my mind was made up to enter the service. The organization of the State guard was not adapted to protracted military operations : it had been sworn in for six months—its time of service was about to expire, and some were already getting their discharges and going home. It would not be long before the time of the whole army would ex-

pire, and General Price and all those who had resolved to share his fortunes began to anticipate the gloomiest results.

Whole companies who were sworn in at Jefferson City, were getting their discharges, and many had become impatient to see home again. Active military operations would have immediately roused up all the fire and energy of the men; but, seeing no present prospect of this, they talked about the expiration of their time, and began to dwell upon the idea of going home when it arrived.

If something was not done to arrest the progress of this feeling, affairs would soon be in a critical condition, and the army would rapidly decline. At this period General Price issued an address to the people of the State, many copies of which were sent north of the river, calling upon them to come to his support, and, at the same time, appealing to his soldiers not to forsake him at the very time they were so much needed. He told them that the best pledge of support they could now give was to go into the Confederate service, and was so exceedingly gratified when the first body, commanded by Colonel Burbridge, entered the Confederate camp, that he greeted them most cordially, and said he was proud of them, and hoped their noble example would soon be followed by the army.

On the fifth day of December I took the Confederate oath, went over to the camp, and joined Captain Wilson's detachment, which, with several others, was commanded by Colonel John Q. Burbridge, then recruiting a regiment for twelve months' service in the Confederate army.

A few hundred yards above General Price's headquarters on the north bank of the Osage, the Confederate camp was situated upon a beautiful, level piece of land, which extended for half a mile along the river. About twenty feet below, flowed the Osage, almost in a straight line, its waters seeming to run beneath us, so perpendicular and even was the bank: numerous flights of steps had been cut, by which the men were supplied with water; the cooking was done immediately on the edge of the bank: the tents extended back in lines, and each company occupied a separate row, with space sufficient between to parade the men. Back from the tents, for a distance of about seventy yards, the ground was dry and even; every vestige of undergrowth, brush and trash had been removed, leaving a smooth and polished sur-

face : beyond this, it became wet and swampy, while towards the upper end of the encampment and back of it, just above the turn of the river, lay a beautiful lake, about two hundred and fifty yards long and one hundred wide. Below the encampment, and extending within a few yards of the General's headquarters, was the drill and parade-ground, which had been thoroughly cleared off, everything being cleaned up except a few large trees. On the opposite side, about the centre of the camp, Sauk river poured in its clear and limpid waters, making the stream, as it rolled by us, so transparent, that the fish could be distinctly seen, as they sported beneath the silvery surface.

There were three colonels recruiting in the camp at this time—Burbridge and Rives for infantry, and Gates for cavalry. Captain Landis was raising an artillery command. No company had been organized in the encampment : additions were being made daily, and Colonel Bevier came in a day or two afterwards with his detachment. Captain Wade had succeeded in getting his whole battery to enlist, and had reorganized it, but remained where he was camped with the division : this was, I believe, the first company organized in the State for the Confederate service.

Colonel Little, an old United States officer, was appointed by General Price to take charge of the camp. He was a fine tactician, an accomplished soldier, and won for himself the love and esteem of the men he commanded. As he makes quite a figure in these pages, a description is here given of his person and appearance. He was of ordinary hight and slightly built, quick and active in his speech and movements, with a look and manner somewhat French ; his forehead was rather broad, eyes black and piercing, nose small and Grecian, and lips thin : when speaking, under his black moustache, a very white and regular set of teeth was displayed ; the chin was rather massive ; his hair black and straight, worn long, and surmounted by a small military cap.

Such was the chief appointed to take charge of the camp and to command the First Missouri (Confederate) brigade, a corps whose courage never faltered in the darkest hour of trial, and whose valor was consecrated by a devotion unsurpassed in all the annals of our war. If the brigade was brave, intrepid and invincible, Little was in every respect worthy to be its commander.

The men were drilled here every day, and were on dress-parade every evening: the guards were mounted in military style by Captain Shaumburg of St. Louis, Colonel Little's adjutant, a young officer of fine military talent. They were required to walk their beats, carrying their guns at "support arms" or "right shoulder shift;" the army regulations were read to them each day, and general instructions were given by the commander in reference to their various duties.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CAUSE—MY MOTIVES AND DEFENCE.

BEING now in the Confederate service, and fully committed to the fortunes of those States which had separated from the Union, and maintained their right to do so by arms, I wish my record to show the motives and reasons which influenced me in an act of such grave responsibility ; they will be briefly stated, with as little circumlocution as possible.

The doctrine of State rights has been settled by arms, adversely to the States. The whole fabric has been tumbled to the ground, and the States are now nothing, not even respectable corporations ; for corporate rights cannot be invaded without what in law is called a "quo warranto," and a regular trial in court. The executive, under the new order of things, by a simple scratch of his pen, has annihilated a State government, placing all authority in the hands of a military chief, and numerous petty chiefs under him, and constituting them absolute masters of the lives, liberty, and fortunes of its people.

In the history of governments, one precedent is sufficient, if submitted to, to establish a claim of right : they never go back of their own accord. In monarchies and aristocracies they are sometimes forced to return to their ancient usages or principles by revolution ; in republics this result has, in a few instances, been accomplished by the voice of the people, interposed before the reign of faction became fixed and absolute.

Our own government presents an instance of this character. In the early period of the republic, when John Adams was President, some laws were passed by Congress and approved by the executive, showing clearly a determination by the party in office to usurp and exercise, through the Congress of the United States and the executive of the general government, powers that were at once despotic and destructive of liberty.

A law was enacted, known as "the alien law," giving the

President authority to seize and transport any alien at his will and pleasure.

A man's life, and security in its enjoyment, are indispensable, in order to take care of and preserve his property and the means of living. This law at once gave the President of the United States the control of both; for if you have authority to take my life or person, you can certainly contrive to reach "the means whereby I live." With military force the executive could arrest a man and subject him immediately to such rigors and hardship of confinement as to end his life or destroy his constitution, and if there was anything left of either by the time he was conveyed to the hold of a ship, the process of transportation could readily be so conducted as to end the helpless exile. We know now, by full experience, how easily one's life is taken or his constitution broken by arbitrary imprisonment; the administration of Mr. Lincoln furnishes ample testimony on this subject.

It was said, however, as a palliative for the enactment of this law, that they were only aliens, not Americans that were subject to its provisions. Conceding, for a moment, for the sake of argument, that this might be the case, was it not strange and unnatural that, in this government, an act of such brutal tyranny should be adopted towards foreigners, invited to our shores by the genius and spirit of free institutions? What profound hypocrisy, with such a law upon our records, to proclaim to the world, to the wanderer and exile, that this was a land of liberty! Was not this enactment a fatal departure from every sentiment of freedom, and a prodigious stride towards the most revolting tyranny? But even this palliation was not true; for the executive could arrest an American obnoxious to its vengeance, transporting him away in the night, and speedily ending his life or ruining his constitution by inhuman severity before it would be possible to remedy the wrong: the pestilent hold of a transport ship, and the weight of chains and fetters, would soon finish the victim. If any one be disposed to doubt the character and effect of such a law, giving the power of arrest, let him inquire into some of the thousands of cases that occurred during the late administration, in which arbitrary arrests were made without law.

It might be said that no executive would dare do all this.

Alas ! we know by sad experience that a President, with power in his hands, has dared do anything.

If an unfortunate American had been arrested under this law, the apology would have been, that it was entirely a mistake, and should be promptly corrected. Before martial law was utterly abolished and put an end to in England, such mistakes and apologies were made there; citizens were seized and disposed of with informal dispatch, under the pretext that they belonged to the military service and jurisdiction. If search was made for the unhappy victim, and he was found at all, it would perhaps be in his grave, or in some loathsome sink or dungeon, where the clank of his chains was the only sound that reached his ear, and in the wasted frame and shadowy skeleton, the once robust and vigorous man could no longer be recognized.

In addition to the alien law, an act called "the sedition law" was passed by the same Congress. If any one spoke disrespectfully of the President, or used improper language in referring to that exalted personage, he or she was subjected to fine and imprisonment.

These two acts were worthy of each other and of the spirit from which they emanated: they were a fresh exhibition of that temper and disposition which has oftentimes marked the character and conduct of a large portion of the New England people.

When the Puritans came to the rock of Plymouth, it is true that they were seeking freedom in their religious worship and opinions. It must not, however, be inferred from this that they were by any means favorable to toleration, for such an inference would be very erroneous. While they had power in the mother country, they enforced their tenets and doctrines, like Mahomet, with the sword; and, when deprived of their ascendancy, their attention was turned to a new sphere, in which they could freely exercise their own faith and at the same time exclude all heresy.

In the new home the Pilgrim Fathers had chosen, laws and penalties were soon enacted in reference to faith, manners and appearances, of a character the most rigid, exacting and intolerant; and whenever religious opinions or sentiments in morals, or a style of manners and conduct, were expressed or exhibited, differing from their own peculiar views and habits, those who

uttered, or were chargeable with them, were immediately subjected to fines and public reproof: if still contumacious, they were followed up with persecution, and, finally, driven into exile. Such was the fate of Roger Williams and his followers. The old "Blue laws" were an exhibition of this same temper. There was, indeed, no compromise, no conciliation or forbearance in the genius and temper of the old Puritans. Whatever their passions or sentiments dictated, whatever their hopes and wishes aspired to or desired, whatever their vengeance claimed or thirsted for, was followed up with an iron will and merciless, unshrinking resolution. Austere in appearances, they were yet Jesuits in their principles and practices, conceiving that "the end justified the means."

The numerous Indian tribes inhabiting the regions, which the early Puritans desired to occupy, were in their way, besides often annoying them with hostilities, not always unprovoked, and they adopted the readiest plan to get rid of them—without scruple or remorse, they were pitilessly exterminated. The Wapanoags, Pokanokets, the Narragansetts and the Pequods are all gone—annihilated—not a single descendant of those once numerous tribes can be found upon the broad surface of America, while the natives occupying the regions to the South and West, which were settled by a race more truly Christian and more susceptible of the feelings of sincere humanity, are in greater numbers now than they were in early times. This is true of the Ottoways, the Pottawattomies, the Cherokees, the Creeks, the Chickasaws and Choctaws—in better condition and more numerous than when the white man first came to their shores.

The witches also encountered the vindictive and superstitious suspicion of the good Puritans: they ran a tilt at the poor women, and consigned them by scores, old and young, with un pitying cruelty and barbarism, to deaths the most inhuman and horrible.

These peculiar traits of Puritan character, giving tone to New England sentiment, and, finally, to the national government, while New England counsels prevailed in it, were brought prominently into action in the days of the elder Adams: they were neither heretics, Indians nor witches now, but the poor aliens, and the insolent, audacious and out-spoken denounciators of a New England President, who were to feel the weight of the

heavy and pitiless hand that had banished heretics, exterminated Indians, and given witches to the flames.

The first minds and the most distinguished patriots of that day at once took the alarm at "the alien and sedition laws," and promptly placed themselves in organized opposition to an administration and a Congress that were making such fearful strides to despotic authority and a consolidated government.

The papers called "The Federalist," written chiefly by Madison and Hamilton, had, while recommending the Constitution to the States, pointed out the care and caution exercised in its provisions to guard against consolidation, which they considered fatal to republican government. The powers granted, they declared, were specific, definite, and could not be transcended—all others being reserved to the States and the people.

Thomas Jefferson was presented as a candidate for the Presidency in opposition to John Adams, and a platform of principles was adopted, on which he was placed, expounding the nature, character and structure of the government, and the checks and balances designed as a security for liberty and a protection against usurpation. The Virginia resolutions of '98, drawn by Mr. Madison, and the Kentucky resolutions of '99, drawn by Mr. Jefferson, embodied this platform and its principles. They declared that the general government was one of limited and specified powers; that the States were sovereign parties to the compact, and, as such, had the right to judge of its infractions, and, in any controversy with the Federal power, could determine the mode and measure of redress. In the convention that framed the Constitution, the right to coerce a State which might contest the power of the government, had been proposed as one of its articles, and had been almost unanimously rejected.

Such were the principles presented to the nation, vindicating the doctrine of State rights, and supported by the ablest minds and the best patriots of those times. Even in New England, a strong and devoted band, which had never yielded to the excesses and intolerance of the dominant faction, warmly and zealously defended the principles enunciated by the Republican or Democratic party, and entered the contest with energy and determination.

Among the founders of the Republic, my own ancestors had occupied an honorable position. On one side, my grandsire was

one of those officers who fought through the Revolution, from the beginning to the close, and assisted in those early councils which supported and sustained the feeble and tottering infancy of the new confederacy. He took the strongest ground in the Senate of the United States against the alien and sedition laws, warmly supported the resolutions of '98 and '99, and assisted in putting down the usurping administration and Congress, that had alike defied the Constitution and trampled upon the principles of liberty. On the other side, my great-grandsire was one of the chiefs of that gallant band which, at King's mountain, turned back the tide of war, and bore the flag of freedom in triumph over that hard-fought field. He, too, was a zealous supporter of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions and of the election of Mr. Jefferson, and gave his cordial and decided efforts to the cause.

Arrayed in behalf of the people and the States, and the great principles of constitutional freedom, were the finest intellects and the most devoted patriots in the nation, and, in advance, such men as Jefferson and Madison, aided by statesmen, able in council, and warriors, tried in the field—veterans of the Revolution—the conscript fathers of the Republic—

"The dead, but sceptred sovereigns,
Whose spirits rule us from their urns."

The contest was fierce and bitter, for usurping tyranny never yielded up in any age, either its victims or its power, without a daring and vindictive struggle. John Adams and his official counsellors were dismissed from their stations by the voice of the nation. The principles and platform of the Republican or Democratic party were fully endorsed, the alien and sedition laws were promptly repealed, and the policy and practice of the government conformed in every respect to those doctrines upon which both civil and political liberty were considered equally based.

In the course of years, many of the men who had sustained the views and conduct of John Adams and his party, came forward, renounced their old opinions, and gave in their adhesion to the Democratic party. Among these was John Quincy Adams, who, being baptized into the faith he now professed, received high diplomatic positions from Mr. Jefferson and successive Democratic Presidents.

The platform and principles triumphantly sustained in the election of Mr. Jefferson, have always been avowed and declared as the creed of the party which, with the exception of brief intervals, ruled the nation for sixty years. Within that period no other party, no distinguished statesman, has ever publicly denounced the resolutions of '98 and '99. The Southern people have been reared in the belief that they contained the sound exposition of the character of the government and the rights of the States

Educated in these opinions—believing that the right of coercion, refused by the convention to the general government, could not be rightfully exercised by it; believing, moreover, that the States, in any controversy with Federal authority, had a right to judge of the mode and measure of redress—I gave my best efforts conscientiously to sustain their action, and freely and cheerfully periled my life for the cause; as gloom and darkness overshadowed, it became dearer from suffering, and, though now lost, its memory still lingers with all the emotion of a first and devoted love.

It has been said that a government which could be dismembered by the unresisted action of States composing it, would be weak and constantly subject to division. That may be true. Yet, without some check, is not consolidation equally certain and irresistible? Which of the two is preferable—States separate and independant, or a government consolidated? On this subject, let us appeal to the truth and examples of history.

The States of Greece were sovereign and independent, issuing money, raising armies, equipping navies, waging war and making peace—bound together sometimes by no tie at all, and, at others, by a league intended almost exclusively for defence against foreign aggression or invasion. At times they carried on war with one another, which often lasted for a considerable period. Yet the proud name and vast renown of the Grecian States have come down to us, the brightest and most glorious in all the memories of those heroic times.

Throughout these distinguished States, and in the days of their separate sovereignty, the finer arts achieved their noblest triumphs. It was then the Corinthian, the Doric and Ionic column rose to adorn and beautify the structures of learning and the temples of the gods; then, the genius of Praxitiles,

Apelles, Phidias and other great masters gave life, grace and spirit to the Parian marble, and inspiration to the speaking canvas. In that age, the muses of poetry and eloquence crowned their early, perhaps their greatest and most gifted votaries: Homer, Hesiod and Pindar wrote and sang in numbers that still live, and Demosthenes, Cleon, Pericles, and a host of others, immortalized the Grecian Areopagus and Forum. History, Learning and Philosophy still invoke the shades of Thucydides and Xenophon, of Longinus and Aristotle, of Socrates and Plato. The pass of Thermopylæ is remembered as the tomb of that devoted band, who gave their lives to save the freedom of their country, while the recollection yet survives of Marathon and Leuctra, of Plataea and countless victories, whose proud trophies were deposited in the temples of the god of war. Such was Greece in the days of her independence and the sovereignty of her States. What was she when consolidated? Her name and story are lost in obscurity and oblivion. Her genius and freedom expired together; the muses ceased to dwell in the groves of Parnassus, and presided no longer at the fountain of Castalia; her great works and noble structures were left to the waste of time, and rapidly mouldered into ruins. Yet, still they furnish materials for the antiquary and tourist—

“Still stretch their column'd vistas far away—
The gloomy sadness of their long array.”

How wide the difference, how unequal the comparison, between the lifeless and dead embodiment, the soulless remains, and that living Greece, whose lustre shone so brightly in that illustrious age, when the glory of art and science, of eloquence and arms, and the spirit and inspiration of liberty, gave her name and memory to immortality!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

NEW ASSOCIATIONS.

THE old familiar faces and friends were now left behind, and a new sphere and new associations opened before me. My acquaintances from Monroe, and others from the same county, including Captain Wilson, were in a mess together, and were glad to see me come in; the mess was large, some fifteen or sixteen in number, but this arrangement was only temporary, and the intention was to divide permanently into messes of the usual size, whenever the company was organized.

Among the members of the mess were four acquaintances of long standing; they were: Will Giddings, in whose character fidelity to his pledges and principles was a marked feature: having once gone into the war, his mind never conceived any other thought but that he must and would fight it out; Charley Grant, a brave and impetuous soldier, with a temperament peculiarly impulsive; the bold and daring Fletcher, and Wilson, our captain, an officer of decided skill and superior intelligence. A slight acquaintance existed with several others, whom I had met in Major's company, when occasionally visiting my brother; many arguments had been used by me to induce him to go into the Confederate service, but without effect; he adhered to the State guard, indulging, as I supposed, in tender reminiscences, and thinking, doubtless, of some dark-eyed girl he had left behind, and would shortly see again.

The men by whom I was now surrounded were nearly all of the first standing and consideration at home; some of them held commissions in the army, which they had resigned. Thrown together daily, my acquaintance in the company soon became general; in it were many of refined tastes and cultivated minds; as companions, they were gay and lively, and if among them there were any who thought that bitter trials and dark hours were in store for us, they kept their doubts and apprehen-

sions to themselves; nothing but the bright side was looked upon, and we invoked only the inspiration of hope and fortune.

Those who were in our camp considered it their duty to remain in the army; whether fighting in or out of the State, they still fought for their rights and those of Missouri; and as their object was yet unaccomplished, they were neither ready nor willing to submit; alike by honor and conviction they felt committed, and time was a matter of no consideration; the triumph of the cause was the end of their ambition and hopes, and the period of their service would be determined by its fortunes.

The men were around me now with whom I was long to share the fatigues and toils of the march, dare the dangers of the battle-field, and mingle in the lighter sports of the camp. It is due my comrades to mention the names of those with whom was my chief association, and I would like to include the name of almost every man in the company, for they were worthy, brave spirits, who faced the storm in its darkest fury, and stood by the flag as long as it waved. In addition to the old acquaintances before named, I mention here John Hanger, Abe Edwards, Frank Pitts, Benjamin F. Welch, Doc Morris, Jimmy Hayes, Bob Carver, James Die, Jack Bower, Sid Shepherd, Oscar Coats, and Dan. Waltz, all but one or two from Monroe; others will be mentioned as they come into the company, and, as the narrative goes on, the names of men already with us will be brought in.

At spinning a yarn, Coats rather excelled, with a share of spicy humor and wit: he delighted to dwell on the good times (emphasizing the last two words) he had seen, the mellow old apple-brandy he had drunk, and the pretty girls he had flirted with in old Virginia, his native State. Hanger, Waltz, and Carver, were likewise originally from Virginia. Edwards and Bower aspired also to the humorous, and were at home in anything that appertained to fun or frolic; whenever the latter was stirred to merriment, his fine massive form partook of the laugh, and he shook all over. From his art in regulating and controlling affairs about the camp, he won from the boys the sobriquet of "Governor," and nearly always went by the title of "Gov." The members of the mess were young, of cheerful tempera-

ments, and disposed to contribute whatever they could for mutual comfort and enjoyment.

All were in for the war; though the time specified was one year, the feeling and determination was to fight it out. If the cause was lost and we survived, it would be with a consciousness that our honor was maintained and our faith and pledges redeemed.

CHAPTER XXXV.

JIMMY HAYES—THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL—THE LAKE OF FISH.

A NUMBER of the boys of our detachment had belonged to the cavalry, but not considering it as effective as infantry, had left that branch of service; some still had their horses, though disposing of them daily, and we often used them to go into the country on foraging or other expeditions; it was very pleasant to get out of camp occasionally.

Jimmy Hayes came in one evening, after having been out on a tour of observation, in a very gay humor, and began to relate the splendid time he had: a very interesting young lady, to use his own words "she was a staving looking woman," was the heroine of his story. Said he: "Boys, they gave me a capital dinner, and then I was invited into the parlor and regaled with the most delicious music you ever heard; but," he added, with a sparkle of the eye and his almost habitual gay smile and manner, "the greatest charm was the young lady herself. I was getting along finely with her until, happening to look down at my boots, my feathers fell; I tried to draw them under my chair—all in vain; I could feel the patches on my feet, and nothing was left but to make my bow: ah, Coats! (slapping this gentleman on the shoulder) she asked me to come again; I tell you what—she was a staving looking woman."

Ladies can scarcely realize how grateful and welcome to the soldier were the courtesies extended in this way—smoothing the rugged path and cheering the heart, like an oasis, a green spot in the desert, swept by "wild war's deadly blast."

While here, a soldier was killed in going through the manual, on dress parade, by the accidental discharge of his gun, which, against orders, was loaded. Most of us witnessed, for the first time, a burial with military honors; the entire camp turned out to attend the funeral, which was superintended by Colonel Little and Captain Shaumburg.

The procession moved out from camp to the measured note of

the "dead march ;" in front was the music, followed by the conveyance bearing the coffin, enveloped in the flag of his country ; next came the escort of twelve soldiers, carrying their pieces at "reverse arms ;" then followed the company of which the soldier was a member, and behind, the regiment moved with slow and measured tread, carrying only their side-arms, which consist of cartridge-box and bayonet. The feelings of the men partook of the nature of the scene, and they were thoughtful and quiet, keeping pace to the wailing strain of the fife and the heavy note of the muffled drum ; arriving at the grave the music ceased—the soldier's last tattoo was beat. The coffin was taken out and rested upon poles extending across the grave : the chaplain performed his last office, the flag was raised, and the corpse lowered to its final resting place. The escort drawn up on the side of the grave fired over it three rounds, the parting salute, and then it was rapidly filled. The martial array returned at the ordinary step to camp, and the soldier was left alone with the shades of the dead.

The weather was bright and clear—beautiful moonlight nights, frosty mornings, and days of genial sunshine. Our detachment was slowly filling up, and under its efficient commander was rapidly becoming thoroughly disciplined : with regulated step and shoulder to shoulder, it moved like well-constructed machinery. The other troops were also improving greatly, and began to present an appearance decidedly military.

The lake mentioned before, and which lay near the encampment, was found to be filled with varieties of fine fish, numbers of which were caught with hooks ; this was, however, a slow way of getting them, and some of the energetic portion of the soldiers concluded they would try to draw off the water. From one end of the lake it was about seventy-five yards to the river, and a small ravine extended in almost a straight line within ten paces of the stream, when its course was turned by a bank twelve feet high, forcing the water back into the woods, which finally found its way to the river about a hundred yards below. Through this ravine, which was now dry except in a few places, the water was emptied into the Osage.

After making a survey of the ground and trying the depth of the lake, which was from three to five feet, the boys were satisfied that, without a great deal of labor, the water might be dis-

charged into the river. Accordingly they went to work with shovels and spades, and, having thrown out about a foot, the water commenced running briskly down to the bank near the river: here it was necessary to cut through, requiring no little labor. This was, however, done, and in a couple of days a trench three feet wide and fourteen deep was cut, and the water of the lake poured through; the boys continued to work in the ditch and deepen it all the time. A fish-trap was arranged so as to let none escape: the lake began gradually to recede towards the centre.

For three days and nights it was kept running, and already numbers of fish, and some very fine ones, had been caught in the trap while endeavoring to make their escape. The big fellows in the lake were showing signs of great uneasiness, tumbling about and exhibiting their white and yellow sides, disturbing the water greatly, especially near the outlet; more than two-thirds of the contents of the lake were discharged.

The drain was left in the evening in fine running condition, and it was thought that some time during the next day the spoils would be within reach; the water was not over three feet in the deepest place, and was falling rapidly. The men who had worked so faithfully laid down in their tents to dream of the glorious frolic of to-morrow, having invited, with soldierly hospitality, the whole camp to partake in their sport and share the rich booty. But alas! these hopes and antieipations were doomed to sad disappointment! the next morning the command received orders to march bright and early. About the twentieth of December our camp was broken up and we were again on the move.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MARCH TO SPRINGFIELD—THE OLD GUARD—THE IRISH MESS.

MARCHING down to the ferry, we were some time getting across the river ; after which we moved out, and halted a mile and a half from the Osage. An escort of cavalry had been sent up to Lexington to assist in bringing out a body of about fifteen hundred infantry, which was to meet them there, and we understood that they had got through safely. We were now waiting for them to join us. A number of this new force had already gone into the Confederate service.

They soon came up—a hearty, robust-looking set of fellows, but somewhat tired, as they had marched all the previous night.

To those who were going into our brigade a place was assigned in the command, and at eleven o'clock we moved off at a brisk step. We were on the Springfield road, and how it was inferred by the men, I do not know, but they were almost unanimous in the opinion that we were moving there to go into winter quarters, which proved to be true. It drew us much nearer to our base of supplies, a large quantity of which was said to be as far advanced as Fayetteville, Arkansas.

The day was fine, and the men cheerful, laughing and talking gaily as they proceeded on the way. After marching about twelve miles, we encamped.

Early on the following morning we were on the route again, traversing Polk county. It was the middle of winter, and every thing looked bleak and desolate. The weather changed during the day, becoming towards evening quite cold, and about four o'clock the command went into camp upon a farm, the owner of which had five sons, of whom four were with him in the Federal army.

There was no wood very near, as we were in a field, and could not make good fires until the wagons, then some distance behind, came up with our axes. Having stacked arms, the men were

about starting to the woods, some distance off, after fuel, when some one hallooed "charge the fence," and, in an instant, nearly all the regiment were engaged in pulling it down and bringing the rails out to the color-line, about fifty yards distant. In vain the officers interfered—some even drew their swords—and ordered the men to put down the loads they were carrying. For the moment, they obeyed, but, as soon as the officer was gone after some one else, the man he had just left would seize his rails again, and, running down, would probably deposit them at camp before he was again molested, swearing at the same time at the boys down there for standing idle, instead of laying in the night's wood.

Many of the officers were almost in a rage, as they flew, here and there, ordering with little or no effect; for, in less than fifteen minutes, there was not a rail any where, except those piled up near the guns. The men were ordered to carry them back, but it began to snow about this time, and, strange to say, they could not somehow comprehend the order. The colonel came down, and informed the men that he would have every one of them arrested who burnt a rail. As he returned, the camp-fires were lighted almost at his heels, and, in less time than it takes me to describe it, the men were warming themselves by comfortable fires. Our mess got a few of those rails, and some one remarked that Colonel Burbridge would have to get other men to arrest his own regiment—that being arrested was preferable to freezing. Such are some of the inevitable results of war. The best men will, under circumstances of this sort, transgress a little. Our quartermaster paid for the rails; and, without them, we would have been very uncomfortable all night, as it was dark when the train came with the axes.

The snow continued to fall during the night, and the next morning was lying on the ground five or six inches deep, rendering it disagreeable under foot, especially to the men whose shoes were not good, and these constituted a large number.

A difference of feeling had begun to be exhibited between our command and the rest of the army before we left camp; the old guard holding on to the opinion that they could be of as much service where they were as in any other capacity. We, of course advocated a contrary opinion. This breach was being considerably widened on the march, by the taunts and gibes the

members of the State guard received when passing our brigade. The boys invariably accused all stragglers of being State guards : their cuts at them were very keen and sarcastic, and in many instances almost drew blood. To-day they carried their jokes farther ; keeping in their hands snow-balls, or gathering them up quickly as they saw their victims approaching, and pelting them pretty roughly, both horses and riders, as they passed by, generally at a full gallop. They frequently paid us the compliment of "a d——d hard set," and not always in a very good humor.

As we were passing through a wood where the road was not wide, a well-known officer of General Green's division came pacing by, dressed in a new uniform coat. The boys hesitated a little whether to salute the captain or not, who sat his horse in a graceful and martial style—but from the ranks there was a voice saying "Look out for your feather," and a snow-ball whizzed close by the captain's head. Immediately drawing up his horse, he demanded, "Who threw at me?" He had scarcely asked the question, when some one hallooed out, "Give it to him ; he is no Confederate," and forthwith a whirlwind of pretty hard missiles swept around and over the horse and his rider, who began to remonstrate, using tolerably harsh language ; but the horse, grown restive under the heavy fire, wisely took to his heels, and, at a brisk gallop, carried the gallant captain in a short time beyond the line, and out of danger—being the best possible way to get out of the scrape. The stragglers soon quit passing, except in the prairie, and then at a very respectful distance. This was pretty rough treatment of our brother soldiers, who were in every respect of as good fighting material as men are made, and it was indeed only practical joking, to which men become habituated in camps.

After a steady day's march, we encamped for the night about fourteen miles from Springfield.

I was upon guard here, and my post was within a few paces of an Irish company in Colonel Bevier's command. Their supper being prepared, with genuine Irish hospitality they invited me to join them in their meal. Responding to the kind invitation that I was much obliged to them, but could not leave my post, and would get supper at my own quarters when relieved, one of the number rejoined promptly—he knew I must be hungry after

the cold march, and placing upon a tin-plate a huge biscuit and a piece of very savory meat, brought them out, and it did not require a great deal of persuasion to get me to lay hold. Raising the contents from the plate, and at the same time thanking him, I began to dispatch the provision, remarking, "Your commissary has issued pork to-night." "You are wrong there," said he, with a cunning wink; "my messmate brought the straw out of the barn for the bed, and found the fat pig in it when he got into camp." He returned to the mess laughing, while I joined in the merriment, admiring at the same time the shrewd and ingenious mistake of his comrade.

Around the camp, here and farther on towards Springfield, the country became rocky, and a good many persimmon trees were growing out on the prairies and in the timber; but the land is rich and productive in places, and many of the farms are very handsomely improved, especially near the town.

We marched into Springfield about two o'clock in the evening. The frequent presence of armies had made military display familiar with the people; only in some instances was enthusiasm exhibited in our reception.

The town had been a handsome place, but showed the effects of war: many of its buildings were of brick, as a considerable number were in the surrounding country, constructed with taste and in a substantial manner.

Our command marched out about a mile, and went into camp at Fullbright's spring, near where General Fremont's body guard had been defeated: the trees around bore marks of a pretty severe skirmish. General Price took up his headquarters in town, Colonel Little in the Fullbright House, and on the rising ground back of it from town, the men stretched their tents.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CAMP AT FULLBRIGHT SPRING—ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST MISSOURI CONFEDERATE BRIGADE.

ON Christmas day the army was established in regular camp here, and the soldiers began to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. Our regiment occupied the top of a hill, which gradually sloped off in a northeasterly direction towards a swift-running little stream, about a hundred and fifty yards distant. The tents were stretched from north to south, by companies, the color-line running east and west.

The weather became very cold, a heavy snow falling soon after reaching here, and the men set about providing more substantial quarters than their tents afforded. Going industriously to work, log cabins, daubed with mud and covered with roofs slanting only one way, soon appeared upon the ground, taking the places of the tents. They were built in straight rows, with streets between, presenting the appearance of a primitive settlement. Most of the chimneys were of brick, procured from some large brick-kilns that had been burnt close by; the houses had no floors, but were, notwithstanding, very comfortable. Twelve of us occupied one building, which we called "the Monroe house;" all the Houses in the line were named, and among them were the celebrated Burnet and Galt, and others of equal fame and distinction.

In the back part of our "chebang" we constructed a bunk extending from one side to the other, about four feet from the ground: planks, also, were laid upon the dirt floor and covered with a heavy coating of straw as an additional place for sleeping. Our house was very convenient, having kitchen, parlor, dining and bed-room, all at hand, being one and the same apartment; dispensing, by the economical arrangement of our household, with the necessity of attendants, and relieving its inmates from the effort of climbing steep flights of steps and traversing long passages to reach the eating-room or sleeping apartments.

We spent many pleasant hours here in divers little amusements, and the long evenings around our fire were not by any means dull, as each of us, seated upon camp-stools, endeavored to contribute something to make the hours agreeable. Sometimes the old fiddler was invited down, one of the cabins was cleared out, and a regular dance came off, occasionally the officers joining in. Our circle was often enlivened by the presence of John Martin, a sort of staff attache of Dr. Baily, our regimental surgeon; Martin could not be excelled on the banjo, and on these occasions the "Monroe House" was filled with gay bursts of song, accompanied by the merry notes of the instrument. John was a splendid mimic, and could play in the regular African minstrel style, "Aunt Jemimy's plaster," and his other pieces of this sort were superlatively rich and ludicrous.

The army is a fine school for the study of human nature. Long campaigning will certainly bring to the surface the predominant characteristics, as they are implanted by the hand of nature; a favorable opportunity for witnessing the development of the men around me was presented, especially those of our own mess. Some little peculiarities existed among them, but the characters of all were quite unexceptionable.

Our company was recruiting some almost every day, and among the additions were Major Ball, Captain Ray, and my cousin, John McDowell—the two former old acquaintances, and the latter a kinsman, whom I had always known and loved—most acceptable acquisitions to the detachment. One or two companies of the regiment had been organized, and others were organizing as rapidly as they were filled up. Our company approached its quota, and the election of officers was talked about a good deal by the men.

There were thirteen among us who had held commissions in the State guard: a difference of opinion existed in regard to the lieutenants, but it was generally conceded that Wilson's election was tolerably sure. The men from Monroe, and their influence, could not control the election: Captain Allford had brought a number of recruits with him, which, combined with some brought in by Lieutenant Gillespie, constituted a majority: these officers were both very gentlemanly, and their men were much attached to them. A sort of understanding was entered into between our portion of the detachment and Allford's men,

that if they voted for Wilson as captain, we would support him as first-lieutenant.

We were anxious to get Hanger to run for the senior second-lieutenancy, but this he stubbornly refused to do, saying there were men in the company better qualified for the position, and he did not believe in a man's offering himself for office unless he was entirely capable of filling it. This was a striking exhibition of that modesty which characterized John Hanger throughout the war, and won for him the esteem and love of his comrades and many warm friends: he was really as well qualified for an office as any other man in the company, except Wilson or Ball, who were both thoroughly versed in military tactics. Major Ball and Captain Ray declined to run for any office, declaring that they entered the service without any expectation of becoming officers, and desired to remain in the ranks.

The company's quota was finally raised: Wilson was elected captain, and Allford first-lieutenant. Allford immediately came up to Hanger and thanked him for the influence he had used in his favor, stating that his men were now ready to vote for him for the next office; in a manner the most modest and unassuming he declined the position. Welch and Gillespie were elected to the other lieutenancies; the latter, though laughed at for his unique appearance, not coming up very closely to a high standard of military taste and etiquette, proved himself a brave and reliable officer. Ours was the seventh company organized in the regiment, and was called company G: the members were young men, all single with the exception of three—Allford, Gillespie, and Ray.

The other companies were soon filled up, and the organization of the regiment took place at Colonel Little's headquarters, which resulted in the election of Colonel Burbridge to the command, Hull as lieutenant-colonel, and Dwyre, major. Lieutenant Flanagan, of company C, was appointed adjutant, and a young officer by the name of Salmons was appointed sergeant-major. This was the first Confederate regiment of infantry organized in Missouri.

On the following day Colonel Rives' regiment, the Second Missouri, was organized, and the cavalry and artillery being already made up, the commands of the First and Second infantry, under Burbridge and Rives, the First cavalry, under Gates, and

the First and Second Missouri batteries, respectively under Captains Wade and Clark, were organized into a brigade, and Colonel Little's recommendation to the command was forwarded to Richmond. Another brigade was forming for the Confederate service, which was put under the command of General Slack.

A beautiful flag was to be presented to the finest drilled company, by Mrs. Burbridge, the wife of the colonel, on the organization of the regiment. Ours received the flag, and as the other companies of the command were becoming highly disciplined, it will readily be understood that company G had attained a degree of skill and address in military tactics not easily surpassed.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ANTICIPATIONS—INCIDENTS—OPINIONS IN CAMP—BREAKING UP.

WE were told that it was only necessary to raise this brigade to ensure the appointment of General Price as a Confederate Major-General, for which position he had been recommended, and it was with entire satisfaction we looked forward to this consummation, being all desirous to see our old chief appointed to a rank that would give him the command of our own force, as well as all other that might be sent to our assistance in Missouri. The men were deeply attached to the General, and greeted him with cheers whenever a suitable occasion presented.

We found the country around well supplied with turkeys, chickens and fine apples, which the majority of the people were very willing to exchange for Missouri State scrip. Frequently a fine turkey or two brace of chickens might be seen roasting before the fire superintended by our *maitre de cuisine*, one of the mess, who, while turning and basting them with their rich juices, occasionally looked towards us, and, in response to the eager expression of appetite indicated in the countenances of the boys, put on a smile and air of the greatest satisfaction and assurance, which plainly said that we might expect turkey or chicken at the "Monroe House," in the very best style. He was superior in the culinary department, and such delicacies as these were invariably consigned to his charge.

Our visitors could frequently help themselves to fine apples, a pile of which often graced a corner of the apartment. Indeed, we thought Springfield and the surrounding region presented to us the "cornucopia," and often afterwards recurred to the good time their abundant luxuries afforded us—excellent pies were even on some occasions in our bill of fare.

Major Ball was a young man of twenty-two, of handsome appearance and very engaging manners: at first almost an entire stranger, he soon made many warm friends in the command, and won the respect and regard of all by his intelligence and kind,

genial manners. Coming into our cabin one night, a shade resting upon his fine countenance, he was accosted with the blunt salutation of a soldier—"Hello, major, you surely have the blues to-night. You don't allow the visions of home or the bright eyes of your sweetheart to haunt you?"

"No; I have not been disturbed by thoughts of either; but have been thinking that we might be roused out of our cabins here at very short notice; that is, if the Federal authorities at St. Louis have the sagacity and penetration that I give them credit for. The army is very much reduced; nearly all the men whose times are out or expiring, are gone or are going home, even by whole regiments. The army cannot now be over ten thousand strong, and but little, if any more, than half can be considered effective force. We cannot hold our position unless reinforcements are received from the South, and the rumors we have heard, that Confederate regiments were on the way, prove false; for I was told to-day by a reliable gentleman just from the South, that all General McCulloch's army was in winter quarters, and would not move before spring."

"Ah, major, you are low-spirited to-night; every thing will come out right in the end."

"I believe so; but we have no child's play before us in this war. Unless the men quit leaving the army, or we get assistance from the South, our position will not be maintained. A four years' war is probably before us: Lincoln will most assuredly fight while he is President."

"Well, Bruce, you certainly must have been dreaming, or your mind has become very much confused in some other way. Take a cold shower bath: it will be an antidote to the blue devils."

"Time will unravel the future; but, if we get through with old Abe in less than four years, there will have to be a considerable letting down at the North."

The major, soon after this conversation, went out, leaving the impression that he was gloomy and out of spirits. The event proved that it was sagacity—a proper appreciation of the situation—which enabled him to speak almost prophetically.

While here our shot-guns were turned over to the Ordnance department, and those who did not have muskets were furnished with them. We also drew new accoutrements, which had just been brought up—cartridge-boxes and belts with "C. S." upon

them. Many of the men, however, retained their old United States ones, considering them better than those we were drawing. A supply of clothing, shoes and blankets also came up, which was greatly needed, and sufficient to relieve the present wants of the army, at least to a considerable extent. Some of the blankets issued were of very superior quality, and many made of fine pieces of carpet were among them. I understood some time afterwards that they were a donation from the ladies of New Orleans to the army of Missouri; but this must have been a mistake, as the soldiers paid for them.

We were reviewed by General Price, in a large field west of the encampment, on a bright, beautiful day. Though our clothes were rough and not very good, our guns and bayonets were bright and polished. Marching out to the appointed ground, we formed in order of review, which is in two ranks, the line of the rear rank being four paces behind the front. Our whole line extended about half a mile. The entrance of the General on the field was hailed by a salvo of artillery, consisting of thirteen guns, by the beating of drums and the waving of colors. At his side rode a very handsome young lady, and it was rather difficult for the men to keep their eyes steady to the front. The lines, in open order and perfectly dressed, the colors a few paces to the front, on which the officers were formed, were reviewed by regiments. The General and staff passed in front, the regimental colors being lowered, and the bands playing in succession, while the men stood with arms presented, the officers saluting at the same time. The General then took position about two hundred yards in advance, a stand of colors planted near him and surrounded by his staff. The head of the column moved, and the whole line marched by at shoulder arms, the colonels alone giving the military salute. Thus passed away the pageant of the day.

About one o'clock, on the twelfth of February, a staff officer galloped into camp, and gave orders from the Commander-in-Chief to Colonel Burbridge, to have his regiment ready to move that evening. The same orders were given to the Second regiment, and the officer hurried on to Gates' cavalry, which, in twenty minutes, was moving out in the direction of Springfield at a quick pace. This was exciting to us, not calculating to leave our comfortable quarters yet awhile, especially in such a hurry.

It caught the company in rather a bad fix, one of our wagons being some distance in the country; and, even with it, our transportation was insufficient for all the baggage. The result of its being gone was, a good many necessary things were left behind.

In the course of an hour the wagons were loaded, the most indispensable part of the company's effects being put in, and the remainder left in care of three or four sick men, with instructions to have it loaded in the wagon on its arrival. That, however, was the last of it. Buckling on our harness, we were ready to move, and waited orders.

The Federals were approaching—indicated by the rapid movements of the men and the hurried commands of the officers. The cavalry was skirmishing within five miles of the town. Ammunition was issued, and the cartridge-boxes of the men were filled. We knew there was to be either a fight or a foot-race. Rumors got afloat that a large army was at hand, not less than twenty-five thousand strong. It was thought that General Price might probably fight; if not, he must fall back, and get within reach of McCulloch.

In a short time the train moved in the direction of town. It was near sun-down, however, when we left our camp. Marching about half a mile towards Springfield, we diverged into a field south of the road, and the order was given to load. This done, our arms were stacked, with the order then to break ranks, but to remain near at hand. While lying here a half mile distant from the road leading south, we could distinctly hear our train moving off upon it. As it is good generalship to have the train out of the way during battle, we did not consider this a positive indication of retreat; but when, about midnight, we took the same road, and were told that we occupied the position of rear-guard, it became evident that the army was retreating.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE RETREAT.

A MARCH of about three hours brought us to Wilson's Creek, which we crossed before day at the point made memorable by the action of August the tenth, 1861; we halted, lying down for an hour's sleep.

This was classic ground, and at daylight we were up, taking an observation of that hard-contested field: the positions of the contending forces were designated by men who had been in the engagement. Orr, whom the reader will remember as the wounded color-bearer, now a member of our company, was with us, and expatiated freely and fully upon the battle. The hill up which the Third Louisiana charged, capturing Siegel's battery—the portion of the field on which the Missourians fought, aided by an Arkansas regiment, and where General Lyon was killed—the position occupied by Bledsoe's battery, from which such splendid execution was done, were all pointed out, and also the spot where the gallant Colonel Weightman fell.

The trees bore evidence of hard fighting, many of them being marked by artillery, and none but some of the smallest bushes had escaped the fire of the small arms; up near the bald hill, in a dense thicket of undergrowth, we discovered a corpse, which had been overlooked in burying. The clothes upon it were nearly decayed, and laid close to the earth upon the bones, the flesh having rotted from them; a portion of the hair, however, remained, and a little dried flesh adhering to the bone of the forehead was still there. Near here one of the party picked up a hand, which had been shot off just above the joint of the wrist: it was covered with a heavy buckskin gauntlet, upon removing which, we found the appearance of the hand almost natural: the skin seemed to have dried up, and was drawn tight to the bone, the whole flesh of the hand being perfectly hardened, having nearly reached a state of petrification.

We visited the sink-hole, also near, said to contain several hundred dead bodies ; the earth thrown on top being partially washed away, the clothing and bones protruded in some places. A fellow who was along, fished out a pretty good looking cap, which was partly uncovered, and, shaking the dirt from it, placed it upon his head, at the same time throwing a worn out hat into the hole. Some of the boys asked him if he was going to wear it, and he said he was : afterwards I saw him several times with it on, and thought, though his head might need covering, yet he must be a tolerably hard nut.

Having spent an hour in visiting different places of interest, we returned to the command, which was soon ready to follow on in the rear of the army ; the news had reached it that the Federal advance had entered Springfield a little before daylight.

The army moved south with a great deal of reluctance, hoping and trusting that we would soon be joined by McCulloch, with his forces, and then try the fortune of arms. The brigade moved at a brisk step, and was quickly up with the main body, which marched slowly behind the train.

Advancing about four miles, a halt was called, and while here quite a ludicrous incident occurred. A tall fellow came slowly down the road, riding a very small jackass, his long legs hanging nearly to the ground, and the heels of his boots decorated with a prodigious pair of iron spurs, while behind his saddle a large frying-pan was tied, and from its pommel were suspended a coffee-pot and camp-kettle. The appearance of Don Quixote, mounted on the veritable Rosinante, could not possibly have presented an exhibition more ridiculous, and it at once drew the boys out. These striking specimens were greeted with shouts and applause, receiving salutations from all quarters, such as, "hello, mister, your frying-pan has dropt ;" "look out for your coffee-pot ;" "ain't that the animal Balaam rode ?" "it's Balaam, whether it's his ass or not ;" "wo, Balaam," and the merriment passing along the regiment ahead of him, bursts of laughter rang out from the line as this Quixotic figure moved on. A little beyond the place we occupied, he was stopped and corralled by the boys, who insisted upon his telling them the pedigree of his donkey and the regiment he belonged to, pricking, in the meanwhile, the animal's sides with their bayonets to see him prance ; the colonel at last came to his relief,

telling the boys to let him go, and the singularly mounted and accoutred trooper quickly disappeared.

The march was continued during the day, making only about twelve miles, the slow movement of the long train admitting of no greater speed, and we camped for the night in a prairie with some groves of small saplings near, from which to obtain fire-wood. The weather, having been rather mild for the past two or three days, turned suddenly very cold, and thin fine snow, almost ice, began to blow in every direction. With the small timber we could scarcely build fires sufficient for cooking, much less to keep us warm, the largest stick being no bigger than a man's arm. I wore a heavy fullered cloth overcoat, made for me at Springfield, and still it was a most disagreeable and chilling night: it was so cold that we could not keep warm in our tents, and pulled them down for cover, but this did not improve the situation a great deal, and we were forced to get up and rebuild the fires, even then not accomplishing much towards making ourselves comfortable.

The approach of day was gladly welcomed, the sun rising clear and bright upon a glittering sheet of snow and ice: it was soon obscured, however, by light snow-clouds, the contents of which filled the air and blew about like small particles of sand. The army moved on early, our brigade waiting to give it time to get ahead. Colonel Gates and his regiment of cavalry were some distance behind, and Wade's and Clark's batteries kept close with us, each contending for the position in the rear; but it was finally agreed that they should take it alternately, day about, while on the retreat.

About nine o'clock we left our disagreeable encampment, the army having got some distance ahead, and marched briskly, exciting more active circulation in the blood, and feeling much better. We moved on that day, over a wild-looking country, to Crane creek, which we crossed, and camped in the bottom on the south side of it, about an hour before sunset. Everything in the encampment was conducted in regular military style, the guns being first stacked upon the color-line, which the officers were very particular about having straight: the artillery was unlimbered, the pieces resting upon the trails, their bronzed muzzles elevated in perfect rows. Especial care was also taken that our tents should be in correct lines.

Some of the command said we were done falling back, that McCulloch was rapidly advancing, and we would probably fight here. Others, however, were of opinion that it was only a sham camp, and as soon as night came on and supper was dispatched, we would be on the move again. It was also rumored that a heavy body of the Federal army was advancing on another road, running through the edge of Lawrence county, and would aim to intercept us at Cassville. We got through stretching our tents, and our mess gathered up leaves and made a soft bed, spreading our blankets nicely upon them, with the hope of getting a good night's sleep, being now in the timber and protected also by the hills; it had ceased snowing and was somewhat warmer.

Our fires were built, and the bread put to bake in the skillets, when some one observed that he believed he heard a piece of artillery. "Artillery—the devil!" exclaimed Abe Edwards, "you have got so damned badly scared that you imagine every noise you hear is artillery; it's nothing but a wagon rattling on the other side of the hill."

"Listen! I think I hear it again." Several of us gave our attention, and in a moment the boom of a distant gun was heard, followed immediately by others, now very distinct, stopping all operations of the men in camp, whose attention was entirely occupied listening to the clear and rapidly repeated discharges: in a moment the camp was in the greatest bustle and excitement. The colonel was upon his horse, and ordered the men to fall into ranks; our tents and blankets were hurriedly thrown into the wagons, some of the cooking utensils were also rapidly gathered up and put in, others that were hot were left upon the fires; a few tents remained upon the ground, being, in the rush and hurry, neglected.

Amid this confusion an old acquaintance, George W. Bryson, rode up and told the captain to give him a gun, as he wanted to join our company. He was an officer in the State guard, and, having served out his term, had been to his father's, in North Missouri, not far from my own home, and had now returned. In a few minutes the brigade was on the move at double-quick, and we soon learned that Gates was fighting about three miles in the rear. Marching back and recrossing the creek about dark, we formed a line of battle just upon the north side, on the

right of the road—to the left, the cliffs were so high that an advance upon us from that side was impracticable. The cavalry in the rear had been withdrawn.

The road approached the creek through a narrow gorge, at the mouth of which Clark's pieces, double-shotted, were in battery. The strictest quiet was enjoined, and so well was it maintained, that the cracking of a small twig or the step of a man could be heard at some distance. Motionless in the pale moonlight, the line of crouching figures could be faintly discerned, extended along the brow of the hill, while below, the shimmer of Clark's artillery was dimly distinguished; the artillerists were ready to apply the matches—the men clutched their muskets with a firm and steady grasp. Seated upon the hard and frozen ground, they awaited the enemy's approach: the night was cold and calm, and nothing but the distant rumbling of our train as it moved slowly along, or the occasional pawing of a restless horse, disturbed the deep and settled silence.

About midnight we withdrew, no enemy having come in sight or hearing: a picket was left at the entrance of the pass. It was a great relief to our stiff and numb limbs to get in motion again, and, crossing the stream, we marched back about half a mile; here a halt was called and fires were kindled. One of our company at this point accidentally let his gun go off, wounding three men—a very unfortunate affair.

In about an hour we again took the road and moved on: the men were now beginning to become foot-sore and tired from marching over the hard and frozen ground; they were suffering also greatly from loss of sleep, having had but little on the route, and were very hungry; since breakfast, early in the morning, nothing had been eaten. During the night the march was steadily continued, and through the next day until two o'clock P. M., when we came up with the train, which had halted. Dinner was already prepared, and we speedily commenced eating, not having tasted food for thirty hours: after eating a mouthful of meat and a biscuit, feeling nauseated, I quit, and, lying down in the sunshine by the fire, was soon asleep. In less than an hour I was awoke by the captain, who said if I was sick, it would be better to get in the wagon, which was ready to move; this I declined, telling him my nap had acted as a restorative, and I was well enough, except my feet,

and these were, like the others, almost a solid blister upon the bottoms.

We were down in a clearing, on a narrow bottom, which was about two hundred yards wide and a mile long, a small branch running through it, and on all sides surrounded by high hills, upon which a scattering growth of timber was standing. About-three quarters of a mile above us, the road upon which we had come descended obliquely into the hollow, and ran straight down the fence of the field in which our brigade was then halted; just above, where the road struck the field, a mile distant from us, a very high hill was in full view, whose summit was comparatively bare and without covering.

The train had scarcely got in motion when the sharp, irregular report of picket firing was heard, soon followed by a heavy volley, which must have been discharged by a strong force, equal at least to a regiment. The brigade was immediately formed by Colonel Little, extending across the open space, and the batteries took positions commanding the field and the point where the road debouched from the woods; we had scarcely formed, when the picket fell back within our lines. All eyes were turned upon the road in front, on which we soon expected to see the Federal cavalry advancing.

In a few minutes a long line of cavalry appeared, but cautiously avoiding the road, it moved up and formed upon the high hill in our front. Captain Wade's battery was within a few steps of us, and Colonel Little, approaching, said, "Captain, can you elevate one of your howitzers so as to throw a shell to the top of that hill?"

"I think I can, sir."

"You will oblige me by doing so." The captain saluted and turned to his pieces. A twelve-pounder was soon in readiness, and while an officer surveyed us from the hill with his glass, the gun was discharged, and the shot sent with such precision that the shell bursted in the midst of the mounted columns, as could be seen from the rising smoke, and the scrambling and rapidity with which the position was evacuated. We kept our lines for an hour, but not another blue-coat appeared upon the hill or in any direction during the time. Our command was then withdrawn.

After we had proceeded about three miles on the road, we

heard the Federal artillery shelling the position we had occupied, the sound being too far off for our picket line, which was at a small creek some distance this side. Supported by Gates' cavalry, this line had orders to fall back slowly in the rear. We were about ten miles from Cassville, which we reached that evening without any further molestation, and about a mile beyond the train was overtaken. Here it had halted, and supper was prepared upon our old camp-ground.

Strong expectations had been entertained of meeting McCulloch at this point, but as yet there was no sign of him or his forces. Ever since we left Springfield it had been daily reported that we would see him and his army on the morrow, and it had been stated on that evening's march by officers considered reliable, that he and his men were on the road that ran through Buck Prairie to this place from Springfield, being the route upon which a Federal detachment, it was said, had been sent to intercept our advance. The statement in regard to McCulloch was erroneous, though it was true that the enemy was approaching on that road, and we were only in time to prevent the accomplishment of their object.

Not finding reinforcements here, the men were much disappointed, and said they would believe no more in McIntosh and McCulloch being in supporting distance, until they saw them and their troops. We were tired of retreating, completely broken down, weary and foot-sore, almost under an absolute necessity of sleeping at least for a short time: our vitality had been severely taxed and rest was indispensable to renew our strength. The army remained here, however, but a little while, and was soon again on the toilsome march, dragging heavily along behind the train, the movement of which was slow and irregular; the animals were nearly worn out like ourselves. The halts were frequent, and many of the men slept leaning against one another.

We reached Keytsville about an hour before day, and taking our blankets out slept until daylight, when we were roused up and informed that the enemy was rapidly approaching this side of Cassville, which was only seven miles distant. The train was soon loaded and moved out of the way. Giving it time to get ahead, the brigade advanced about a mile and formed in line of battle in a wood behind the brow of a hill, Clark's battery taking position on the side of the road that commanded a lane about

four hundred yards off. Through this the Federals would have to come some distance before they could or would probably discover us, concealed as we were behind the hill, and the battery only partially in view. Our pickets were ordered in, leaving no obstruction on the road between us.

While here, let me present a sketch of Captain Clark. There he stands, just behind his battery, in company with part of his men, around some smouldering embers, parching corn from an ear which he is holding in his hand. His appearance is boyish, he cannot be over seventeen or eighteen, rather small and delicately formed; his features are regular and almost effeminate; cheeks fair and rosy, which war is beginning to bronze, and the expression of his face, bright and attractive. He wore a dark overcoat, reaching below the knees to his boots; his hat was looped up on the side and surmounted by a black, waving plume. The free and easy intercourse between him and his men exhibits a kind and cordial feeling. He has left West Point to assist in upholding a cause that he loved, and is considered one of the finest artillery officers in the West.

A regiment of Federals has now entered the lane, and come at a brisk trot, rattling their sabres, laughing gaily and merrily "Cannoniers, to your posts!" is Clark's order, as his sabre flashes in the sunlight and the ear of corn is thrown aside. "Attention!" runs along the line of infantry, and the men spring to their places. In a moment the voice of the youthful captain is again heard—"Ready, aim, fire." The roar of the four pieces was simultaneous. The head of the Federal column reeled, saddles were emptied, riders tumbled to the ground, horses were plunging, rearing and falling. "Well done—load!" is heard from Clark.

The front of the Federal column faced about, and spurred its horses in a confused mass upon those who were following on behind, completely blocking up the mouth of the lane—men and horses mingled in wild disorder. A cheer was heard from Clark's command, and the hills reverberated again with the echo of his pieces. The shots were more effective than the first, sweeping through the centre of the disordered ranks, bringing down both horses and riders. In an instant the discomfited cavalry forced its way over the fences, disappearing in every direction through the woods beyond, leaving their dead and

wounded behind. Two riderless horses ran down near our lines and were captured. We could hear the enemy's artillery advancing, and, from the noise in the woods, they were perhaps forming a line of battle. The train being now considerably advanced, we fell back, but in as fine order as if going on dress-parade. There was no running ahead or falling out of ranks--the men were all at their places, nearly broken down, rather silent, very mad, and somewhat moody. A fixed determination settled upon every countenance, and fight was much preferred to being dogged any farther. We were also approaching the border of the State, and the feeling was strongly in favor of fighting it out "to the death," rather than leave it. I have seen Missourians in fine fighting trim many times since, but I never witnessed them in such a condition that they would have given their lives with as little reluctance as here.

We soon entered a deep gorge, which will be well remembered by any one who has ever traversed it, as it is several miles in length, and extends south within half a mile of the Elkhorn Hotel. It is generally very narrow, not over forty or fifty yards in width, with high hills on each side, which are heavily timbered, and one or two small houses and fields where the bottom is wider, its course being almost due north and south.

We had entered the pass—favorable to a retreat, as its situation in the hills made flanking difficult—and Clark's battery again took position about three hundred yards from the entrance. We were ordered back, and, thinking a fight would certainly come off now, the men cheered loudly—the first that had been heard for some time. Waiting only a short time, a body of Federal cavalry came cautiously down the hill, when the artillery opened upon them, and they went galloping back. Remaining without seeing the enemy again, and resting a while, we continued to fall back.

We soon passed a portion of McCulloch's blockade, which had been made the spring before while the Federal army was in Springfield, and it was thought that General Lyon might intend to penetrate farther South. The work had been well done, and for some distance the entire road and hollow had been blocked up with felled timber. A space in the road wide enough for a wagon to pass had been opened; the rest remained very dense, the leaves having dried upon the trees, which had been cut

when green. The men thought, as this was McCulloch's work, he might probably soon make his appearance.

We formed three different lines of battle in the pass, each time Clark using his artillery and driving the enemy back. General Price was in the rear during the day. Being satisfied from the bearing of the men, and the assurance of Colonel Little that there was no danger, he retired farther into the lines. The boys could not help cheering him as he passed—bowing and raising his hat in return. He also informed us that a portion of McCulloch's forces would be with us before night, which, of course, raised our spirits.

About two hours before sunset, a regiment of Federal cavalry made a charge through a field, from which the fences had been removed, and drove in a small force of our cavalry, following them so closely that they came thundering down the road together, the blue-coats side by side with our men, cutting, slashing and fighting as they dashed up to the guns. The charge had not been seen, owing to a turn in the road, and the artillery was not unlimbered. Rives' regiment being nearest the firing, was ordered back in double quick; ours followed close behind.

The gorge near the battery, being very narrow was filled up by the battery wagon, the caissons and some of the pieces. The fighting was over two of the pieces in the rear. Clark had called upon his men to stand to their guns, and fight with anything they could get hold of: some used revolvers, while others fought with sponge staffs. Major Maury, a brave and efficient officer, was present, and assisted to rally the cavalry, and Colonel Rives' glittering line of bayonets coming in view, the hostile troopers hastily retreated—Clark getting his rear piece in position in time to give them a parting salute, which accelerated their movements. Their killed and wounded were left behind, and several prisoners were captured. Some of Clark's men and others were wounded with sabre cuts, and Major Maury was among the number.

The Missouri and Arkansas line was now within a few hundred yards. With heavy hearts, the troops passed over it, and bid farewell to their cherished old State, hoping that it would be for only a short time. The enemy had followed us so steadily and closely, that we had no time to rest, eat or sleep upon the route. Nothing had been lost, however, except the few articles left at

Crane creek, and every wagon of our long train was ahead but one, which had broken down and was burned.

The cheers of our troops, half a mile ahead, are distinctly heard as they welcome the advance of McCulloch, which consisted of the Third Louisiana and two Arkansas regiments, his main force being some distance behind. They joined in the march with us, and we debouched from the gorge, passing to the high ground, where, on the right of the road, stands the Elkhorn Hotel, a two-story building, on the roof of which were placed the antlers of one of those monarchs of the waste.

I noticed here a soldier of our brigade leading a half-grown bear, which had been partly reared by a mountaineer of this wild region. It was presented to General Price, and I afterwards saw it several times at his headquarters in Mississippi.

Marching on to Sugar creek, about four miles distant, over a smooth piece of high table-land, we crossed that stream and camped in the bottom, on the south side, about ten o'clock at night. The Confederate troops that had joined us that evening under the command of General McIntosh, had camped on the other side, and as they were fresh, were assigned to bring up the rear the next day.

It was twelve o'clock before we got supper, having eat nothing since leaving Cassville, a period of twenty-eight hours. Our appetites being satisfied, we sought repose, now absolutely necessary to recuperate and restore our exhausted strength. Several times during the night I awoke. My sleep was not refreshing. The system had been too heavily taxed to allow the tension of the nerves to relax in a short time.

About sunrise we left our camp, and had scarcely got started, when our picket at the creek was attacked. A line of battle was formed near the ford, but the enemy did not seem inclined to cross; our line was then withdrawn about a mile and a half from the creek and formed on the road. Colonel Gates had dismounted and drawn his regiment up about four hundred yards in our front, putting a picket out in the road a little beyond. The Federals, seeing no obstruction in the way, came over, and were soon in sight of the picket, when they formed and charged, driving it back and coming in contact with Gates' regiment, from which a heavy fire with double-barreled shot-guns was poured into them at a range of fifty yards; but on they came to

a hand-to-hand conflict, many of them not being able to cross their horses until they had passed several yards beyond our line. A hot engagement of twenty minutes took place, which resulted in the hasty retreat of the Federal regiment, leaving behind their dead and wounded and a number of prisoners. It should be mentioned here that McCall's regiment, which were in the rear with us, had formed on the opposite side of the road, in line with our brigade.

Those who were captured had weapons, including pistols, many revolvers, and sabres, while on guard at the rebel camp were the latter, and not over half of them had pistols at their disposal. What was made up by the steady pluck and game of the men. General Gates expressed himself, that it appeared they were determined to run entirely over his regiment, and probably the failure of their experiment might teach them to keep at a more respectful distance.

The rear was not disturbed any more during the day and our march brought us that evening to Grove House, where, it was reported, the ground had been selected for a battle if the enemy advanced this far. A junction of all the forces was looked for at this point, the ground presenting being indeed a most impregnable position, if defended with care and determination.

This was the evening of the nineteenth and the twentieth night from Springfield. During the retreat we had marched a most day and night, had eaten six meals, slept less than twenty-four hours, and traversed a wide scope of country, the retreat, when retracing its steps, to keep the pursuing army in check.

Our camp was in a field upon which cotton had grown the preceding season, and we went about our evening preparations with a feeling of conscious satisfaction and relief under the assurance that our rest, at least for the night, would be quiet and undisturbed.

CHAPTER XL.

FALLING BACK TO BOSTON MOUNTAINS.

My slumbers were broken and restless: I seemed to be in a confused, dreamy, half-conscious half-sleeping state; awakening in a sitting posture, feeling for my gun which lay near me, having been roused up by the imaginary booming of cannon and the firing of pickets driven in upon the brigade, which was lying in line of battle, awaiting the enemy's approach; I was disturbed all night by similar fancies.

The next morning the men were informed that the army would not move that day; so getting breakfast over, we were soon asleep again, making up for lost time.

A little after dark, supper being over, the men were smoking and lounging around the fires, when a citizen rode into our regiment, which was near the road, and inquired for General McCulloch. None of us knowing where the General's headquarters were, we could not inform him. Some one asked him where he came from; his reply was, "through the lines;" this answer not being very satisfactory, it was suggested that he be detained and sent with a proper escort to McCulloch. He had alighted from his horse, saying it was very chilly, and stood warming by the fire, asking several questions in regard to the strength of the army, whether it was the intention to make a stand, and others of a similar character. Some of them the men were, of course, unable to answer, and to all he received very evasive replies.

The colonel soon came, having been informed of his presence, and, addressing him, inquired if he had any news; to which the response was that he had, and it was of great importance to the commanders—Price and McCulloch—stating that he had left Benton that morning, about twenty miles northwest of our camp, and travelled hard to reach us, by a circuitous route keeping out of the way of the Federals. He said that his residence was at Benton, into which a heavy Federal force had marched a little

after sunrise; conversing with some of them, they stated their destination was Fayetteville via Elm Springs, this latter place being ten miles west of us, flanking the position we now occupied. The citizen giving this information was immediately sent to General Price's headquarters.

There was no Commander-in-Chief of the army. General McCulloch was brigadier commanding the forces in Northern Arkansas, while General Price, not having as yet received his commission of Major-General from the Confederate government, was the Commander-in-Chief of the troops of Missouri. Neither was acknowledged as out-ranking the other. It was understood that they did not agree in regard to the plan of operations afterwards pursued.

By the following morning the men had recovered greatly from the effects of the march, but were stiff about the knees, like hard worked horses: they were in serviceable condition, however, and ready for any duties they might be called to discharge.

The conclusion among the chiefs was to fall back still farther. Why this position was evacuated, it is out of my power to say, with certainty: only part of General McCulloch's command was with us, and the flank movement received its share of attention; these were the principal, at least the ostensible, considerations.

The brigade was marched up near the road and halted, waiting for the troops to move out ahead, as our position was again to be in the rear. While here, General McCulloch and staff came up the road and stopped very close to us; it was the first time I had ever seen this celebrated Texas warrior, and his appearance was somewhat different from the impression made upon me by the stories heard of the distinguished ranger. He was a man of about thirty-seven, his features smooth and regular, eye dark, keen and piercing, hair black, broad chin and massive forehead. His horse was a beautiful bay, finely accoutred, and he sat upon him with the air of one raised in the saddle; his dress was a rich velveteen, his hat looped up at the side, with a handsome plume.

Near us the Third Louisiana had marched up and stopped; it was the same fine-looking body of soldiers before described, and seemed to be in excellent spirits, joking us about running so much from the "Yankees:" the boys replied, "The Arkansas pickets are now driven in, and they would have to fight,"

referring to our having been a good picket for Arkansas. They soon moved forward, followed by General Siegel's artillery, which had written upon the limbers to which the pieces are attached, in large letters, "captured by the Third Louisiana regiment, at Oak Hills, August 10th, 1861."

Our command was soon upon the road, and after a steady day's march, without any interruption, we went into camp about eleven miles from Fayetteville; it had been rumored that our destination was the Boston mountains.

The army moved on again in the morning. The country through which we passed was rich: the plantations in many instances were large, in a fine state of cultivation, and often handsomely improved. This is a splendid region, the finest in Northern Arkansas, and we all regretted leaving it behind, destined by our movements to fall into the hands of the enemy.

About eleven o'clock we marched into Fayetteville, a beautiful town containing about three thousand inhabitants, situated at the base of the mountains. We were the last of the army to march in. A scene of the wildest disorder and confusion was presented. Women were wringing their hands and crying; fathers, brothers and friends were taking leave of them, to follow the fortunes of the army. The soldiers had been told by the merchants to help themselves to such articles as they needed, and some, transcending the intended limit, had taken what they did not require. I remember a cavalry soldier with a long string of little red shoes tied to his saddle, while another carried a lady's dress-bonnet on the end of his gun.

The officers of our brigade forbade any one to leave the ranks while marching through the town, and the order was strictly obeyed. As we passed, I heard a citizen speak in very complimentary terms of the appearance and discipline of our command. Moving on through the place, Colonel Little halted the brigade, and ordered it to stack arms. The men were then informed by him that the court-house was full of clothing which belonged to the army of Missouri, and there was a large supply of government bacon in store in town; that they could help themselves to these articles, but must not disturb the property of citizens.

Breaking ranks, the men were soon supplied with shoes and the few articles of clothing they wished to carry. Jack Bower and myself, falling in with the crowd, went over to the commissary

depot, where the bacon was stored, and selected a nice ham for the mess. Near here was a cellar, in which were deposited about thirty barrels of whisky, which, by the order of General McCulloch, had been bursted open, and the liquor was now standing more than a foot deep over the floor. Upon this piece of destruction Jack evidently looked with great displeasure, observing in the most emphatic manner that he had not had a drink for three months, and to see whisky wasted in this way made his blood boil.

A crowd had gathered, and was viewing with deprecating and sad looks the scene before us. Some of the soldiers walked down the steps, and dipping up with their hands, drank out of them, raising a merry laugh, while it was remarked that McCulloch could not cheat those boys out of their rations. Several more soon joined the drinking party, and a few even filled their canteens. I never realized before how potent was the influence John Barleycorn wielded over his votaries, or how truly and fondly they love him.

This pretty village, so lately peaceful and quiet, its people apparently secure in repose and surrounded by comfort, was now to be subjected to the rigors of war: they were not prepared to meet so soon "his wrinkled front."

The rolling of the drums called the men back to their ranks, and the command moved out of town, nearly every man being loaded with something. Each one seemed anxious to exhibit what he had, and the guns were brought into requisition for this purpose: above the heads of the men, suspended from and stuck on the bayonets, were hams, middlings and shoulders, coats and pants, boots and shoes, hats and caps, and shirts in endless variety and almost countless number. As the brigade climbed the hills or defiled through the hollows, every one carrying aloft a portion of his newly-acquired property, we exhibited the appearance of just returning from a successful raid, and certainly presented an admirable subject for "Frank Leslie's Illustrated."

We moved briskly along without resting, and those who were most heavily loaded soon began to break down: some deposited their wares upon the road-side, while others stubbornly and faithfully clung to them, resting for a while and then following on. Gov and I concluded to hold on to our ham, carrying it alternately, until it finally worried both of us out, and we sat

down to rest. While here, a soldier passed along, stepping very slowly and steadily under the weight of a prodigious middling, when, stumping his toe, down he came, the middling on top. Jack observed to him, "It is hard to march a man until he can't stand up." Shouldering his side again, he deliberately walked off, saying, "You take good care, and hold on to your meat as long as I do, and you won't go to bed hungry."

About dark we reached camp six miles from town, getting in with our ham. Its rich and delightful flavor at supper amply repaid us for the labor and toil of transporting it.

The next day we marched fifteen miles over a rough country, crossing the summit, and encamping on the south side, upon one of the spurs of the Boston mountains.

CHAPTER XLI.

OCCURRENCES AND NEWS IN CAMP.

It was soon rumored that a distinguished officer of superior military genius had been appointed to lead the army, and was already on his way to assume the command: this was pleasing intelligence to the men, who were very desirous of seeing one general, instead of two, exercising the authority of Commander-in-Chief. All the troops were somewhat restless and impatient. The Arkansians were anxious to see the bold invaders driven back: the Texans and Louisianians were always ready for the field, while the Misssourians knew that the way to Missouri was through the ranks of General Curtis' army.

The rations were rather short, something to which the boys were unaccustomed until recently, and was an additional motive for wishing to return north, where supplies of this kind were abundant.

Several regiments of Arkansas troops joined us here, most of them coming in without guns, and being supplied, at least in part, by our ordnance officers. The arms of some of the State guard, which had been discharged and had gone home, were turned over to this department, and also others, received from troops that were equipped and armed from the Confederate armory; there was, however, not enough, and one of the regiments could not be supplied.

The men coming in were raw recruits, just from home, and had never seen any service; but they exhibited great willingness to engage in the coming conflict. Our force was also augmented by the arrival of General Albert Pike and his Indian brigade, which came trotting by our camp on their little Indian ponies, yelling forth their wild whoop, as was the custom of their tribes when going on the "war path." Their faces were painted, and their long straight hair, tied in a queue, hung down behind; their dress was chiefly in the Indian costume—buckskin hunting-shirts, dyed of almost every color, leggings and moccasins of the same material, with little bells, rattles, ear-rings, and similar

paraphernalia. Many of them were bareheaded, and about half carried only bows and arrows, tomahawks and war-clubs, presenting altogether an appearance at once wild and savage. They were mostly Cherokees, straight, active and sinewy in their persons and movements—fine looking specimens of the red man: we could not, however, look upon them as an effective force, poorly armed as they were, and knowing nothing of war except from their barbarous traditions and usages. They were understood to number about two thousand warriors.

While here several small parties from North Missouri joined us, having pursued a circuitous route, avoiding the Federal army and coming in through the Indian Nation. Among them were two additions to our company—Tip Marders and James Edwards, a brother of Abe's; both were from Monroe, bringing rather gloomy accounts of the way affairs were going on there.

Among the accounts given us, we were told that General Prentiss had entered Paris, our county-seat, on Christmas day, and finding a crowd of people in town, guards were stationed on the roads and details were sent around to gather the citizens up and march them into the court-house yard, now surrounded by soldiers; then, with the assistance rendered by a committee of good loyal subjects, an assessment was made, "per capita," from five to thirty or forty dollars each, the money to be handed out instantly, under the threat that any delinquent would be taken off and put to work on intrenchments; if one was without the amount, he borrowed from his neighbor. It was said, there were from three to five hundred citizens in town from different parts of the county, and this was the sort of protection they had become accustomed to receive from "the stars and stripes."

They also stated that several citizens had been murdered in the county, their offence being that they were Southern in feeling; among them was James Lasley, a well-known and esteemed gentleman, who was taken at his yard gate on his return with his family from church, marched a little distance off, and shot; his wife, hearing the report of the guns, rushed to the scene, and was only in time to see her husband in the agonies of death; two others were shot at the same time. These were specimens of numerous instances occurring in that region, and over the whole State, under the bloody and merciless despotism of Federal bayonets.

CHAPTER XLII.

SUPPLIES—ARRIVAL OF A NEW GENERAL.

OUR sutler received a good supply of oysters, sardines, lobsters, canned fruits and similar luxuries, which the boys enjoyed exceedingly, not having come across any such delicacies before, since leaving home. Some Jamaica rum, received at the same time, gave a zest and finish to these grateful additions to our camp living.

Our regiment was uniformed here; the cloth was of rough and coarse texture, and the cutting and style would have produced a sensation in fashionable circles: the stuff was white, never having been colored, with the exception of a small quantity of dirt and a goodly supply of grease—the wool had not been purified by any application of water since it was taken from the back of the sheep. In pulling off and putting on the clothes, the olfactories were constantly exercised with a strong odor of that animal.

Our brigade was the only body of troops that had these uniforms issued to them, and we were often greeted with a chorus of *ba-a-a's*, and the salutation, "I say, mister, do you ones belong to Mr. Price's company?" This last had been picked up in the country by a squad of the boys, who had been asked the question by a venerable Arkansas dame, and it had become a very common saying in camp. Our clothes, however, were strong and serviceable, if we did look and feel somewhat *sheepish* in them.

At the same time we drew knapsacks, an essential part of the soldier's equipment, which had not been previously supplied.

We remained in camp at this point eleven days, the time being occupied in drilling and getting our guns and accoutrements in order, while waiting the coming of our new leader.

On the morning of the 3d of March, Major-General Earl Van Dorn passed our camp in company with McCulloch on the way to General Price's headquarters. He had just arrived: his age seemed to be between thirty-five and forty, though some deep

lines were marked upon his face: he was of medium height, slender, free in his address and movements, with a gay, dashing manner about him; sitting his horse in an easy and careless style: his features were regular, his forehead rather high, eyes black and fiery; lips thin and compressed: the chin was large and the jaw-bone prominent. He wore a blue uniform coat, a cap of the same color, embroidered with gold lace, dark pants, and heavy cavalry boots. The bearing and appearance of the new General were commented upon and discussed by the men, who were almost unanimous in the opinion that he would fight; but they would greatly have preferred seeing General Price at the head of the army.

Two hours had probably elapsed, when we received orders to prepare two days' rations, and be in readiness to march on the following morning. The train and all baggage, except a blanket for each soldier, were to be left behind. The Missouri State guard were ordered to dismount and leave their horses with the train. One wagon was detailed from each of the Missouri regiments to haul provisions, as we had no haversacks.

The camp was all life, and the orders were received with cheers by the men, who went busily to work, and before sunset every thing was attended to, and the army in readiness to move.

CHAPTER XLIII.

OUR FORCES—THE ADVANCE.

On the morning of the fourteenth of March, 1862, the army moved out from camp. The sun was just rising as the lines debouched into the road and began to retrace their steps to Fayetteville.

The force marching out was composed of two divisions, one commanded by Price, the other by McCulloch, and both were under General Van Dorn. Price's command included our brigade, which consisted of two regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and two batteries, numbering two thousand men. The Second Confederate brigade, under General Slack, having about five hundred, and his division of the State guard, still commanded by him, amounting to three hundred and fifty, marched under General Price, and also all the State guard that advanced with the army. This was composed of the troops under Rains, about twelve hundred strong; Stein's, E. Price's division, then commanded by Colonel John B. Clark, jr., and McBride's, respectively, six hundred, five, and three hundred men. General Parsons' was not at present with the army, having gone to Richmond: his division was very small. The whole force from Missouri that left camp, was about five thousand five hundred, rank and file, and constituted the command of General Price.

General Green's division, nearly two thousand strong, and heavy details from other commands had been left behind to guard the train and take care of the horses of the dismounted cavalry. These, together with the detachments left with the train of General McCulloch, amounted to about four thousand men.

The command of General McCulloch was composed of eleven Confederate regiments, all large and full. One of them was unarmed, and marched with the hope of arming in the coming battle. Three of these regiments were cavalry, from Texas, numbering each a thousand men. Two of them were under

Colonels Greer and Stone. All the other regiments were from Arkansas, except the Third Louisiana. The entire force was about ten thousand, constituting the command of General McCulloch, of which a large portion was raw and undisciplined, having but recently come into the field.

The Indians, under General Pike, brought up the numbers of the advancing column to about seventeen thousand five hundred men, commanded by General Van Dorn.

We had marched but a short distance, when a wet snow began to fall, melting as it came down, and making the road very slippery and disagreeable. Our movement was rapid, some of the men remarking that Van Dorn had forgotten he was riding and we were walking. So hard were the men pressed, that one just in the rear of our company fainted and fell in ranks, being completely broken down.

The quick step was slackened about the middle of the day, and the sun coming out, the roads dried very much, and we got on finely, making twenty-two miles, and camping two miles beyond Fayetteville, on the road leading to Elm Springs and Bentonville. Several houses had been burned in the town since we passed through. Two or three of them had contained army stores, and were burned by the order of General McCulloch. Most of them, however, had been destroyed by the Federals, who had occupied the place, and left about three days before.

The Federal army was reported to be camped on Sugar creek, about thirty miles north of us, and on the road upon which we had retreated.

Refreshed by a good night's rest, we were on the road again in the morning at an early hour, and at the end of the day's march camped at Elm Springs. The night was cold, and the snow began to fall, rendering it very uncomfortable without tents and with only one blanket.

We were roused up at about three in the morning, and were soon on the way to Bentonville, which point, our commanders were informed, a portion of the Federal army had reached under General Siegel. At sunrise the infantry was within about six miles of the place, and the cavalry still farther advanced. We were without breakfast, our two days rations having given out the night before: the army moved rapidly forward, and soon after sunrise the advanced cavalry engaged that of the enemy,

which was just leaving town in the rear of the Federal force, reported—seven thousand strong.

A charge was made upon a mounted brigade, formed in open woods, by the regiments of Gates, Greer, and Stone, which was gallantly met, the squadrons coming in collision at a full gallop. A bloody contest of twenty minutes ensued, when the enemy withdrew, leaving their killed and wounded and about one hundred prisoners in our possession: the cavalry dashed on after them, and soon came in contact with a heavy battery, supported by a strong infantry force, when they fell back out of range.

The infantry in front, consisting of the State guard, was rapidly hurried forward, and Captain Tull's battery of four pieces, two of which were rifled, took position under the fire of the enemy's artillery. Opening with spirit, a brisk cannonade of fifteen minutes was kept up with the Federal battery, which then withdrew at double-quick, leaving several dead upon the field, and one of their pieces dismounted; they were now retreating hurriedly, and our artillery pressed on, supported by the infantry. The enemy began to leave behind whatever encumbered his flight: two heavy wagons, loaded to the canvass, were here deserted by the teamsters and captured by our advance.

The movement of the cavalry in pursuit was again checked by the artillery, which had taken a strong position in a gorge protected on either side by high hills and abrupt declivities. An advance was here impracticable, except in the face of the cannon commanding the pass; but our battery was soon in position again, and raked the gorge with shot and shell. So well was the fire directed, that for several minutes the piece in the middle of the road, and in full view, was abandoned by the cannoniers, then limbered up and rapidly hurried away.

The course of the road was for some distance through a canon, presenting the most favorable ground for a retreating army, for it could not be taken "en fleche," and positions could be occupied by artillery sweeping the pass and checking a pursuing column. A running fight was kept up for some distance, when the battery in the rear and a body of cavalry, crossing Sugar creek about eight miles below where the main Federal army was encamped, disappeared and made good their escape.

It was now past the middle of the day. The road, extending up the bottom, crossed the creek several times, and, as there were no bridges, this impeded our progress very much; the water being too cold and deep for wading, foot-logs were substituted. About an hour and a half before sunset the army was halted within four miles of the enemy's encampment; fires were kindled and supper was prepared by parching corn in the ashes—our only provision at the time.

On the approach of dark the march was resumed. The Missouri forces, under General Price, accompanied by General Van Dorn, left the road on which we had advanced and took a route leading in a northeast direction. After a cold, silent and uninterrupted march, passing within two miles of the Federal camps, we reached, as day was breaking, the main route from Springfield to Fayetteville, at a point two miles north of the Elkhorn Hotel.

The plan of the coming battle was now apparent; the attack was to be made on the enemy's right flank, in front and rear, and, if successful, he would be effectually cut off from retreat.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE BATTLE.

THE Missouri forces were in the rear of General Curtis' army. The rumbling of vehicles was now heard at a short distance, approaching from the South: it was thought to be, probably, a part of the train or artillery falling back. Captain Wade's battery took position, and our brigade, which was now in advance, formed about a hundred yards from the road, in a thick wood.

The ground was frozen, and the noise could be distinctly heard some distance up the cañion. In a few minutes a train of wagons was dimly seen advancing in the darkness. It was immediately halted and captured, the men with it expressing the greatest surprise at seeing an enemy there. They were sent out for forage, and said they knew nothing of the movements of the army, except that it was preparing to fight.

The troops were on the road again immediately, and advanced in the direction of the enemy. It was ascertained that a portion of them was encamped in the neighborhood of the Elkhorn Hotel.

General Price was now with our regiment, in company with Colonel Little, a detachment of Colonel Gates' cavalry being a short distance in advance. It was getting light enough to distinguish objects, while we still proceeded cautiously along the road. A few army crackers, generally known as "hard tack," were scattered along. These were gathered up and eaten by the hungry men. "Who would have supposed that men ever get hungry enough to eat crackers that had been thrown in the dirt and run over by wagons?" observed Charley Grant. "When you get to supposing," said Abe Edwards, "who the devil would have imagined that an army would be marched all day and night without anything to eat, and then go into a hard day's fight upon an empty stomach? If you get any grub to-day, you have to take it from the Yankees." "That's so," was heard from several. "This is nothing, boys," remarked John Hanger;

"remember Washington and his men crossing the Delaware in the night, barefooted, through the ice, and leaving their bloody tracks behind them." "Look here!" exclaimed Jack Bower, pointing down to the road, where there was a bloody track, made by some of the men whose shoes, becoming too painful, had been thrown aside. "I don't believe they ever made a harder march during the Revolution than we made last night," was the comment of Bower. The reader will understand that nothing is improvised in this work: the smallest trifles are truly stated, so far as I am able to know or recollect. Our attention was now drawn to a picket captured by the advance, about a hundred yards ahead. Their horses were tied to trees, and they were asleep in a little house upon the road-side. Our approach was unknown until the boys walked in and awoke them. Finding themselves surrounded by men dressed *in white*, they seemed bewildered and somewhat frightened.

We were drawing near the terminus of the pass, and within less than a mile of the position of the enemy. A few small houses stood here, in which hands had been quartered for the purpose of running a saw-mill, located near the point where the road ascends the hill: these buildings were now appropriated by our surgeons for hospital purposes.

A small body, of our cavalry ascended a steep ridge, and discovered a party of mounted Federals, upon which they immediately fired; the enemy returned the fire and promptly fell back.

An ox team came down the hill attached to an old wagon, having a wood bed with a chicken-coop on it: the driver was a big Federal soldier, who, when captured, put on an air of the greatest simplicity and seemed perfectly stupid; he said he was a citizen of the country, and that the blue clothes he wore were given to him; the distance to the Federal camp and its situation seemed to be unknown to him: a few of the soldiers were coming out with him after chickens, but had run back after the shooting. He was very desirous of proceeding, and expressed great disappointment when he found his trip for the day was at an end.

The line of battle was here formed for the advance, our brigade being on the right of the road, Colonel Rives' regiment resting upon it, while farther in the woods, in line upon our right, was Colonel Bevier's battalion, two hundred and fifty strong, of the

second brigade: the remainder of that brigade was held in reserve. The State guard ascended the ridge and took position on the left; Colonel Gates' regiment of cavalry was also on that side of the road.

The road at this point runs gradually up the slope of a ridge to the Elkhorn House; the ground on either side is very much broken, covered with a solid bed of small, white flint rocks, and a growth of scrubby oak trees, interspersed with occasional thickets of brushy undergrowth. It becomes elevated as you draw near the hotel; there is a deep hollow on the right, which extends almost parallel with the road, and at the distance of a hundred yards from it; through this a branch flows, and several ridges are pointing to it on each side. On the left was a deep hollow, running from a southeast course, and the ridge beyond this was the only position high enough for artillery to command the ground any distance in front, and on this Tull's pieces were placed in battery, and McDonald's were at or near the same point.

Beyond the hotel, and back of it on the right of the road, was a small field of almost level ground, in which a large barn and a stable were standing, and in which a division of the Federal army was camped. Farther on was a skirt of woods about two hundred and fifty yards wide, through which ran a deep hollow, breaking off from the road, and immediately beyond and extending almost to Sugar creek, a distance of four miles, was broad, high, level table-land, cleared up on this side some space from the road: upon this ground was the camp of the greater part of the Federal army.

Approaching the hotel, there was a road to the left, leading off in a southeast course through a dense growth of heavy black-jack: passing the building, there was a large cleared field to the left and beyond were dense, thick woods.

Our advance was up the ascent of rough and rocky hills: the line, consisting of the First and Second regiments and Colonel Bevier's battalion, had moved forward about two hundred and fifty yards, when we received orders to halt. Colonel Rives' regiment was now on the left of the hollow, extending down to it, while our line was on the crest of a ridge upon the other side.

A battery of the enemy's guns moved down on the road, Tull's and McDonald's artillery immediately opening upon it from the

ridge: it was, however, soon in position, and returned the fire. The battle commenced at about half-past ten in the morning: the firing was brisk; the echo, as the booming of the guns rolled over those mountain wilds, resounded far and wide in the distant hills. The combat between the opposing batteries was fierce, and from our position we could distinctly see the red-shirted Federal cannoniers as they worked with a hearty will. Our fire was well directed, raking them right and left, killing and wounding men and horses, and a shell, striking one of their caissons, blew it up; immediately after they hastily fell back.

Neither General Van Dorn nor Price was on our side of the road: the latter was with the State guard, and General Van Dorn was near him a considerable portion of the time. I heard Captain Von Phul, of Colonel Little's staff, say to Colonel Burbridge, that our line would advance in concert with the one on the other side of the road.

For the space of twenty minutes after the cannonading every thing was silent immediately around us, and we could hear the guns where McCulloch's forces were engaged. Our line was now advanced about a hundred yards: in a few minutes a line of the enemy, advancing with their knapsacks on and their blankets strapped to them, and coming within a hundred paces of the left of Colonel Rives' regiment, received a volley, from which they retreated some distance up the road. The commands of the officers, to halt, were very distinct: the men were rallied and soon returned, marching and firing by platoons, those in front breaking off to the rear after discharging their pieces and making room for the next platoon.

The regiment was certainly finely drilled, and executed the commands admirably: it did not, however, last long; they were advancing as they fired, and came within the range of Rives' whole regiment, which soon fired a heavy volley into them, and threw their ranks into confusion, which resulted in a disorderly retrograde movement: a gun was fired from our regiment, immediately followed by a general fire from the line, the men not being able to resist the temptation of giving them a parting salute, though it was at long range.

Colonel Gates' cavalry now dashed up the road in pursuit, and to feel the enemy's position; our regiment advanced some two hundred yards in front, and formed upon the top of the ridge.

Gates came in contact with a line of battle, and, dismounting a portion of his men, made a stand, but was soon forced to withdraw.

A battery was brought forward by the enemy, and took position on a point running off to the left of the road, when some of the State guard, making a charge, captured one piece, with the horses and cannoniers, before it was unlimbered; the rest made their escape.

A line extending from the road some distance to the right of our regiment now advanced. The woods up here were rather dense, with dry leaves clinging to many of the trees, and we could hear them some time before they came in sight; when about a hundred yards distant, the opposing forces fired about the same time; the action soon became obstinate and bloody. Finding the top of the ridge too much exposed, we fell back about fifteen steps behind it, sheltering ourselves by the crest in front, while the combat still raged with unabated fury. The enemy, finding they could not move us from the front, and being superior in numbers, began to close in upon our flanks, when a loud cheer was heard in the rear, and Rives and Bevier, coming up at double-quick, with a well-directed fire, drove back the flanking forces. Like magic the word "charge!" ran along the line, and with a wild shout it sprang forward, driving the hostile ranks before it; rushing on, we quickly came in sight of the little field by the house, in the edge of which a battery of six guns was in position, supported by a strong force of infantry.

The battery opened upon us with a sweeping fire, tearing through our lines, crashing among the limbs of the trees and scattering the rocks in the air, now filled with the contents of bursting shells. The line recoiled for an instant under the iron hail of grape and canister, when "on to the battery" was the cry, and with a yell that rose above the roar of battle, we closed upon the opposing ranks. The clash of arms and the din and fury of the deadly strife were now fierce and wild; the thunder of the artillery and the opening roll of the muskets of the long, fresh line of infantry, were deafening. Like a withering, scorching blast, the torrent of lead and iron poured through the surrounding smoke. Above all, "forward, Missourians," could be distinctly heard, and, in response to the ringing battle-cry, the men defiantly pressed on, delivering a deadly fire as they

advanced. Then came the desperate grapple for victory : the indomitable courage of our men finally prevailed, hurling back the Federal lines, and driving them from the field, capturing three pieces of the battery and a considerable number of prisoners.

The whole camp equipage, tents and cooking-utensils, the large barn filled with commissary stores, every thing that pertained to an encampment of a division of the army, except wagons, fell into our hands. The house used as a hospital, filled with the dead and wounded of the enemy, was also in our possession.

Among the prisoners was a lieutenant-colonel from Missouri, who said that he considered the destiny of their army sealed, and that General Curtis would certainly surrender in the morning : it was now about half an hour before sunset.

Just as the sun was going down the old State guard made a gallant charge through the field on their side, and, after a severe contest, drove the Federal lines back from their strong position in the woods beyond. Our command again advanced, and at dark was formed beyond the skirt of woods along the line of the field fence, and at the edge of the high, open table-land. The battle now closed for the night.

Details were sent back to the Federal camps to cook rations from the stores we had captured. Cooking utensils and all the conveniences were at hand, just as they had been left after the usual preparation of a meal. The large building was entered where the bulk of the stores was deposited ; barrels of flour were opened and appropriated, fine bacon hams were brought into requisition, and good coffee was added. One end of the building was found to contain a large amount of sutlers' stores, such as oysters, sardines, lobsters, crackers and cheese, canned fruits, preserves, pickles and wine : hungry as we were after our long fast, we were now prepared to do justice to this glorious feast.

The men were jovial and jubilant over their good fortune : the strong and aromatic coffee gave forth its exhilarating and recuperative power ; the rich viands delighted the palates of our grateful boys, renewing their worn frames and exhausted strength, and the nice delicacies crowned the whole with a luxurious finish that even an epicure would have enjoyed.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE NIGHT.

I WENT down to the hospital during the night to see some comrades who were wounded. Besides the killed, a large proportion of our company was wounded, and among them were Charley Grant, George Bryson, John Bridgford and Bruce Ball. The two first were not very badly hurt; Bridgford's wound was severe; the last, however, was rapidly sinking—

———"ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows gather in the evening blast.

A large pool of blood stood upon the floor, which had flowed from his ghastly wound. In the charge upon the battery, a shell had struck his leg before bursting, and had shivered it to pieces, leaving only some flesh torn into shreds by which it had been held together. These were now cut, and the surgeons had ordered brandy to be given him every few minutes, to produce a reaction, as he would die under the knife, if amputation was attempted in his present condition. Sergeant Sheppard was with him, and was unremitting in his attentions; but the shock had been too great, and the system too much exhausted to rally. When leaving, it was with a feeling of the deepest depression I saw that his brave spirit would soon return to Him who gave it, and we would have to mourn the loss of one of the best and noblest of our gallant band.

On my return, I was surprised to see some forces marching along the road, and asked an officer what command it was, when he replied that it was Major Whitfield's battalion of McCulloch's command. Inquiring of him if they had whipped the enemy where they fought, and were coming round to help us, his reply was, he supposed they would help us, but that they had not whipped the enemy where McCulloch's forces fought; that their battalion and several other regiments had scarcely been in the fight. He stated that the day had gone

badly with them, McCulloch having been one of the first among the killed. The command then devolved upon General McIntosh, who had also fallen early in the action. Colonel Hebert, of the Third Louisiana, commanding at the time a brigade, and who was next in rank, had been captured, and the colonels of the other regiments waiting orders to go into action, had received none: the regiments which were fighting hard, getting no support, were forced back. About three regiments only had fought, and the army being without a commander, each colonel had taken care of his own command, and most of the forces were now coming round on the road we had travelled the night before.

The officer still farther informed me that a portion of McCulloch's force had gone back on the Bentonville road. The few regiments that had been in the fight were badly cut to pieces, as they had fought bravely and stubbornly against unequal odds and had not received any support. The Third Louisiana was one of the heaviest sufferers. He said also, that some of the regiments not in the fight were much demoralized.

While observing the forces as they passed, the Indians came along. A portion of them had been in the battle and fought very well, capturing one piece of artillery, which they set on fire, having collected wood and brush about it; and, while witnessing its destruction, dancing and whooping around in regular Indian style, the gun, being loaded and becoming hot, went off with a terrific explosion, killing and wounding some of them, and giving the rest a perfect horror of artillery, which they termed the "Yankee wagon-guns."

An Indian, mounted on a fine horse and dressed in a Federal uniform, rode up, and being asked how he obtained them, replied, "Me take prisoner, swap hoss wid de Fed," pointing to his horse; "swap gun wid de Fed," exhibiting a fine breech-loading rifle; "swap coat, hat, boots, everyting wid de Fed," at the same time chuckling and striking the highly prized clothes with his hands, and adding a frequent and common expression of exultation "whoa—big Ingin." This stalwart specimen of the red warrior was evidently greatly elated at his achievement.

Before the lines ceased passing I left, returning over some of the ground where the battle had raged most fiercely. The moon was shining, and her pale light reflected from the white flint rocks, showed distinctly the stains and pools of blood, where the

life-tide ebbed away of many a brave and gallant heart, in places the surface was sprinkled over with blood; the wounded had been removed, and the dead were lying in almost every attitude. I noticed a Federal soldier, who had taken his seat at the root of a tree, reclining against the trunk; he was dead, and the expression of his countenance was calm and unruffled, like one in quiet and undisturbed sleep.

Though the news was very bad, yet some of our most intelligent and reliable soldiers thought that we could sustain our position the next day; and, if all the reserve and the best of McCulloch's forces were brought up to strengthen the line, the issue they had no doubt would be in our favor. Let me add here that, good soldiers are apt to form a correct idea of what they can do. The day had been against us in one part of the field, but had been brilliantly won in the other. It would not be necessary to bring any of the demoralized portion of McCulloch's command into the line. There were parts of it in condition for service, and placed by the side of the Missouri troops, they would have received additional impulse from beholding ranks so lately victorious, and still firm and unterrified. It is also to be remembered, whatever demoralization existed, the enemy undoubtedly must have had his share of it, and, so far as the Missourians were concerned, their faith in success was still strong and their spirit yet undismayed.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE BATTERIES—FALLING BACK.

AFTER the death of McCulloch and McIntosh, and the disastrous issue of the struggle in that part of the field, the commander-in-chief, General Van Dorn, determined to give up the contest and fall back.

Early in the morning of the eighth, the day after the battle, the forces of McCulloch, which in the night had reached our position, together with the wounded who could travel, and the ambulances conveying all the wounded that would bear removal and were unable to walk, took up the line of march on the road leading off in a southeast course. A dispatch was sent to General Green, countermanding the advance of the train, and ordering him to fall back to Van Buren. The forces of Missouri were still to occupy their positions, and confront the enemy until the retreating columns were out of the way.

From the lines in front, the camp-fires of the enemy were in full view, upon the high plain before us. The rumbling of moving artillery and the noise of wagons could be distinctly heard through the night. The next morning, within five hundred yards of our front, the Federal army was drawn up in order of battle, having massed its artillery, which was bristling in a long line, supported by heavy columns of infantry; while beyond were the lines of cavalry, and in the distance could be seen the canvas tops of their wagon train. It was evident that they intended to make an effort to retrieve the position lost on the previous day.

To drive us from the ground we occupied was a task full of difficulty and danger. Protected by the brow of the hill from the enemy's fire, their lines would be entirely exposed in advancing upon us. Our whole battle array was composed of troops upon whose firmness the most implicit reliance might be placed. If the hostile advance had been more than double our number, its ranks would have been so shattered in attempting

to reach us, that any who might have arrived at our line would have been almost sure of destruction or defeat.

The Federal artillery opened upon our lines as soon as it was fairly light, and the thunder of more than thirty guns rolled over the wide plain. But a single position on our side commanded the enemy's line, and it only gave space enough to work one battery. This was in the road, about two hundred yards in our rear, and was first occupied by Captain Wade, whose pieces were discharged with such accuracy of aim and incessant rapidity, that they swept and tore through the Federal lines with fatal destruction, exposed as they were on a high open plain, without any protection, and at short range.

The whole fire of the enemy's artillery was quickly concentrated on Wade's battery, and, as soon as his guns became too hot to handle, Captain Clark's pieces occupied the ground, Wade's being withdrawn. Thus, by turns, they relieved each other, and Captain Gorum's battery of the State guards, came in as an additional relief. The roar of artillery, for several hours, was incessant, the balls from both sides passing a few feet over our heads.

About nine o'clock the Federal skirmishers moved forward and threw down a fence near three hundred yards in our front, which would be in the way if a charge were made, and soon began to feel our position with their long-range guns: brisk skirmishing ensued.

In accordance with the conclusion adopted by General Van Dorn during the preceding night, and having gained the time he desired for the commands that had started early in the morning on the retreat, our line was now ordered to fall back, all the forces having been previously withdrawn. Clark, who at the time was fighting his battery, soon had all his pieces limbered up, remaining to see the last off safe, and was just in the act of leaving when a ball from the enemy's cannon struck him, tearing off his head. His body was borne from the field by one of his lieutenants.

Thus perished this brave, gallant and promising young officer—devotedly loved by his men—admired by all who had witnessed the coolness which characterized him in the hour of danger, and the skill and unfaltering courage always exhibited by him in the midst of conflict: though young in years,

he was versed in the science of artillery warfare, and already distinguished in that important service.

The Federal infantry charged upon us as we were falling back, and, firing as they advanced, our lines, now exposed, suffered considerably from their long range guns. Colonel Rives was killed while we were leaving the field. The last words of this gallant and patriotic officer were: "I only wish I had a hundred lives, that I might die again and again for Missouri." I could not add anything that would reflect more honor upon the career of this accomplished soldier: his last words illustrate a character at once magnanimous and devoted. General Slack had fallen mortally wounded: one of the bravest and most efficient commanders of the Missouri forces, his reputation as a soldier of the first merit and talent had been firmly established, and he had entirely won the affections of the men he commanded.

Our line fell back under a heavy fire. Passing a little in the rear of the hotel, we crossed the main road and struck into the one leading in a southeast direction, upon which the army was already moving. We were the last troops to leave the field. Captain McDonald's battery, which had been in position in the road in front of the Elkhorn House, came off with us and brought up the rear. Many of the men did not believe that we were retreating—supposing we were about to take a better position; but this impression soon gave way as we moved farther off from the battle-ground.

No pursuit was ordered: the Federal force was too much crippled to attempt anything of this sort. The bulk of the army marched about seven miles, crossing White river and camping in the evening beyond that stream about an hour before sunset, near a large saw-mill, around which a number of small houses were built. From this point a detail was sent back to bury the dead.

Remaining here all night, the next morning the march was resumed, and continued laboriously for several days, during which we met with heavy rains, swollen streams, and roads made muddy and disagreeable. Separated from our train and commissary stores, we lived on parched corn and such other scanty resources as the waste and barren mountain region which we traversed afforded, and at length reached Van Buren in a weak, broken down and exhausted condition.

The three pieces of artillery captured by the brigade and Bevier's battalion were brought in safely, and also the piece captured by the State guard, drawn by the six fine black horses attached to it when taken. We got in with about five hundred of the prisoners, and with nearly all our wounded that could be moved in ambulances and wagons.

General Green had been joined by the portion of McCulloch's force that retreated towards Bentonville: while falling back, he was attacked by Federal cavalry, near Bentonville, which had been repulsed without much difficulty, and he was already at Van Buren with the train on our arrival.

CHAPTER XLVII.

RESUME.

Our camp was called "Camp Rives," in honor of that gallant officer.

The entire Missouri forces had suffered heavily in the late battle, and the portion of McCulloch's command, that was engaged, had been subjected also to severe losses. Our company had left in camp at the Bosten mountains about eight or nine men, who were still foot-sore from the severe march from Springfield, or otherwise sick, being unfit for marching, and this might be considered about a fair average of the whole Missouri force. Burbridge's and Rives' regiments were each about seven hundred strong, and, with this average deduction, presented about six hundred men to the regiment, in line at the battle of Elkhorn, called in the Federal reports "the battle of Pea Ridge."

The loss of our regiment (Burbridge's) was a hundred and seventy-three killed and wounded, being nearly a third, and the loss of Rives' regiment was in proportion nearly as heavy; the second brigade had suffered greatly, and the State guard was badly cut to pieces. In company G, to which I belonged, forty-four men were in action, of whom four were killed and thirteen wounded—all brave and true soldiers. Of Bruce Ball I have before spoken, and I knew also Ike Yeager and Brooks, the former being the brother-in-law of Allford, our first-lieutenant; the fourth one of the killed was, I believe, Pollard, but will not be sure.

The whole loss of the army, including McCulloch's men, was about fourteen hundred; the number of men actually in battle on our side was near eight thousand. The Federal killed and wounded on the side where the Missourians fought were more numerous than ours; this was evident to any who inspected the field or looked into the hospitals, and many of their wounded, able to move, fell back with their lines. Their loss must have been at least fifteen hundred, besides prisoners, of whom we

had about five hundred at Van Buren. The Federal force, according to their official statements, was about fifteen thousand present under arms and engaged in the battle.

General Price, during the engagement, was on the opposite side of the road from us, and received a flesh wound in the arm, but did not leave the field. Colonel Little displayed the most perfect coolness, and acted with the greatest efficiency; his staff officers, Captains Shaumburg and Von Phul, were often in the thickest of the fight, bearing orders or directing movements, and rendered invaluable assistance.

The State guards bore themselves, both men and officers, bravely and proudly on that day, carrying every position they attacked, and capturing a portion of the prisoners we held.

General Van Dorn, during the battle of the seventh, had remained chiefly with General Price, or on the side of the road occupied by the State guard.

It is understood that Price was strongly in favor of bringing all the available force into action on the morning of the eighth, but was overruled by General Van Dorn, and that he shed tears upon giving his troops the order to retreat.

The plan of the battle was strategic, well executed, and could not be objected to. It was similar to that adopted by Moreau at Hohenlinden, who fought the Archduke John on one side, or in front, while he sent Richepanse and Decaen to attack his rear, achieving the memorable victory which bears the name of the little village near by, and of the dense and intricate forest in which it was fought. There is, however, one difference, which was fatally felt at Elkhorn. Moreau remained in person with the larger division of his army, while General Van Dorn accompanied the detachment, which did not constitute a third of his force.

Our great misfortune was the death of both McCulloch and McIntosh, which left that part of the army without a commander: if either of these officers had lived, the fortune of the day would have been very different.

The troops that were engaged had all borne themselves becomingly, and the Missourians had the satisfaction of knowing that they had done their duty, having driven an enemy decidedly superior in numbers, and possessing great advantage in point of arms, during the entire engagement on the seventh, and having

held their position on the morning of the eighth, against the whole Federal army, until ordered to withdraw.

Lieutenant Welch, who was one of the officers of the detail sent to bury the dead, said that a Federal officer informed him the Federal loss in killed and wounded was twenty-three hundred.

A shell had set the woods on fire, and the lieutenant stated that they found many of the dead with their hair, whiskers and clothes burnt, and on some the flesh had been badly crisped, distorting the features and disfiguring the bodies so much that they could not be recognized by their comrades.

Bruce Ball had died during the night of the seventh, and was wrapt in his blanket—the soldier's winding sheet—and buried before we left the field. He was engaged to a beautiful young girl of Boone county, whose likeness, like a devoted knight, he always carried with him near his heart. Taking it from its resting place when he knew he had only a few minutes more to live, he gave it to Sergeant Sheppard, with instructions to place it in the hands of Will Ray, his most intimate friend, with the request that he would write a letter to the original and send with it the picture. He desired that the letter should express, "that her memory was with him in his dying hour, that he had indulged bright hopes of a happy future beyond the tumult of war; but they were now, alas! forever gone! She probably might have thought more of him had he kept his rank and sword and died with the insignia of a field-officer around him; but he had fallen in the ranks, discharging the duty of a private Confederate soldier, and to him this was a death honorable enough; for her sake only could he wish it to be more so; and, in conclusion, to bid her, in his name, a last farewell." Calmly and peacefully closing his eyes, he expired, while the words had just been uttered.

His dying injunction was sacredly fulfilled. He was loved by us all—we missed the sweet expression of the soft, blue eye, and the gentle, winning smile and graceful, manly bearing of a favorite comrade.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE HUNT.

AN adventure of a "soldier of the legion," as it was afterwards told me, I will here record, being an episode not easily forgotten amid the scenes of war.

While the army was encamped at Boston mountains, the soldier had become acquainted with an old Indian hunter, who lived on the Arkansas river, eighteen or twenty miles above Fort Smith. Fond of hunting, the conversation turned upon this subject; he heard from him of the bear and deer that were to be found in the cane-brakes and on the prairies, near his lodge, and being cordially invited by the hunter, had promised, if opportunity ever presented, to partake his hospitality and join in the chase.

After the army reached Van Buren and encamped there awhile, the soldier obtained leave of absence for two days: he desired a longer time, but the impression was that the stay at Van Buren would be short, and his leave could not be extended. To make the most of it, after an early breakfast, he started on a good horse, and, by eight or nine o'clock, was seventeen or eighteen miles from camp, and some distance in the Cherokee country.

The deer often bounded away before him, but he did not feel inclined to change his course or lose time, and hurried on. A very large buck at length dashed down a slope, and, struck with his size and appearance, the soldier moved in a direction to intercept him, and expected to get a shot.

In a short time he found himself near a cane-brake, and the bottom around was covered with a heavy growth of timber. Suddenly the blast of a horn broke upon his ear,

"The huntsman's call—to fawn and dryad known;"

and immediately in view came a pack of dogs, followed at a short distance by two well-mounted equestrians, and not far

behind appeared a couple of negro boys, about fourteen or fifteen years of age, each bestriding a strong, active pony, and one of them carried a short, fine rifle.

The rider, whose countenance and figure at once attracted and fascinated the beholder, was a young girl in the very bloom of maiden loveliness: she was foremost in the chase; the first glance surprised and bewildered, to be succeeded by a second of wonder and admiration: the features were faultless, her eye dark and sparkling with animation and excitement; her complexion was a clear, pure brunette; the rich coloring of her cheek and very black hair were strikingly beautiful. She wore a riding hat in the fashion of the times, a tight-fitting bodice, and her dress short; a pair of exquisitely ornamented leggings and moccasins, with handsome gloves, completed her costume. In the midst of these wilds, the sudden and singular appearance, the graceful bearing and dazzling beauty of this youthful Diana, struck the young soldier with a strange and irresistible fascination.

The other rider was a young man apparently of twenty, and, from the resemblance, a brother of the fair girl: he had a handsome rifle, and, as they approached, drew up his horse for a moment; the soldier immediately accosted him.

"What game do you pursue?"

"A bear—the dogs will soon bring him to bay."

"I am out from camp seeking adventures—will you permit me to join the chase?"

"Certainly—forward!" and giving his steed the rein, they dashed on. No obstacle seemed to diminish the speed at which they rode; bounding over huge logs, deep draws and ravines, they kept in view or hearing of the chase. The soldier beheld with increasing interest and astonishment the wonderful address and dashing movement of the fearless huntress.

At length, drawing up suddenly, the young hunter exclaimed,

"Our game is yonder in the cane at bay: the spot is called the 'bear wallow;' there is a narrow entrance to the right"—with a motion in the direction of the pass into the brake, they now advanced. Arriving at the point and finding that the path admitted them to enter only in single file, the soldier asked the position in front, which was finally yielded, after sundry admonitions and instructions as to the method of proceeding.

In about a half mile they came to an opening in the cane and forest; and here a quarter of an acre, perhaps more, was free from any growth, except a large tree standing near the middle: in this space the dogs surrounded a bear, and sometimes adroitly attacked, but for the most part kept at a respectful distance; and here the young negro handed the huntress the rifle he bore.

The first shot was courteously allowed the soldier, who advanced to the tree and discharged his rifle with deliberate aim: the bear immediately dashed towards the tree where his foe was stationed; the quick spring of the horse and the report of another gun were simultaneous, and the huge animal, arrested in his attack, fell dead upon the ground. The first shot had taken effect a little too far back—the second went through the brain.

The bear was with considerable labor got on one of the ponies, securely fastened with a rope, and left to the charge of the boys, who were accustomed to bringing in game in this way.

The youthful hunter courteously invited his new acquaintance to return with them, and the young girl, addressing the soldier, observed, "As you are out in quest of adventures, you perhaps will take our castle in your route, whose enchanted halls are always open to welcome wandering knights." The invitation was promptly accepted; curiosity, wonder and admiration, equally combined to urge and induce a more intimate acquaintance with this bright and charming vision.

After a brisk gallop of four or five miles, they drew up before an irregular building, which seemed large and spacious, and was sheltered by a growth of the native forest. Leaving their horses at the yard fence, they passed under a portico to the front door, and through into the hall, upon whose walls were suspended many trophies of the chase: the way was led into a handsomely furnished apartment, among the ornaments of which were an elegant piano and guitar.

The youthful huntress, excusing herself, was absent some little time, when, returning, she appeared in a handsome dress of the usual fashion, and the jewelry she wore was of a rich and antique style. They had scarcely talked over the adventures of the day, when dinner was announced: the meal was excellent, the service unexceptionable, and no one was present but the hunting party.

The soldier forgot the old hunter he had started to visit, and, being courteously asked to remain for the night, willingly

assented. In the course of the evening he learned that the young girl's father was dead, and she and her brother the only children; the mother was an invalid, and left her to pursue her passion for the chase; the remonstrances frequently interposed at first, had gradually settled into a silent, though reluctant, acquiescence. In her appearance could be traced the blood of the ancient Indian chiefs from whom she was descended.

The evening was spent in conversation the most lively and animated, varied by music whose tones and breath were rich and soft—

“ Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of Oriental flowers.”

The moments passed by the young soldier in these wilds, went swiftly by. With the hope that he might some day see their queen and beauty again, at an early hour the next morning he left, and towards sunset drew rein at camp, where the note of preparation gave admonition that the army was about to move.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MARCH TO DES ARC.

THE army camped at Van Buren about twelve days, resting and recruiting from the recent hard service through which it had passed.

A considerable portion of the State guard, which, though its time had expired, remained until after the late battle, was now discharged, and a number of them entered the Confederate service.

The command of the State guard was given to General Frost, as General Price had received intelligence that he was appointed a major-general in the Confederate service. This was welcome and gratifying information to the men, whose attachment to their chief continued to increase in proportion as they became familiar with his kindness and paternal regard for them at all times, and had become accustomed to behold his steady coolness and brave and gallant bearing on the field of battle.

About the first of April the army received marching orders—to move by detachments for Des Arc, on White river. Our brigade was the first to leave; the remainder of the army, including the State guard, followed at intervals within the next ten days.

We left Van Buren about twelve o'clock on a beautiful spring day, and, taking an eastern course, penetrated farther into Dixie. The men were in fine spirits, willing to fight in any part of the Confederacy, and looked upon Missouri as given up for the time—a result to which, however melancholy, they submitted as, for the present, inevitable.

The sutler of our regiment had received a supply of whisky the morning before we left, and several of the boys were slightly under its effects. One of our company became somewhat ungovernable, and threw his gun and cartridge-box aside, saying he did not believe there would be any use for them until another fight, and then he would get them from a Federal. They were,

however, picked up and brought on by the boys. Another soldier had become considerably worsted from too frequent applications to his canteen, and was lying asleep on the road-side, when one of the company in our front stepped out, shook the canteen, and finding that it still contained whisky, cut the strap, and dexterously drew it from under his person, without waking the sleeper. With evident satisfaction at his success, the booty was carried off and appropriated.

We camped that night on "Frog bayou," in a bottom, where the land was rich. Among the gigantic and magnificent growth around, the walnut trees were the largest I had ever seen.

Colonel Bevier's and McCowan's battalions, formerly of the Second brigade, were united here, and being organized into a regiment, with the latter as colonel and Bevier as lieutenant-colonel, it was put into Little's command. Two Arkansas regiments, the Nineteenth and Twentieth, were also added to our brigade, making six regiments, of which one was cavalry and five were infantry.

We remained in camp here a day, when the march was continued, traversing, for a portion of the way, what might be strictly termed a piny-woods country. Upon entering a forest of this character, to a person who has never seen one, the appearance is striking—almost grand—and, withal, somewhat gloomy. The tall, stately trees rear their huge, bare trunks to a great height before the limbs branch out, while above, the thick, wide-spreading boughs often form a canopy so dense that even an August sun never penetrates; beneath, the ground is strewn with a soft covering of the leaf of the tree, or what is generally termed pine-straw. Our route lay a considerable distance through these woods, and the long continuation of pine and sand became monotonous and wearying.

Though it may be the impression that the chief productions of a piny-woods country are tar and turpentine, yet this region abounded in something equally plentiful: around the door of every cabin were groups of children, and in the centre stood the mother, always bearing in her arms the baby, or the little urchin who claimed that title, presenting an interesting tableau, in which a striking feature was, the fixed look of wonder cast upon our glittering lines.

Passing into a richer country, Clarksville, a beautiful little

town, lay upon our route, and, as we marched through to the music of the regimental bands, we were enthusiastically cheered by the assembled crowd, among which were numerous beves of "fair ladies."

A hospital was established here, and a number of sick was left from our brigade, among whom some belonged to our company. Often afterwards they spoke of the kindness and attention received from the ladies of Clarksville and vicinity, who were most gratefully recollected by the invalid soldiers.

Not far beyond this, we passed a substantial-looking farmhouse, from which the owner, a fine-looking, white-haired, old gentleman, ran out, his hat off, to meet us, and addressed our company, which was at the head of the column, with "How do you do, my friends? how do you do?" at the same time going along the lines, shaking hands with the boys, and giving a general invitation to come in and take dinner. This hospitable, warm-hearted and demonstrative, old Southerner was long and kindly remembered.

General Price travelled in an ambulance during the march, with his wounded arm in a sling. Wherever he passed, the men invariably showed, in some form, their strong attachment and great respect for him.

As we approached Des Arc, the country became level and fertile, the improvements handsome, the plantations extensive and well cultivated. We reached there about the tenth of April, *en route* for General Beauregard's army, then at Corinth, Mississippi.

CHAPTER I.

FROM DES ARC TO CORINTH.

DES ARC is a pretty little place, situated on the west bank of White river, having a good landing, surrounded by a rich country, and, in times of peace, was a business point of considerable importance. The river here is narrow, but deep—a fine, navigable stream this far up, except in very low water.

Two boats were lying at the landing, the Sharp and Meyors, and others were on the way to transport troops, one coming in from Memphis the evening we got there. It brought news of the first day's fighting at Shiloh: there was general rejoicing throughout the command, and thirteen guns were fired by the batteries.

On the evening of the tenth, having prepared rations sufficient to last us on the way, our regiment took passage on the Meyors. General Price and Jeff. Thompson were on board, and the fine brass band from the general's headquarters was also on the boat. With colors flying and drums beating, we pushed off and went steaming down, while the band gave forth an inspiring strain. We were soon followed by the other boats, carrying different commands, and met several going up to assist in transporting the army.

The cavalry was dismounted, its horses being either left behind and sent into Texas to graze, or were appraised and purchased by the government. Colonel Gates' regiment, which was enlisted to serve only as cavalry, also left its horses behind and never afterwards received them. In dismounting this command, the Confederacy lost one of the most efficient regiments of cavalry ever raised for the service, and it was not only a loss, but an injustice to the men, who were very much opposed to serving as infantry. Nevertheless, they became one of the most effective infantry regiments in the army.

While on the boat, I had an opportunity several times of surveying the person of General Thompson. He was dressed in a

neat-fitting suit of grey, and wore a cap trimmed with lace: his figure was tall and slender, with plenty of bone, but rather spare in flesh: the features were tolerably regular—forehead high, eye keen and flashing, nose prominent, thin lips, and rather a sharp chin: he wore no beard, and seemed unconstrained and familiar in his manner and address.

On the night of the tenth the boat laid up on account of a heavy fog, and also a portion of the succeeding night from the same cause. The morning of the thirteenth, about daylight, we entered the waters of the Mississippi, and, putting on a full head of steam, commenced running up at the rate of about twelve miles an hour: passing Helena and other towns upon the river, we came in sight of Memphis about four o'clock in the evening. The soldiers crowded on the front decks, the band came out, and we ran up to the wharf to the music of "Dixie."

Our approach had been observed—several hundred citizens had gathered upon the levee, and a throng of cabmen stood ready with their vehicles to convey passengers up. As the boat touched the landing, voices from the crowd asked what regiment was aboard. Receiving a prompt answer, they next inquired if Van Dorn was on the boat. "No," was replied, but that Price was. "Price! Price!! Price!!!" loud and yet louder, came from the shore. In a moment, the general appeared, dressed in a handsome uniform of Confederate grey, with the insignia of a major-general upon it, wearing his sword-belt and sash around him. He was greeted with shout after shout from the assembled crowd, which was joined in by the soldiers and prolonged into a continuous huzza, the general making his acknowledgments by bowing and standing, with his head uncovered, on the hurricane deck, his fine face in full view, and his white locks fluttering in the breeze.

In a few minutes, several gentlemen came on board and escorted him ashore, when all the drivers rushed up, each offering his services and claiming the honor of conveying the distinguished chief, while the citizens also crowded around with greetings and salutations. Our general, however, was equally at home in a civic assemblage as on the battle-field, and soon extricated himself, by entering one of the carriages in company with two gentlemen. They were rapidly driven off, and, at the

same time, by a simultaneous movement, the whole concourse of people followed.

The men were not allowed to leave the boat until the regiment was ordered ashore. In the meantime, a clever, hospitable farmer, who was talking with us from the levee, sent some baskets of cake and confectionery on board, carried by the females from whom they were purchased, and the men had quite an amusing scramble over his very acceptable present.

We unloaded our baggage and went ashore a little after dark and about eight in the evening the regiment was formed and marched up into town. The hotel where the general stopped was brilliantly illuminated in honor of his reception, and its galleries were filled with elegantly attired ladies and well-dressed gentlemen, while the streets were crowded and groups occupied every conspicuous position in the houses around. As the head of the column marched up, the old chief came out and was greeted with a burst of music, the waving of handkerchiefs, and three cheers from the men. Leaving this gay scene, a march of less than an hour brought us to the Memphis and Charleston railroad depot, where we remained for the night.

On the following morning we were off in the cars for Corinth. The road for some distance ran through a beautiful level region, in a high state of cultivation, which extends beyond Grand Junction, the point where the Mississippi Central intersects this road. Farther on, the country was less cultivated, the lands often appearing to be low and swampy. In the evening we reached Corinth—then the centre of active operations.

CHAPTER LI.

THE SITUATION AND THE ARMY.

CORINTH is a small village containing about a thousand inhabitants, situated in Tishamingo county, Mississippi, in a low, flat country, at the junction of the Memphis and Charleston and Mobile and Ohio railroads. It was at this time a point of military concentration.

While the armies of the North were massing near in immense force, almost every State in the new Confederacy was represented by regiments, brigades or divisions. The sons of both extremes, from Texas on the one hand and the Carolinas on the other, were tented on the same field, and from Kentucky, Missouri and intermediate States their legions had come forth and were side by side confronting the common foe. The most profound interest was felt by the people of the South, and the young nation, its eye now fixed upon this point, looked with the deepest concern upon every movement, and was putting forth her greatest exertions, making the most gigantic efforts, to stop the progress of the mighty invader.

A hard but indecisive battle had just been fought: our army, which had gained a decided and complete victory over Grant in the first day's engagement, on the following morning was confronted by fresh and large reinforcements. The forces of Buell, that arrived during the evening and night, were alone more than equal in numbers to the whole Confederate strength. Yet, exhausted as our troops were, they made a determined and successful stand for half the day, and when withdrawn, still bravely and obstinately contested every foot of ground, and retired from the field in perfect order and with menacing defiance.

The army was under the command of General Beauregard; and Hardee, Polk and Bragg, each commanded separate corps. The forces under Van Dorn and Price constituted another corps, and smaller additions, continually arriving, swelled our numbers

to a large army of near fifty thousand men. A line of intrenchments, several miles long, had been partially constructed, and was being completed, beginning about three miles north and running back, somewhat in the shape of a half-circle, both east and west, to the south of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, which was crossed at each point about three miles and a half from the town: the line ran principally through the woods, and in many places the work upon it was still going on. A heavy abattis was constructed at several points outside the works, which consisted of trees felled with their tops outward, the limbs being cut down; in this way a net-work was formed that extended out about three hundred yards, through which it was very difficult to pass.

The Tuscumbia, a considerable stream with muddy banks and low, marshy bottoms, runs about five miles south of the town, winding in its course and falling into the Tennessee: its tributaries are also muddy branches that move slowly in their current through swamps and flats, whose poisonous miasm infects the air and spreads the seeds of pestilence and death.

In and around the breastworks the bulk of the army was encamped; a portion, however, was out some distance towards the late battle-field.

General Halleck had been placed in command of the Federal army. The combined forces of Grant and Buell were estimated from seventy-five to ninety thousand, and every part of the West under the control of Federal authority sent forth its levies to swell this formidable array. About fourteen miles from our position, at Eastport, on the Tennessee river, the tents were stretched, and the almost countless throng still awaited and daily received large accessions.

After remaining near town a few days, our brigade was moved to Rienzi, a station eight miles south, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, where, after a suitable location was selected, we went regularly into camp, with standing orders, however, to keep three days rations always ready cooked, and to be prepared to move at a moment's notice.

The water around our camp was very bad, and about Corinth it was all of the same kind; by digging a hole a couple of feet, almost anywhere on the level surface, it could be obtained, but it was not pleasant to the taste, and, together with the swamp

exhalations, made a large number of the men sick, many of whom died. One hundred and seventy were reported sick in our regiment one morning, and I heard Dr. Bailey say, he believed one-fourth of the whole army was on the sick-list. The weather was wet and disagreeable; heavy rains kept the water standing in many places, and added to the unhealthy character of the locality. We lost one of our company—Will Goe—who died after a very short illness: nearly every train that went south was loaded with sick soldiers, and among them many from our command, of whom numbers died: all, however, that were sent from our company finally recovered. The Missourians appeared to have stronger constitutions than most of the Southern troops, and were enabled to combat and overcome disease which often proved fatal to the men from the South. Corinth was long remembered, and often called the grave-yard of our army.

The State guard had come on from the other side of the river, and General Green was raising a brigade for the Confederate service, in which his success was satisfactory. The command of the old guard had been assigned to General Parsons. General Bowen, of St. Louis, had raised a regiment of Missouri troops in Memphis, most of whom were from the former city, and constituted principally from the men captured at Camp Jackson. This regiment was organized before ours, and was also called the First Missouri, and, as there could not be two with that title, it was decided to call ours the Second, Pritchard's the Third, McFarland's, which was in General Green's brigade, the Fourth, McCowan's the Fifth, and Colonel Irvine was raising the Sixth, which was finally filled up. The commands here named were originally infantry, and raised for that service. Gates' regiment and Colonel Samuel's battalion, the First and Third Missouri (dismounted) cavalry, and the batteries of Captains Wade, King, Landis, Bledsoe, Geboe, Low and Dorson, and also McCullough's regiment, the Second Missouri cavalry (not dismounted,) in addition to the original infantry commands before stated, constituted the Missouri forces, which remained on the east side of the Mississippi, and served there to the end of the war. Captain McDonald, commanded a battery here at this time, but was soon afterwards transferred to the trans-Mississippi department.

Captain Champion, whom the reader will remember, had come

to the conclusion that the Confederacy was very much in need of good cavalry, and had recruited a company for Colonel McCullough's regiment.

Colonel Little received his appointment as Brigadier-General while here, and soon after General Green was also commissioned.

Our brigade now received its first Confederate money, and was paid both for its services in the Confederate army and in the State guard.

The game, which afterwards became very fashionable in the army, called "draw poker," was introduced about this period, and had a great run for some time, continuing in vogue with the majority while the money lasted, and maintaining its ground to the last, whenever there was an adequate supply of funds.

We heard at this point of the fall of Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, and of New Orleans: the fortune of war in the West and Southwest was thus far against us; but as those serious disasters did not immediately affect our present position, the men still kept in good spirits—hopeful and cheerful.

Our company was joined at this time by two of the State guard—Ray Moss, of Hannibal, and James Hulan, of Boone county. The bearing of the latter was frank and manly. The former had been a captain in the State service, and, in addition to a fine and prepossessing appearance, his manners and address were gay, lively and spirited.

In about three weeks, being recalled to Corinth, the command broke up camp and took the train for that place.

CHAPTER LII.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY—OFFER OF BATTLE.

ARRIVING at Corinth, we bivouacked in the woods for a couple of days, until a suitable location for our camp was selected, which was finally established about a mile and a half from town.

The army was re-organized while here, and some changes made in the officers. Colonel Burbridge was again elected to the command of our regiment, and Captain Frank M. Cockrell, of company H, was elected lieutenant-colonel: Major Dwyre continued in his position. Our company officers had given entire satisfaction, and were all re-elected nearly unanimously: the company was armed with Mississippi rifles, and was constituted and drilled as skirmishers for the regiment.

Two offers of battle were made here, outside of the intrenched lines. On the first occasion, about the eighth of May, a large corps of the army marched out and advanced within four miles of the enemy's base upon the river, where he lay sheltered by his gun-boats. Our division, under General Price, was in advance of the infantry, and our brigade was in the van of the division, which formed a line of battle, cautiously moving forward through the woods, with flankers and our company well thrown out as skirmishers: in advance of us was a company of cavalry, which came upon a Federal picket, near whose position some herdsmen were grazing, on a meadow, about seventy head of fine beef cattle; the picket was fired upon and immediately disappeared, the herdsmen leaving with them; the beeves were quickly surrounded by the cavalry and driven within our lines.

We occupied our position for some time, expecting the enemy to come out and give us battle, but night approaching, and seeing nothing more of him, our forces were withdrawn and marched back to the camps.

A few days after, General Pope's corps, about thirty thousand strong, moved out from the river and occupied Farmington, a little village with several large cleared fields around it, situated

six miles from the Tennessee: the general, in taking this position, had separated from the main Federal army, between which and himself was now interposed a creek with high, muddy banks, and wide, swampy bottoms. A road running through the swamp, upon which a bridge was constructed, presented the only outlet through which artillery could pass, and, indeed, there was no other where even men could cross with any facility.

General Beauregard determined to attack this corps, and if possible, bring it to action. About the eighteenth a strong force, including our command, was ordered out, and bivouacked, about ten o'clock that night, beyond the outposts. General Price wore a plaid hunting-shirt of different colors, which had become familiar on the battle-fields of Missouri, and was called by the men his "war-coat." Like the rest of us, he spread his blanket upon the ground and slept among his soldiers.

At daylight the next morning we moved cautiously forward, with flankers and scouts thrown out some distance in the woods. The disposition and movement of the troops was necessarily slow, as it was not thought advisable to disturb the enemy in his position until the plan of attack was developed. About twelve o'clock the army formed a line of battle two miles from Farmington: the enemy was just beyond the place from us, principally in a large field, which sloped gradually until within a quarter of a mile of the creek, when thick woods intervened, growing upon a swampy bottom, and extending some distance beyond the stream.

Our corps, under General Van Dorn, was formed on the right of the army, and our brigade constituted the extreme right wing. The plan of attack was, only to engage the enemy's attention in the centre and on the left, while our wing was to swing round, enter the woods, and by a rapid movement secure the bridge and road: the successful execution of this conception would lead to important results.

We were moved briskly forward, and soon entered the swamp, a mile below the bridge: in the centre heavy skirmishing had already commenced, and the artillery was getting into action. Our command hurried forward as fast as the swampy nature of the ground would admit, which in many places was up to our knees in mud, and intersected by ravines and branches running into the creek, that were very difficult to cross, especially in any

sort of order: it was near three-quarters of an hour before we debouched into the road.

The demonstration from the centre had been too decided and pressing: the enemy, taking the alarm, hastily retreated, and, as we entered the road near the bridge, a battery, the last of the Federal force, was passing over it at double-quick; several shots from our line were discharged as it crossed and disappeared upon the other side.

The corps of General Pope was bivouacked, and there were no tents, except a large one standing in the woods near the creek: this was occupied by the General, and in it was a telegraph apparatus with wire attached, some very fine blankets, an elegant meerschaum pipe, together with other articles, which our regiment appropriated. It may seem surprising that a General, who could capture with such facility ten thousand prisoners, did not exhibit more fight and firmness; but it is questionable if his prowess in the field was as remarkable as it appeared upon the telegraphic wires.

In the field where the enemy had bivouacked, blankets, knapsacks and drums were left scattered in every direction; these were secured and hauled back to camp. Several of their dead were lying close together where the artillery had been in position; they had been killed by shell: the loss, however, on either side was inconsiderable, as the engagement lasted only for a short time.

As the flying squadrons disappeared in the dense forest that covered their retreat, our whole force deployed from the woods into the open ground, by brigades and regiments, and the scene at once grew brilliant and imposing with the long lines of bright uniforms, fluttering plumes, waving banners and glittering bayonets, while the bands sent forth their note of war in deep and stirring tones.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE EVACUATION OF CORINTH.

For a few days following, our time was occupied, morning and evening, in drilling, and, as it was becoming very warm, we sought the coolest shades in the middle of the day.

General Halleck was now throwing his army slowly forward, under cover of his artillery and a series of intrenchments: his movement was in a concentrated mass, and with great caution, and, as he advanced, several corduroy roads were constructed from the river out through the swamp, to facilitate the transportation of supplies, and serve as a resource in the event of retreat.

On the 26th day of May, we received orders to send all the sick and convalescents in camp to the depot, and all of our surplus baggage that could be dispensed with in a summer campaign. Only one tent and fly were allowed each company, and these were to be used by the orderly-sergeant to keep his books in and store the arms of the company in wet weather. The men were to carry their knapsacks and blankets. Among the sick sent to the railroad from our company, were George Bryson and Will Ray, who were both very ill.

Five days' rations were issued, the guns and ammunition inspected, and, about nine in the morning, we left our camp and marched out, north of the town, beyond the breastworks, where we were formed in line of battle and remained during the day. Skirmishing took place at intervals between the pickets, a little in our advance, and at night we were withdrawn and slept within the breastworks.

Before light, the next morning, the soldiers were aroused by a rocket, which had been sent up from our lines. In a few minutes we were under arms, and, marching out, occupied the position of the preceding day.

During the night the enemy had erected works and brought up a heavy battery, which opened upon our lines a little after

daylight, at the range of over a mile, with thirty-two-pound Parrott guns, throwing conical shells. Captain Landis' battery, consisting of two twenty-four pound howitzers and two twelve-pound Napoleons, returned the fire from a parapet.

The fire was kept up irregularly through the day; that of the enemy was principally directed at our battery, without doing much injury. One shot pierced the breastwork of the parapet, but produced no serious result. Most of his shells were thrown high, and, when they were considerably spent, could be distinctly seen whizzing over—or, beginning to turn, would fall rapidly, and occasionally burst in or near our lines. We could always see them in time to get out of the way, and they did no damage, only disturbing our position under the shade of the trees, and causing us to make room, when one of these visitors came crashing down through the limbs.

General Beauregard was at our battery during the day. This distinguished chief is not above the medium height—his shoulders rather broad and square: he has a large, dark eye, with a calm expression; a somewhat massive jaw: his moustache was heavy, his features not irregular, and his manner and address seemed particularly self-poised and collected.

On the twenty-ninth General Beauregard, passing near the depot, found all the sick still there: the orders in regard to transportation, from some cause, had not been executed. He personally ordered the train that was there to take as many as possible of the men unable to walk, and all that could travel on foot were directed to take the line of railroad. A special train was telegraphed, to take those who remained: this was a great relief to the poor fellows that had been in and around the depot for two days; some had, in the meantime, died in their uncomfortable and cheerless quarters. Our comrades, Bryson and Ray, determined to wait for the last train, as they were not able to walk, and the one about starting was very much crowded: the train came that evening and all were taken off.

The day of the twenty-ninth was occupied in the same sort of artillery combat that had occurred on the twenty-eighth: we were outside the intrenchments, and the enemy showed no disposition to come to close quarters.

General Beauregard, having determined to evacuate Corinth, ordered that the army should fall back on the night of the

twenty-ninth: everything of material value had been removed. About nine o'clock at night our brigade left the works, and took a road leading south with the Mobile and Ohio railroad, and running on the east side: sometimes it approached and then receded from the line, but was at no point more than one or two miles from it. Two other roads were used by the army in falling back.

The march was slow and considerably retarded by the movements of the artillery and caissons, which is nearly always the case in a night march over indifferent roads. At nine o'clock the next morning we were near Rienzi, about nine miles from Corinth. Our brigade was drawn up in line of battle here by General Dabney H. Maury, who had been in command for several days: General Little at the time was sick, and could not keep the field. Captain Wade's battery took position commanding a creek, one of the tributaries of the Tuscumbia, and we remained in line to meet the enemy, should he approach, until evening, when, hearing nothing of him, the march was resumed.

The rear of our columns was not disturbed by any cavalry demonstration. A Federal regiment, under a Colonel Elliott, made its way to Booneville, a station about eight miles below Rienzi. A few stragglers and sick and convalescent soldiers were there, who fell into its hands. A train of cars was also captured, and was burnt at the same time with the depot, and several sick soldiers, who had not been removed, were consumed in the building. Charity must presume that the Federal colonel was not aware of their presence. A body of our cavalry came up during the conflagration, and fired upon the hostile force, which hastily retreated.

The telegraphic dispatch of General Pope, in which he captured ten thousand prisoners, was sent to Washington about this time—the most sensational humbug, perhaps, of the day. If we lost any prisoners, they were only occasional stragglers. The sick taken by Elliott's command were almost immediately re-captured.

Our march was continued, without interruption, to Baldwin, thirty miles south of Corinth, where we remained three days, when we fell back to Tupelo.

CHAPTER LIV.

GOING INTO CAMP—PROVOST GUARD—GRAND REVIEW.

THE change of location was exceedingly acceptable to the men: the army had been rapidly diminishing from disease, and there was now every prospect of improvement in this respect.

On the morning of the fourth of June, after a short march, our corps was halted in the road at Priceville; our line extended about two miles; the troops were drawn off to the side of the road, and it was rumored that we would go regularly into camp in the vicinity, as soon as ground for the purpose was selected. While here, General Price and staff passed down the line, and he was greeted on all sides with waving of hats and repeated cheers: in a short time General Van Dorn and staff appeared, and all were silent and quiet in an instant: the boys of our company noticed this in a moment, and some one observing that it was hard treatment, the company immediately fell into line and brought their pieces to a "present arms:" he acknowledged the compliment by gracefully raising his cap; this was the first and only one I ever saw him receive from his soldiers.

The command moved on about a mile farther south and camped by brigades in the woods around.

A company was called for from our regiment to act as provost guards, and ours was detached for this purpose. Captain Wilson was to discharge the duties of provost marshal for the army of Mississippi.

The camp of the company was situated in the small village of Priceville, two miles from Tupelo, and Captain Wilson occupied for office purposes the only storehouse in the town. Our tents, which had been sent off, were shipped back to us and stretched in a grove about fifty yards from the storehouse. We built a thick arbor over them, extending the whole length of the camp and about fifteen paces in front; this was used for cooking, eating and lolling under during the long hot days; our water was near, supplied from a fine clear spring.

The duty of the provost marshal was, to grant passes coming in or going out of the army lines, to take charge of all prisoners brought in until sent to their destination, to keep under guard men of our own army arrested for any offence, and turned over to us for confinement.

What we called a "bull-pen" was constructed, encircled with poles and sheltered above by an arbor: though the circle was intended as a limit to the prison bounds, yet there were spaces between the poles through which a man might pass; but around the guards stood, night and day, with loaded guns.

Often within this enclosure were prisoners from the Federal and our own army at the same time. Those from our army were to be tried by court martial, some for light, others for grave offences: some among them by their youth, appearance, or agreeable manners and pleasant address, especially enlisted our sympathy. When men were on trial they were marched to the place where the court martial held its sittings, about half a mile from us, and, after sentence was passed, they were taken off, and we saw no more of them. The sentence was usually to work on fortifications or wear a ball and chain—seldom was any one doomed to death.

On one occasion several Missourians belonging to our brigade were arrested and placed under our charge for the offence of taking roasting-ears without consulting the owner: they were kept in confinement for only a short time and were released, it was understood, by the order of General Price. There was a good deal of talk about this case in the army: it was said that General Bragg, on hearing of the circumstance, rode over to Price's headquarters and told him these offenders must be punished with extreme severity as an example, indeed, as the story went, he insisted that they should immediately be tried by court martial and shot. Price very promptly informed him that his men were not to be shot for taking roasting-ears.

The affair, as spoken of in the army, may not have been correctly stated; yet even if not true, it serves to illustrate the estimate formed by the men of the personal characteristics of the two generals. While the one was conceived to be rigid, punctillious, severe and exacting, the other was looked upon as indulgent, informal, forbearing and considerate. If the opinion was at all unjust to the first, it was certainly correct as to the

last; for around the heart of our veteran chief all the kindly and generous emotions, all the best and noblest affections and sympathies of humanity clustered in genial and glowing warmth: if we admire in him the brave, gallant and distinguished soldier, we must admire still more, while we love and respect, that "noblest work of God," a humane and "honest man."

The headquarters of General Price were about three hundred yards from us, and his fine band was camped very near: every morning and evening it played, and, as the notes changed "from grave to gay—from lively to severe," or sunk in touching softness, or burst forth in martial fire, fancy would often take me to my far-off home, from which I longed to hear once more: these strains seemed to carry me back—

"Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, greet our ear;
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Waking thoughts that long have slept."

Several reviews took place during our encampment here, and on these important occasions the band marched at the head of our company, which was now regularly and handsomely uniformed, and certainly very thoroughly drilled.

The ground upon which these reviews took place was a level piece of woods, from which all the undergrowth had been removed, and where a wide area had been prepared for the especial purpose. There was not space enough, however, to form an entire army corps in single line, that is, in line of battle having two ranks; consequently the troops were ranged in double line, or in two lines of battle with four ranks. Each army corps had its own ground for these exhibitions.

On one occasion we were reviewed by General Bragg, and, as he was an old army officer—had seen much service, was esteemed a fine judge of the movements of soldiers, and withal considered a severe military critic—the men were particularly desirous of making a good appearance.

On a beautiful and bright morning the troops of our corps were marched out to the spirited music of drum and fife, and marshalled upon the field of review. Our company was rather late getting out, as our camp was a mile distant, and the lines were already formed when we entered the grounds; but this circumstance gave us a better opportunity of making a display,

as we marched down a long line with the splendid brass band playing in our front, and took position in the regiment, which was formed on the right.

The music soon proclaimed the entrance upon the field of the General and staff, who took their post three hundred yards in front, opposite to the line. The signal being given, the reviewing officer, with General Price at his side, followed by their respective staffs, dashed off to the head of the column, and galloped rapidly down close in front. General Bragg was superbly mounted, and guided his spirited steed with the skill of a practiced equestrian. His age might have been fifty-five or even sixty, but he sat in his saddle straight as an arrow: his figure was tall, at least six feet, and well-proportioned, with no surplus flesh; his features were regular, the eye dark, and keen and piercing as that of the eagle: his hair, originally very black, was streaked with silver, and he wore his cap drawn down over his forehead: he was dressed in a full suit of grey, with the coat tightly buttoned.

The General, having passed also in rear of the line, again took his post in front. The long array of troops was now put in motion, and describing by a square movement the extent of the parade-ground, broke from marching column and passed in front of the General's stand "by companies into line;" the musicians of the different commands moved out as they advanced, still continuing to play, and occupied positions in front of the reviewing officer, but at such distance as left room for the troops to pass. The men passed by at a shoulder, the colors drooping, while the field-officers saluted.

The Missourians were well drilled and presented a fine appearance. Among the regiments from other States which received special commendation, the Second Texas was unsurpassed in martial bearing and military movement.

CHAPTER LV.

DISPOSITION OF FORCES — GENERAL PRICE IN COMMAND—FURLONGHS—FOURTH OF JULY DINNER.

OUR duties as "provost guard" became very heavy, and a company was detached from the Third Texas cavalry (then dismounted) to assist us. They were a lively set of soldiers, and we found them good fellows and pleasant comrades.

About the last of June a general change and disposition of the army took place. General Beauregard was recalled to another field. Generals Bragg, Hardee and Polk, with their commands, were sent around into Tennessee, to confront Buell near Murfreesboro. General Breckinridge commanded what was called "the reserves:" he had exchanged his distinguished civil position in the councils of the United States for the stern and severe duties of the military chief: his bearing and appearance indicated at once, the soldier, the gentleman and the man of genius. To him was assigned the task of making head against the enemy on the line of the Mississippi, and in this was included the necessity of arresting the progress of their gunboats, and guarding the fortified positions on the river which yet remained in possession of the Confederate forces. This officer, with his division, had departed for the field in which he was instructed to operate.

Memphis and Fort Pillow had both fallen, and it seemed that the formidable navy of Federal iron-clads and mortar-boats would soon remove every obstruction, and open the navigation of the river.

General Van Dorn had been withdrawn to another sphere, and General Price was left commander-in-chief for the present of the army which still remained near Tupelo.

The remains of the old Missouri State guard had gone westward, to the trans-Mississippi department, under the command of General Parsons.

Furloughs, which,* heretofore, were unheard-of among us, were now granted, and Morris Sheppard and Edwards, of our company, obtained them, and went to Mobile on a tour of recreation. In about ten days they returned, and reported Mobile a "gay, old place," and said they had a glorious time: their soldier apparel was thrown aside, and they dressed, looked and acted very much like fast young men. We were indebted to them for a lot of dingy-looking, black bottles labelled "Old Bourbon," the sight of which caused many an eye to twinkle and several visages to brighten, and their contents did not diminish the cheerful and amiable expression and sentiment elicited by their exhibition.

Colonel Burbridge resigned the command of our regiment here, and went west of the river, where he subsequently raised a regiment of over a thousand men. The command, by right of seniority, was given to Lieutenant-Colonel Cockrell, and Major Dwyre became lieutenant-colonel, while Captain Sentiny, of company A, was promoted to the position of major.

Our mess was now very large, from several additions, and a proposition was made to divide, that resulted in two messes, of which ours comprised Jack Bower, Will Ray, George W. Bryson, Charley Lander, John McDowell, Matthew Kerr and myself.

The band of the general had extended to us many courtesies during our encampment here, and, amongst those civilities, had come over and played for us whenever solicited, and it was decided to give them a dinner on the Fourth of July. Ladies will doubtless smile at the idea of soldiers aspiring to give a regular big dinner in camp; but the formidable enterprise was undertaken, and with spirit and energy. The country was scoured and ransacked for everything in the way of eatables that money could buy; for the reader must understand that we obtained nothing except by purchase. A couple of nice mutton were brought in by the boys, also two elegant, fat kids, and a large lot of chickens. All the butter and eggs and buttermilk, a favorite beverage with soldiers, that could be spared in the neighboring region, were engaged three days beforehand for the important occasion.

On the evening before the Fourth the sheep and kids were

slaughtered, the poultry was dressed, and a long table prepared under the arbor in front of the tents. The next morning found several of the best cooks at work, and conspicuous among them was our acquaintance of the old mess, officiating with that same impressive smile and easy dignity, which at once marked a consciousness of the importance of his functions, and gave assurance that he was at home and in his element.

The hour and the company having arrived, the rich viands made their appearance: the kid and mutton were on the table, roasted to a turn; chicken, fricasseed and served in a variety of forms, was at hand; young muscovy ducks, broiled—a great delicacy—graced the board; while oysters, stewed “a la mode,” and presented in different and superior styles, tempted the palate and elicited the admiration of our guests. These dishes, all admirably got up, constituted the strength of our first course.

In advance, something to enliven, to refresh and invigorate, was found in some black bottles that were brought forward, and then the places at the board were filled. The waiters were active, attentive and polite, and, as the savory dishes were discussed with vigorous appetites, the comments upon their excellence became frequent and constant, and their approval was marked and universal. The festive scene was varied with the gay, frank wit and humor of the soldier—cheerful enjoyment and lively mirth gave zest to the feast, and ruled the spirit of the hour.

Next in order came the dessert, the chief feature in which consisted in large and capital peach-cobblers, served with delightful sauce, and of such flavor as would have challenged the criticism of the most fastidious gourmand.

After drinking the symposium, or cup to soothe and invigorate the system, never forgotten among the ancients, our guests rose from the table, unanimous in their commendation, and declared, if not the very best dinner, it was at least one of the best they had ever eaten, and certainly by far “the biggest thing” they had ever seen in camp. Captain Hickman, the leader of the band, for himself and in behalf of his comrades, signified, in his habitually polite and easy style, their acknowledgments, and expressed with how much pleasure and readiness they would always be disposed to serve old company G.

Many pleasant hours were spent in camp at this place—agreeable as the life of a soldier would admit. We were under no orders except those of our captain, who, though firm and exacting in reference to duty, was always mild and lenient in other respects and placed no unnecessary restraint upon his men: he managed the company by appealing to and arousing its pride, and his success in discipline and instruction could not be surpassed: commanding from the first the esteem and respect of his men, they were ever ready to obey his orders cheerfully, and considered themselves fortunate in possessing so good an officer, and at the same time so fine a tactician.

Though the days were hot and sultry, late in the evening the air became cool and moist. John Martin was often present, and, in the soft, balmy atmosphere of these mild summer nights, his songs, accompanied by the banjo, were a source of great pleasure and amusement. He would at times burst forth with something gay and lively—

“An inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung.”

And, while the fancy was sporting in joyous life, he would suddenly change his note to a sad, mournful wail, and carry us away to the dreary shades of night and woe, where—

“Pale Melancholy sat retired.”

He generally concluded the performance with some humorous, ludicrous, mirth-provoking song, that left behind a vivid impression of merriment and fun.

While Bower, Edwards and others often gave us a good thing in the way of humor, Coats, in addition to his genius in this line, would at times get off upon “Old Virginia long time ago:” her dark-eyed girls still haunted his dreams, and he was especially tender upon one blue-eyed, bewitching, little sylph, with golden hair, that had almost run him crazy—with many rivals and the winning charms and coquetry of the fair maiden, his troubles were numberless and complicated.

Life may be said to belong to memory and hope—the past and the future; for the present, even as it is named, becomes mingled with the past. While we stand before that magic

mirror, alike faithful and sacred to memory, and behold the forms we have loved, stained with blood and cold in death—the friends and hopes that are gone, flitting by in ghostly and phantom shadows—so much of woe and sorrow that will not be forgotten—shall we not evoke, when we can, from this thick, gathering throng, something that is neither mingled with blood nor darkened by suffering and death—something over which we can linger without a sigh or a tear!

CHAPTER LVI.

SALTILLO.

WE were relieved as provost guard, and our camp at Priceville was broken up about the twelfth of July, when, joining the regiment, we marched with the brigade to Saltillo, where camp was again regularly established.

Saltillo is a small village and a station on the Mobile and Ohio railroad: our camp was situated in woodland half a mile from the town, and adjacent to it was a large cleared field, which was used for drilling—very warm work at the season of the year in that latitude. Wells were dug on the color-line by every company, and we were soon again settled in camp with such conveniences around us as could be procured. Our tents were raised a couple of feet from the ground, to allow a free circulation of air, and to make room, at a sufficient height, for sleeping berths, which we were in the habit of constructing when it was likely the command would not move for several days. These were generally erected by driving forks in the ground and laying small poles across; they were rather hard, but to us not uncomfortable, and kept our blankets in good condition.

The two Arkansas regiments were transferred from our brigade, leaving it only the four regiments of Missourians. General Little was assigned to the command of a division, consisting of the brigades of Green, Hebert (formerly of the Third Louisiana, now brigadier-general,) Colonel Martin's brigade of Mississippians, and ours, at this time commanded by Colonel Gates, which made in all four brigades, and numbered between eight and nine thousand men.

The fare in camp here was by no means luxurious, as our corn meal was generally musty, and hard-driven Texas beef only in moderate order; the boys considered themselves in luck if they succeeded in getting a piece from which small particles or eyes of grease would rise to the surface when boiling; but

the fruit and roasting-ear season approached, and then the farmers often brought in loads of peaches, and also of green corn, which were disposed of, generally, at reasonable prices to the men, who were always glad to get them.

Among the hucksters who came into camp was a ginger-cake merchant, who brought a four-horse load, which he rapidly sold out, and left with the boys the pleasing information that he would be in again in a few days with another load; according to promise, he made his appearance and took his former stand near the battery, the boys from which marched out almost "en masse" to welcome, and purchase from him; but the huckster had risen on his cakes, and asked double the price of his former sale. The men eyed one another rather curiously for a moment, then withdrawing, consulted briefly, while a few were buying. A charge was made before the dealer was aware of it, and several lusty fellows threw themselves under the wagon-bed, raised and upset it, sending the owner and contents whirling down the hill: poor fellow! he hardly recovered from his confusion before the cakes disappeared and the soldiers had returned to their quarters.

A trader who shipped watermelons on the railroad met with a similar misfortune: he had sold out one load at satisfactory prices, and come with another; thinking the market would bear springing, his price was doubled, when the boys made a demonstration upon the car and threw his melons overboard.

While the excitement was up and the fare in camp pretty low down, Gates' regiment charged the brigade commissary depot one night and appropriated all the flour and bacon in store; a barrel of whisky, which was the chief attraction, was removed to a distance in the woods and the head knocked out; the result of which was that a large part of the regiment was in the fix of "Tam O'Shanter," the night he came upon the witches:

"Tam was glorious,
O'er all the ills o' life victorious."

A good deal of fuss was raised about it among the officers, but so many men were engaged in the transaction, that they were finally left unmolested.

Rigorous orders, however, were issued in regard to such proceedings, and all parties hereafter caught committing any of the above misdemeanors were to be subjected to arrest trial and

punishment by court martial. This did no good, and matters became worse; the commanders found it a very difficult job to detect the offenders, as the soldiers never reported upon one another, and always testified in each other's behalf. The end of it was, a guard was immediately sent to every wagon that came in, and the commissaries were protected by guards constantly in attendance.

Many wrote home from this point, and entrusted their letters to Abb Grimes, a member of Gates' regiment, afterwards distinguished as a rebel mail-carrier. Several of the boys of our company both sent and received letters from home by him: he rendered the brigade essential services in this way, and acquired valuable information for the general officers. Northern papers of late dates were also brought by him, and he continued in this dangerous employment throughout the war; he met with many adventures, and was several times captured and imprisoned—once condemned as a spy; but by his great sagacity, superior ingenuity and untiring energy, always managed to escape.

A detail was made from our regiment every day to be on duty in town, and on some occasions I was one of the detachment: we had little to do besides guarding the commissary stores and telegraph office, and most of us were off duty the greater portion of the time. While several of us were lounging one day near the hotel, a young lady, handsomely and tastefully attired, came out and promenaded the upper balcony: the sight of a pretty girl was especially grateful and attractive to us in those times, and our attention was fixed admiringly upon the fair vision.

Whether the interesting beauty intended to enchant us more completely, or to break the spell under which we were evidently bound, I cannot tell, but advancing to the end of the balcony and leaning over the balustrade within twenty feet of us, she threw from her rosy lips—what? the reader may imagine it was a pearl; Cleopatra *chewed*, or rather, I believe, drank pearls. If the charm was broken and we moved off entirely disenchanted, it is not the first time that admirers, witched by the sorceries of an enchantress, were released from her spell by the touch of a magic wand; at least such is my remembrance of some wonderful tales read "in days of boyhood."

The cavalry under Brigadier-General Armstrong was operating

above in the vicinity of Corinth, and along the Tennessee border, and sharp cavalry engagements frequently occurred: among the regiments under his command, situated at intervals and covering the line of our front, was that of Colonel McCullough, of the Second Missouri: it has been previously stated that Captain Champion commanded a company in this regiment. Near where it was posted a wealthy family dwelt, one member of which was a young and beautiful girl of nineteen, the only child of her parents.

The cavalry of the enemy had frequently visited this family and appropriated nearly every thing upon the plantation; and upon one occasion a Federal colonel had insulted the young lady in a manner so gross that she caused it to be circulated among our cavalry that she would give her hand and fortune to any officer or private who would bring to her satisfactory proof that he had killed this colonel; the name of the Federal officer was given, and of his regiment, which was still in the country and marauded in that vicinity.

The affair created considerable excitement in the Missouri regiment, which was anxious to come in contact with the doomed colonel and his command: an opportunity soon offered, and the two regiments faced each other in a hot and furious engagement, during which Captain Champion, in a hand to hand conflict, killed the Federal colonel, whose command immediately retreated.

The young lady was properly informed of the fate of her enemy and the name of her avenger: she promptly returned a note expressive of her obligation, and declared her readiness to fulfill the pledge she had given. After a brief correspondence, the captain waited upon the youthful beauty, and was as much struck by her charms, grace and fascination, as he had been by the romantic incidents of her history. His visits were continued; but before the engagement was consummated, the gallant Champion was killed—shot through the head in a severe cavalry skirmish, and thus was terminated this interesting and tragic little drama.

Two months were spent in camp at Saltillo. The days were hot and sultry, but the nights were generally pleasant, and, about the latter part of August, cool, and even required a

blanket, to be comfortable. We had exhausted almost every topic of conversation, and had talked about everything and everybody of note, as is the custom among soldiers; the camp had become monotonous, the weather cooler, and we began to hope for and anticipate a change—something to do. We were not kept long in waiting.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE ADVANCE AND CAPTURE OF IUKA.

ABOUT the first of September the camp of the army was broken up at Saltillo, and the troops moved about twenty miles above, near Guntown. Only remaining, however, a few days, we were again on the march, moving northeast, in the direction of the Memphis and Charleston railroad. Proceeding upon this course, we passed through a wild and uncultivated country, covered with a growth chiefly of pine, and crossed several large creeks—the head-waters of the Tombigbee. Though the lands generally looked thin, in some localities fine fields of corn were standing upon them.

The men were in high spirits, and anticipated, with a feeling rather of pleasure, more exciting scenes than our long and protracted encampment during the summer had offered. General Price was in command, and all were hopeful and confident while we saw him occupying this position. The troops under him were composed of two divisions—Little's and Maury's. The strength of our division has already been noticed. General Maury's consisted of three brigades, commanded respectively by Generals Moore, Phifer and Cabbel, numbering about six thousand men. The two divisions combined were nearly fifteen thousand strong, and to this force was added a brigade of cavalry under General Armstrong.

The design of the movement was, that General Price should make a demonstration upon some point on the railroad, and draw the Federal forces out from Corinth and the vicinity. General Van Dorn was then at Holly Springs, on the Mississippi Central, thirty-five miles from Corinth. The object of Price's movement once accomplished, General Van Dorn, by a rapid march, was to advance upon Corinth and capture it. An immense supply of stores had been concentrated at that point for the Federal army.

A march of four days brought us within fifteen miles of Iuka,

and we halted about sunset near a beautiful plantation, the houses upon which had been burnt by the Federals. It was ascertained that there was on the railroad, at Iuka, a garrison of three thousand men, and, in order to take them somewhat by surprise, it was necessary to move in the night. After resting a couple of hours, during which we took supper and prepared breakfast, the march was resumed. The light of the half-full moon, partially obscured by drifting clouds, reflected its dim and glimmering rays through the dark shades of the forest, falling at intervals upon the long line of dusky figures, and glittering for an instant upon the bright barrels of the muskets, as the column moved slowly forward.

The march was uninterrupted; but was necessarily cautious, as we were advancing in the night close upon an enemy. At daylight we were within five miles of the place, and moved rapidly, with the cavalry thrown out in front. A mile and a half farther the cavalry came upon the enemy, and firing commenced. We formed in line of battle, which occupied half an hour's time, and advanced some distance in this order, when the enemy gave way, and we were formed again in marching column on the road, advancing at quick time, while the cavalry pressed on and kept up a running fight.

No determined stand, however, was made by the enemy, and when our cavalry entered the town in close pursuit, his infantry had already gone, carrying off with it several hundred contrabands. His baggage was left, and the wagons were used to facilitate his movement: all that could be pressed were employed for the same purpose.

Our cavalry followed in pursuit, and had a sharp skirmish some distance from the town, in which a number were killed and wounded, and several of the Federals were taken prisoners. They succeeded, however, in escaping across the Tennessee—only a few miles off. We marched into the town about nine o'clock in the morning, and found the tents of the Federals standing. In most instances, nothing had been removed. Several very large ones were filled with sutlers' stores, consisting of everything in their line, which the men eagerly appropriated. A large building contained commissary and quartermasters' stores, and a long train of cars was standing at the depot, loaded with every variety of articles for army use, which the exploring

propensities of our boys soon brought to light. It was not long, however, before guards were stationed, and the men received orders to let the stores alone, a large quantity of which fell into our hands.

Our brigade marched out and camped in a pasture half a mile from town.

Iuka is a pretty little village just within the line of Mississippi, and was somewhat celebrated previous to the war as a watering-place. Several fine springs are in the town, the waters of which possess different mineral qualities, though the chief is sulphur. Large and elegant buildings were erected here as hotels, for the accommodation of guests during the watering season. One of these had been occupied by negroes that had gathered to the Federal post, many of whom were lying dead in the house; from what fatal disease they had perished, or why left unburied, I did not ascertain.

Quite a large fortification had been constructed upon a hill close by the town, and some other smaller defences were around the place; but they were by no means formidable.

We had a rare treat that evening for supper—good coffee, biscuit and ham. Something we had not been in the habit of enjoying in the way of rations for some time.

Remaining up but a short time after supper, which was at dark, and being fatigued by the march of the previous day and night, we sought protection from the falling dew under the shelter of the neighboring forest, and retired early to rest.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE BATTLE OF IUKA.

WE were now within twenty miles of Corinth, known to be one of the strongholds of the enemy, with a heavy force stationed in and around that position, and upon which a large army could be concentrated at short notice. It was expected that an attack would be made upon us almost immediately, and the men were required to sleep within reach of their guns and be prepared for any emergency.

For five days we were kept in an unsettled condition from various alarms and reports, most of which were false: several times the enemy was reported coming in force only a few miles off, and we were ordered out from camp on four or five different occasions to meet him: in one instance the army remained in line of battle two days and a night, during which time we had to endure the heaviest and most drenching rains. Once their cavalry approached and came in contact with ours three miles from the place, when a skirmish ensued, resulting in the retreat of the hostile force: artillery was used in the action, the contiguous peals of which caused some stir among us in camp. The boys buckled on their cartridge-boxes without waiting orders, which were soon received, and the command double-quickened out in that direction: we had gone but a short distance when it was all over, and ascertained to be only a cavalry demonstration.

General Rosecrans was throwing his army forward from Corinth, and reliable information soon came to this effect. On the night of the eighteenth, about nine o'clock, the army was ordered out upon the road running directly between the two places: a disposition of the forces was made four miles from Iuka, and we remained until daylight, when the lines of battle were formed. In front were several old fields covered with a moderate growth of broom-sedge; the road passing through this ground sloped gently in an undulating manner towards a small creek, half a mile in advance. The lines in the centre were



Death of Gen. Little.

formed a little distance in the field, upon very advantageous ground, which was at once sheltered, and protected by our artillery, placed so as to command and sweep the ground in front: the wings extended into and were concealed by the woods on either flank.

Three brigades of our division were in the order of battle: General Maury's was held in reserve and posted in the woods, a little distance in the rear. General Hebert's brigade was posted on another road, the one on which we had advanced upon the place, and though it was thought improbable that anything more than a cavalry demonstration would be made here, and perhaps doubtful if even that were done, nevertheless it was deemed prudent to place a respectable force "en potence," to guard against attack from this quarter: the position it occupied was about a mile and a half from the town, in which our train was left.

Some skirmishing took place, which continued during the morning beyond the creek in our front; but no marked or decided attack was made, and towards the afternoon affairs with us became quiet. About half-past four, however, the men, lounging lazily along our lines, were roused up by the sullen roar of heavy field-pieces some distance back near town, where Hebert's brigade was posted; his position was evidently attacked in force, General Little immediately repaired in person to the battleground, and orders were soon received for our brigade to follow at quick time. General Price, becoming satisfied in a few minutes, from the repeated firing, that he was seriously assailed at that point, galloped off to the scene of action.

General Little arrived upon the field none too soon, and at a glance comprehended the situation: Hebert was fighting, hard pressed by overwhelming numbers, his brigade falling slowly back, nearly in the edge of the town, within half a mile of our tents and wagons. The place must be held at all hazards; the safety of our train depended upon it, and the order was immediately given for Hebert to advance and attack with his whole brigade.

In the meantime our brigade was coming on, having received orders to hurry forward at a double-quick, or in other words a full run: as we drew near, the artillery ceased, but louder and nearer grew the swelling roar of the musketry. Panting and covered with perspiration and dust we reached and passed

rapidly through the town. Hebert's brigade had pressed them back, but they were making a determined stand about a mile from town, and had opened again with artillery, while the heavy, uninterrupted firing of the infantry still continued. We were soon in the sulphuric atmosphere and smoke of battle, and came upon our veteran chief and staff upon the side of the road: he held his hat in his hand, and his fine countenance was lit up with the spirit and inspiration of battle; "stand up to the work now, my brave Missouri boys," he cried; "all have acted gallantly but one regiment;" waving their hats, the men gave a wild cheer and rushed on; they were never in finer condition nor more enthusiastic.

General Little had fallen a few minutes before, shot through the head, and fell dead by the side of General Price, who, at the solicitation of his staff, had just retired to a less dangerous position.

Our brigade was soon drawn up about two hundred yards in the rear of the line engaged; our regiment had several men wounded while forming, when we laid down, expecting every moment that our line in front, which had been engaged for some time, and was now fighting almost muzzle to muzzle, would in all probability be overwhelmed by superior numbers, and we we would then confront the enemy's lines.

The sun, like a molten ball of fire, hung just above the horizon, and was falling slowly behind a faint streak of crimson clouds low in the west. The fighting on our part was up a gentle slope of thickly timbered land, and extended on into an old field in front, upon the most of which a dense growth of blackjack had sprung up, from seven to fifteen feet high. In the cleared ground upon this field a battery had been charged and taken by our troops at the very muzzles of the pieces; but the infantry gave back step by step, stubbornly clinging to the cover of the bushes, and only leaving their pieces behind after the most desperate struggle to save them.

There was no intermission in the fierceness of the combat until after dark: the Third Louisiana and Third Texas, dismounted cavalry, armed with double-barreled shot-guns, and using buck-shot at close range, assisted by the Seventeenth Arkansas and another regiment, also, I believe, from Arkansas, pressed steadily on and drove the enemy slowly before them.

When the fighting ceased for the night, our lines were over two hundred yards in advance of the position occupied by the captured battery, and all the ground that had been fought over was in our possession.

A little after dark our brigade was ordered to the front, to relieve the command that had been fighting: as we advanced up the road we met several detachments rolling down the Federal artillery; among those engaged in this service were some of our acquaintances of the Texas company that had assisted us on provost duty; their regiment had charged in front of the battery and was badly cut to pieces.

The artillery captured was of the best, as fine as is ever found upon the field; the pieces were entirely new and had never been in action before: it was the Tenth Ohio battery from Cincinnati, containing ten guns, and was supported by a division of Ohio troops.

Proceeding to the front, upon the ground where the hardest fighting had been done, the brigade formed, and our company was thrown out at a short distance as pickets and skirmishers, covering the line of the regiment. One of our detachment stepped accidentally upon a wounded soldier, who was lying upon the ground and spoke out—"Don't tread on me." He was asked, "What regiment do you belong to?"

"The Thirty-ninth Ohio."

"How many men has Rosecrans here?"

"Near forty-five thousand."

A little Irishman of our party curtly observed, "Our sixty-five thousand are enough for them."

The moon was nearly full, and threw a strong light upon the pale and ghastly faces of the thickly strewn corpses, while it glanced and sparkled upon the polished gun-barrels and bright sword bayonets of the enemy's guns, which lay scattered around. Everything bore evidence of the bloody character of the action. The dead were so thick, that one could very readily have stepped about upon them, and the bushes were so lapped and twisted together—so tangled up and broken down in every conceivable manner, that the desperate nature of the struggle was unmistakable.

The carnage around the battery was terrible. I do not think a single horse escaped, and most of the men must have shared

the same fate. One of the caissons was turned upside down, having fallen back upon a couple of the horses, one of which lay wounded and struggling under it; and immediately behind was a pile of not less than fifteen men, who had been killed and wounded while sheltering themselves there. They were all Federals, and most of them artillery-men. Some of the limbers were standing with one wheel in the air, and strewn thickly around all were the bloody corpses of the dead, while the badly wounded lay weltering in gore. I have been on many battle-fields, but never witnessed so small a space comprise as many dead as were lying immediately around this battery.

That night is well remembered as one marked by many conflicting emotions. Though already much hardened to the rough usages of war and the fearful events which inevitably accompany it—though somewhat accustomed to look upon the faces of the dead and fields of carnage as certain and natural results, yet the groans and cries of the wounded for help and water, the floundering of crippled horses in harness, and the calls of the infirmary corps, as it passed to and fro with litters in search of and bearing off the wounded, rendered the scene very gloomy, sad and impressive. As the night wind rose and fell, swelling with louder, wilder note, or sinking into a gentle, wailing breath, it seemed an invocation from the ghosts of the dead, and a requiem to the departing spirits of the dying.

There were few grey-coats among the dead around, and I gazed upon the blue ones with the feeling that they had come from afar and taken much pains to meet such a fate. It was but little akin to compassion, for war hardens men—especially when their country, their homes and firesides are invaded and laid waste.

Only a few feet from me a groan escaped the lips of a dying man, and I stepped to his side to offer the slight relief that my situation could afford. He was lying almost upon his face, with a thick covering of the bruised bushes twisted over him. Putting them aside, I spoke to him, and turned him in a more comfortable position. He was unable to speak, but looked as though he wanted something, and I placed my canteen to his lips, from which he eagerly drank. After this an effort to speak was made: he could only murmur something inarticulate and unintelligible, and at the same time a look of intense gratitude spread

over his countenance. He was a Federal officer, as was easily perceived from his sword, dress and shoulder-straps. Some of the infirmary corps soon passed, and I asked them if they had any brandy or could do anything for him. Their answer was that he was too far gone to lose time with, and their brandy had given out. A few minutes after, he died.

A wounded soldier some distance off, hallooed at intervals until after midnight, repeatedly calling, "Caldwell guards!"—the name of his company, which belonged to the Third Louisiana. The regiment had gone to the rear. I could not leave my post to go to his assistance, and his cries ceased after midnight. Whether he received attention in time or died unnoticed where he had fallen, I never knew.

From our picket lines to those of the Federals it was not more than seventy yards, and at some points even nearer. One of our company unguardedly struck a match to light his pipe, when several shots were immediately fired at him without effect. This was the only firing through the night, and the blaze from the enemy's guns was but a little distance in the brush beyond us.

It seemed certain that a general engagement would take place on the morrow, and our brigade would occupy the post of honor—the front of the line. Though the enemy had a decided advantage in point of numbers, yet our troops were in admirable condition and their spirit was buoyant, fearless, and in every way promising. We were not, however, destined to fight the next morning, and, as the shades of night began to break into faint streaks of approaching day, we were withdrawn slowly from the field.

It was sun-rise some time before we reached the town. Our brigade brought up the rear, and our company deployed as skirmishers. The Federals advanced immediately after daylight, and their lines were in full view, as they debouched into a large field near the edge of the town. A battery was hurried forward, and opened upon us as we marched through, but their shot passed over our heads without effect.

After leaving the town, General Moore's brigade of Maury's division brought up the rear. Captain Bledsoe's battery, in which I had several friends and acquaintances, belonged to this brigade. Supported by the Second Texas, it occupied the position necessary to check the advance of the enemy. The rear

was annoyed by his cavalry some ten miles from the place, when Bledsoe's battery and the Second Texas were placed in ambush upon the edge of a low, dense piece of woods, through which the road ran. It soon came on, advancing in an unguarded manner, being in marching order upon the road.

Bledsoe suffered the head of the column to come within eighty yards of his pieces, when he opened upon it simultaneously with all four of his guns, and poured a perfect whirlwind of iron hail upon it, which swept with deadly effect through the ranks, and threw the entire regiment into confusion. The Second Texas immediately charged and fired, and the road was cleared. The flying squadrons did not draw rein until out of sight and some distance in our rear. There was no further disturbance during the retreat, and, after four days' march, we reached Baldwin.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE FAILURE OF THE MOVEMENT.

THE movement had undoubtedly proved to be a failure. It is true, the Federal army had been drawn out of Corinth, and what Price had been expected to effect had been accomplished; yet General Van Dorn had not seized the golden opportunity to take the place. Why General Price did not fight a second time, when we were face to face with the enemy, I do not pretend to know. He was acting under the orders of General Van Dorn, which, it was understood, were to avoid a general engagement.

It is an undeniable fact that the odds in numbers were vastly against us, more than two to one; but, if the army had been brought into action and had fought with the same determination that Hebert's brigade did, our chance for victory would have been good. Although this brigade was badly cut to pieces, having lost, in killed and wounded, about four hundred men, yet its courage and spirit were still indomitable. They had been victors upon a desperately fought field. At the same time, the Federal loss was much heavier than ours. Through the wounded left in the hospital, under the charge of two skillful and efficient surgeons, Dr. Dysart and L. McDowell, I heard that they acknowledged a thousand killed in the battle, and supposed from our leaving so few behind, that we had hauled our dead off with us. It was evident, in looking over the ground after the fight, that the enemy's loss was by far the greater—indeed there was no comparison.

General Hebert now commanded our division, and the sad loss of General Little was deeply felt and deplored throughout the command, especially by ours—his old brigade, which was strongly and deeply attached to him. His valuable services could not be readily dispensed with: he was the intimate friend of Price, and often advised with him. A commission, as major-general, was received for him a few days after his death.

A hospital of ours had been established at Iuka, and all of our wounded and many of the Federal had been gathered up during the night, and their wounds attended to there. Dr. Bailey, of our regiment, had been appointed medical purveyor for the army, and had left several weeks before. His former assistant, Dr. Vaughn, was now surgeon of the regiment, and Dr. Bailey, needing a competent clerk to aid him in his duties, had Doc Morris, whom the reader will recollect, detailed for that purpose, and in this capacity he remained until the close of the war.

Our sick and all who were unable to march were sent down to the different hospitals below upon the railroad, and among them were Captain Wilson and John McDowell, both in bad condition and unfit for active duty.

No regular camp was established, and we bivouacked for a couple of days in the woods near the town. General Van Dorn was still at Holly Springs, and Price was ordered to make a junction of forces with him at some intermediate point. Our army was soon in the bustle preparatory to move, and again upon the march.

CHAPTER LX.

THE MARCH AND JUNCTION OF FORCES—ON TO CORINTH.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh we left Baldwin: two days march brought us within seven miles of Ripley, the county-seat of Tippah; and there we camped for a day, waiting the orders and movements of General Van Dorn.

The men had readily conceived that another demonstration was about to be made either upon Corinth, Bolivar or some point in Tennessee, and of course discussed the movement to some extent. While in our tent during the day, a conversation took place between Jack Bower and Will Ray, in regard to the probability of our soon having another fight. Jack wound up by saying, he thought the chances of life very much against a man who would have to pass through two more battles as bloody as Elkhorn, and that he, for his part, never expected to be lucky enough to do it; to which Will replied, that some of us would be certain to get through the war, and, somehow or other, he always thought that he would be one of the fortunate. The future alone could tell which of the two spoke in the more prophetic spirit.

A little before sun-down we received marching orders again and moved on the road to Ripley: night and a heavy rain overtook us on the way, and the darkness set in so thick that one could almost feel it; the mud in the road was soon deep, and grew deeper as we advanced: some of the boys often lost their footholds and tumbled broadside into it; about ten o'clock, as the rain ceased, we reached Ripley, covered with mud and thoroughly drenched with rain, and camped for the night in the fair-ground.

The next morning, as we were preparing to leave, an order came for every man who was unable to perform active service to fall out of the company, which was in line: four or five responded to the call, and among them one or two hearty, stout-looking fellows; the appearance of these last robust specimens

on the list of invalids brought forth a very emphatic comment from one of the boys near me; drawing himself up with an air of supreme contempt, he said: "feed a horse, curry a horse, stable him and rub him down all summer, and then put him in the ring, and, d—n him, he won't show."

Leaving camp, we marched through the town, a handsome little place of probably over two thousand inhabitants: many neatly finished houses were in it, and it had more of an air of peace, quiet and comfort than any town we had seen for some months. The lands around the place seemed to be productive, and many large plantations were in the vicinity; the Federals had previously been there, and a good many of the slaves had left with them; still the place had not been injured, and the country around bore no marks of devastation. Six miles beyond, a junction of all the forces took place.

General Van Dorn had, as has been before mentioned, a force of six thousand men, under the command of Lovel, Rusk, Bowen and Villipigue: the combined forces were near eighteen thousand; many sick and sore-footed had been left behind. Villipigue's, Rusk's and Bowen's brigades were fine-looking bodies of men, and constituted a division, under the command of Lovel.

Our route from here was nearly due north, and we camped on the night of the first of October in a bottom densely and heavily wooded, with a thick undergrowth beneath, and almost a canopy of vines above, principally grape of the muscadine species, the ripe fruit of which clustered upon the limbs. We were a little distance from Pocahontas, on the Hatchie river, near the bridge on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, twenty miles from Corinth and about an equal distance from Bolivar.

Early on the morning of the second the army took the most direct and practicable route to Corinth: travelling several miles up the stream, we crossed the river upon a well-constructed bridge, and four miles farther on a large creek, one of the tributaries of the Hatchie; this was called by us the eleven mile creek, as it was eleven miles to Corinth. Towards the close of the day our cavalry in advance met with some pickets and scouts of the enemy, which were driven in, and, after dusk, our train being in the rear, we halted and bivouacked for the night seven miles from Corinth.

Before daylight on the morning of the third the army was

advancing, and having crossed the Memphis and Charleston railroad, the van, under Villipigue, engaged the enemy, who, after a slight skirmish, fell back into Beauregard's old breastworks, four miles north of the town. Our division was formed in line of battle under the cover of the woods, half a mile from these works. As the column moved forward to form, we passed by Bledsoe's battery; a "hello, Anderson!" from one of its men struck my ear: it came from Davis, one of my friends and neighbors at home; as I responded to his greeting and added, "we are in for some fun to-day," he rejoined, "we will sleep in Corinth to-night," and our regiment passed rapidly on.

The lines being formed, our company deployed as skirmishers and preparations were made for the attack.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE BATTLE OF CORINTH.

BEFORE the lines advanced there was some sharp skirmishing in front and in sight of the breastworks, which were protected by a heavy abattis, constructed by the orders of General Beauregard during the previous spring. A charge was ordered upon them, and executed with such impetuosity, that in thirty minutes the whole line was carried. Three pieces of fine artillery fell into the hands of our and Green's brigades. The cannoniers had time to discharge their pieces but twice after we came in sight, when we were at their muzzles—mounting into the works and capturing those of the artillery-men who stood to their guns. A single discharge from one of these pieces killed twelve Mississippians of Moore's regiment in Green's brigade. This regiment was one of the first in the works.

Among the guns captured here was a beautifully and gracefully proportioned rifled piece, well known as *Lady Richardson*, and upon it this name was inscribed.

No stop was made at this point, and the lines, still in the order of battle, swept on through the woods in the direction of the town, our batteries keeping well up. The day was very warm, and the men suffered considerably from the heat and from want of water, of which there was none near or convenient. Passing on, we came upon and captured an encampment which had been abandoned. The tents were standing, and all the appurtenances of a camp were left, including a well-constructed bakery. With comforts and conveniences, no troops, perhaps, were ever so well supplied as those of the Federal armies.

As we debouched into the open ground, Green's brigade became fully engaged with the enemy, who was strongly posted in the edge of the woods, beyond a field, through which he was advancing. The ground was stubbornly contested, and the action became obstinate and bloody. Though our brigade was ordered

to lie down in supporting distance, about two hundred yards in the rear, several of the men were killed and wounded in this position and most of the shot cut the weeds close above us.

Captain Landis' battery, in position upon an elevation in our rear, fired over the heads of our troops, playing upon the enemy with his twenty-four-pound howitzers.

Green's brigade fought here over an hour almost entirely alone. During this time the wounded who were able to walk, passed us, and others were borne to the rear. From their number, it was evident that the contest in front was fierce and hot. One of the wounded soldiers asked what command we were. Upon receiving a reply, he said, "We are hard pressed in front, and need you there." If we could have reached the front, it would have been most gratifying to the whole brigade; but we could do nothing, as we could not advance without marching over our own men. But we were ready to take their places if they had been unable to hold their position.

Green's command continued to close in on the enemy, who finally gave way and retreated to his fortifications in and around the town. The troops of this brigade behaved with the greatest gallantry and suffered very severely. The Mississippi regiment was one of the heaviest losers: its commander, Colonel Moore, was killed, together with many of its men. The bearing of this regiment was marked by bravery and intrepidity the most daring and devoted, while the other regiments of the brigade fought with unflinching courage and the most admirable and brilliant success.

Some half hour's time was occupied in re-forming the lines, preparatory to a charge on the breastworks. It was still an hour before sunset, and I have heard it repeatedly stated by officers of fine judgment and military genius, to which I add my own humble conviction, that if the works had been immediately charged, we could easily have carried them. Their present force had been defeated during the day's engagement, must have been considerably demoralized, and a rush upon them promptly would have left but little time to make proper disposition of the troops.

Landis still continued to fire upon the town, which was returned by the artillery in the forts. Our position was now about a mile from town, with the Mobile and Ohio railroad,

running through a dense skirt of woods, immediately in front of our division, the left of which extended some distance down it. General Maury's command was formed upon our right and facing the town, while Lovel was held in reserve.

In front of our division for a quarter of a mile the woods extended upon the railroad, and beyond was a large body of cleared land, from which the fencing had been removed, and nothing stood upon the ground except a few scattering trees. Stretching through this plain, and at the distance of six hundred yards from the woods in front of us, were the Federal breastworks.

General Maury's position upon the right was nearer the town and the works, and the ground in his front was of a different nature; the clearing near the works was not so wide, and tall clumps of trees were interspersed here and there, where the ground was somewhat broken: near the works, however, the surface was smooth and unobstructed; the fortifications were strong—in the highest degree defensible.

Two large forts were in the town, the guns of which commanded the line of intrenchments in and for a considerable distance around the place.

Our company and Captain Caniff's, of the Fifth regiment, were thrown forward as skirmishers, to discover and drive out any of the enemy's sharpshooters who might still be lurking under shelter of the woods. Advancing as far as the railroad, two of our company, James Hulan and Nick Cartneil, descried a Federal lying in a culvert, through which a small branch, now almost dry, found its passage: they forthwith presented their pieces and ordered him to come out and surrender, which he was not slow in doing; but it seemed he was not alone, and one after another came out, on all fours, until the number reached eleven, and while delivering up their arms and accoutrements, their statement was that they had resorted to this hiding-place for safety.

The company continued to advance; night, however, was coming on, and only a portion of us had reached the lower edge of the open ground, when we were ordered to halt and fall back near the line of the railroad, and there to establish our position for the night. The company dropped back two hundred yards into the woods and about half that distance from the railroad, where we received the pleasant information often imparted to

tired and wearied soldiers, to keep wide awake and a sharp look-out during the night.

The line of battle of our division for the night was formed along the line of railroad, and the troops slept with their harness on—their arms ready at a moment's call.

A little after dark the whistle of locomotives, combined with the jarring sound of rolling cars, announced the arrival of trains, and the protracted cheers of the soldiers gave convincing evidence of the presence of reinforcements. Shortly afterwards the low, shuffling sound of marching infantry and the commands of officers were distinctly heard, as they moved down and formed upon the edge of the open field in our front. The voice of a colonel was plainly heard, commanding his regiment to give three cheers. The regiment was already formed, and the cheers were given, but not with any great enthusiasm. The commands, deploying their skirmishers, were very clear, and the tramp and breaking of the brush were also distinct, as they advanced into the woods. They halted before coming upon us. Several other trains came in during the night, and, on the arrival of each, repeated cheers announced still additional reinforcements.

The artillery in town shelled the woods around our position at intervals during the night, but with little or no effect. Landis' battery also fired occasionally upon the town. The range, however, was long, and our other batteries of lighter guns could not be brought to bear with any considerable effect.

My soldier reader, you have doubtless passed a night, or probably several, of sleepless watchfulness and vigilance in the face of an enemy, and are well aware that it is to a worn, weary and drowsy sentinel one of little cheer or comfort, though often exciting and even startling in its incidents: the rustling of leaves, the snapping of a twig, or the crack of a gun, causes you to peer in the direction, through the darkness, with fixed intensity, with the hammer raised, the gun half poised, and a finger resting upon the trigger. Such was the night spent here.

Day finally broke, and soon after the sun rose bright and clear, while the artillery thundered from the town, and ours replied in deep and muttering peals. Skirmishing began now between us and the enemy's sharpshooters. Both parties kept well concealed behind trees and other shelter, at the distance of seventy-five or a hundred yards apart; but the woods were

overgrown to such an extent with high weeds, trailing vines and other foliage, that an occasional glimpse of a blue-coat shifting his hiding place, or the flash and smoke of the guns, were all that was discernible. Now and then, their line would advance rapidly fifteen or twenty paces, firing as they came, to feel our position and ascertain the exact situation. Whenever visible, they were subjected to a well-directed fire, and never showed themselves but a moment at a time.

During this skirmishing, Will Ray, one of my mess, and a brave, gallant soldier, was killed—shot through the left breast, in the region of the heart. The reader will remember the conversation between him and Bower in the tent. Through one of those singular presentiments by which we are sometimes admonished of coming destiny, Will's mind had entirely changed in regard to his being one of those who would certainly survive the war: in his diary, written that morning, was an affecting and final farewell to his wife, in which he expressed a sense of depression and a conscious conviction that he would be killed that day, and entreated, in whatsoever hands his body and effects upon his person fell—whether it were friend or foe—that this diary and a lock of his hair should be sent to Mrs. Wm. F. Ray, Sturgeon, Boone county, Missouri. His request was complied with, and the articles, sacred to her, were in time delivered.

From indisposition, General Hebert was unable to keep the field, and General Green, during that day was in command of our division. The skirmishing and artillery firing continued until nine o'clock, when an advance along the whole line was ordered. Our company was commanded to move forward and drive the enemy's skirmishers from the woods in front. The order was instantly obeyed, and, by a rapid movement, promptly executed.

A wild cheer now rose from the troops up near the town, and ran like electricity along the line in our rear, which at once moved forward to the attack. As the regiment came to the edge of the woods, our company rallied upon it. Advancing a little distance into the plain, it paused for an instant, and for a moment reviewed the works and contemplated the most accessible point of assault. Cockrell, waving his sword and pointing it to the grim mouths of the artillery, which was blazing in full view, said, "Forward, my boys; we must capture that battery."

The scene was one in which a single glance comprehended all that in battle is sublime, grand, and terrible. The fortifications in front were gay with streaming banners, defiant with glittering bayonets and bristling cannon. Sixty pieces of artillery opened at once. The very earth shook; the plain was swept with every conceivable projectile—round-shot ploughed up the ground, raising volumes of dust; shells went shrieking above and around, exploding and filling the earth and air with their deadly contents. A perfect tornado of grape and canister came whizzing and pouring upon us, and, as we neared the works in the face of this storm, the rattle of musketry and the hissing of minie balls were added to the already murderous character and spirit of the hour.

Through this hurricane and torrent of fire our line advanced at a double-quick, and charged the intrenchments with the bayonet. The infantry was driven out, flying through the field beyond the works. Many of the artillery-men were shot down or captured at the pieces; others, leaving their guns, retreated hastily with the infantry. The whole line of works in front of our brigade and on our left, and extending for some distance down towards the town on the right, was captured. The attack of our division was completely successful, and forty pieces of artillery were in our possession.

The fight was now raging between Maury's division and the troops in the intrenchments and forts in town. Several attempts were made upon the works, and, finally, by a desperate effort of Moore's brigade, a portion of it succeeded in entering the fortifications. The Second Texas was among the first regiments on the inside, and it seemed for the moment that we would carry the town and complete the victory already in our grasp. There were three brigades in reserve of Lovel's division, and the advance of one of these promptly to the support of this portion of the line might have saved the fortunes of the day. The troops who had succeeded in getting into the town, failing to receive proper support, were overcome and many of them taken prisoners.

Our division had been in range of some heavy guns in the forts, which enfiladed the intrenchments: under a plunging fire, we still held the works and awaited orders. The attack on the lines in the town having failed, notwithstanding the courage

and gallantry with which it was made, we were ordered to fall back.

Under a heavy fire we retreated some distance into the woods. All the regiments, except those belonging to the brigades in reserve, were badly cut to pieces and considerably scattered. It was some time before the men could be gathered up, as there was a good deal of difficulty with many in finding where their commands were rallying. The army marched about six miles that evening, without being attacked, and bivouacked for the night.

CHAPTER LXII.

REFLECTIONS—RETREAT.

THAT night, when weary and worn, I stretched myself on a blanket, my feelings were very melancholy and depressed: the scenes and events of the day came up before me in all their dark and gloomy reality. War I had found by this time to be a hard and trying ordeal—a stern school in which much is learned—whose lessons dissipate the romance and disenchant the dreams and visions of the youthful soldier.

Will Ray and Jack Bower, two of my friends and messmates, and Ray Moss, a beloved comrade, were killed: Ray Moss had his brains blown out with a grape-shot while charging upon the battery, and Jack was killed after he reached the works. The loss of these high-toned, manly and brave soldiers was deeply felt and deplored by those who knew them: they were intelligent, clever and educated—agreeable and pleasant in camp, as they were fearless and unyielding in the field: they were gone now, and their absence left in our circle a sad and painful void.

Lieutenant Allford, commanding our company, and Jimmy Hays were both severely wounded: several others of the company were wounded, but none so badly as to prevent their getting off the field, either with assistance or alone. Among these were James Lannam and Joe Norris, wounded in the leg, and Abe Edwards, shot through the hand, losing one of his fingers; he and several of the boys, not badly wounded, came off with us. The company had lost thirteen in killed and wounded, and one was missing—Tip Marders, ascertained to have been taken prisoner.

The brigade lost heavily, and Price's whole command suffered greatly; Green's brigade, the third in our division, was almost in fragments, having lost severely on both days. Colonel Pritchard, the gallant commander of the Third regiment in our brigade, was killed while storming the fortifications at the head of his men: his regiment was badly cut up.

All the commands had fought bravely, and the loss of the battle was not owing to any want of courage in the army : the failure arose from the inability to carry the fortifications in the town ; the resistance of the enemy here was stubborn and determined—his force greatly superior and well protected ; the fighting at this point had been desperate and bloody ; it was here the Second Texas was finally forced back, leaving Rogers, its colonel, a brave and fearless spirit, and many of his gallant soldiers dead upon the works, at the very muzzles of the cannon.

Our regiment had captured the battery that Cockrell pointed out to us in the charge : Lieutenant Gillespie, of our company, was one of the first in the works immediately in front of it ; an artilleryman was just in the act of discharging his piece, when he rushed upon him with his sword and ordered him to surrender, which he did before firing the gun ; some of the men asked Gillespie afterwards, why he did not use his revolver instead of his sword after getting into the works ; his reply was, that he forgot entirely that he ever had one.

Our loss at Corinth was over two thousand, and was undoubtedly considerably larger than that of the enemy ; our lines were entirely exposed in making the charge, while he was comparatively protected, and where Maury's division fought and almost won, the Federal force, which maintained its position and held the fortifications, was within the shelter of well-constructed breastworks. It may be said here, as properly as any where else, and as an acknowledgement due to truth and justice, that the Federal troops were brave and not easily whipped ; upon all the fields on which I have faced their lines, they certainly exhibited no want of either courage or address.

The night passed without interruption, and the next morning, as the sun rose, we moved slowly forward. A detail had been sent back to bury the dead, and Lieutenant Welch was ordered upon it, leaving the company under the command of Gillespie, our junior second-lieutenant.

We marched steadily along for about three miles, when repeated halts began to take place, and it soon became evident that something must be going on wrong in front : we were not long in suspense as to the cause ; the sullen roar of distant artillery in that direction soon explained everything : we were attacked in front and almost at the same time assailed in the rear.

Our brigade soon received orders to move forward, and we advanced rapidly to the head of the column. We soon crossed eleven-mile creek, and a little distance beyond came upon the train corralled in a bottom. If the events of the preceding day, combined with our present position, be borne in mind, it will not appear surprising that the countenances of the teamsters and non-combatants wore a sombre and cheerless look.

We were completely hemmed in: General Hurlbut, of the Federal army, had advanced with five thousand cavalry and occupied the passage of the Hatchie river, which was not fordable at any point in this region. Strong batteries of artillery were in position close on the opposite bank, commanding the bridge: this was the exact situation at Lodi, except that there was no ford here over which cavalry could be crossed to assist a column of infantry in storming the batteries.

As we moved forward the roar in front became louder and clearer, and the thunder of the guns from the rear came booming in reverberating echoes. Steadily we advanced, while the firing at both extremes was becoming fiercer, and assuming the aspect of deadly combat.

There was a comic, droll sort of a fellow in our company—Thad Welch—who was a good soldier at the same time; he often amused us upon the march with his quaint remarks and odd expressions. While we were going to Iuka he said upon the route that "his motto," as he termed it, was "victory or crippled;" on our way to Corinth he said, "my motto now, boys, is victory or death." As we were marching on, the roaring of the artillery rolling over us from front and rear, one of the boys abruptly turned and asked, "what's your motto now, Thad?" "Motto now," he responded, "there's no motto for this place—I can only say, we all thought Van Dorn had played h—ll at Elkhorn, and now he has done it, sure enough."

We were soon upon the scene of action, near the bridge, where the bursting shells from the enemy's artillery filled the air with lurid flame and hissing fragments. Our brigade was quickly formed, and advanced in line of battle: Phifer's brigade of Maury's division was charging the bridge; but it was met with a heavy fire from the strong lines of dismounted cavalry, and from the batteries, which swept it back when attempting the passage. As it retreated out of range, a brigade of Mississippians

of the same division, which was formed in the woods in our front, gave way, and came running back in a totally demoralized condition; it paid no regard to the repeated orders given to halt and face the enemy. Cockrell and several of our officers appealed to the men in vain; they were completely panic-stricken, and rushed through our lines.

This brigade had doubtless fought well the day before at Corinth; but the disastrous failure there, our present perilous situation, and the shells from the batteries, had effected their demoralization. The best troops may be affected by such influences; yet they can always be rallied, and, where firmness alone is needed, may be relied on with certainty. These were, perhaps, raw levies, and not being inured to the field, it became, under the circumstances, impossible to rally them.

The brigade moved within a short distance of the bridge, and one of our batteries took position under the fire of the enemy's guns; it opened a furious and incessant cannonade upon them, but was unable to stand the concentration of the Federal artillery, and, after a very hot engagement of twenty minutes, withdrew at a gallop.

The enemy made no farther demonstration from the front, and his apparent object was to defend and hold the bridge until the infantry in the rear could close in upon us. Our brigade was now the only command in order near the river, and it had been very much reduced by hard fighting and the laborious service of several preceding days; it was useless for our number, or even a much greater, to attack the enemy in his strong position on the opposite bank.

We occupied our post about three hours, during which we were shelled without intermission; at the end of that time our command was ordered to fall back, and at the distance of two hundred yards was met by three regiments of Rusk's brigade (Kentuckians) who had taken but slight part in the previous engagements, having been a portion of the reserve. They advanced in perfect order, and, as they came up shoulder to shoulder, forming in line of battle with martial address and precision, we welcomed them with a shout; there was no mistaking the mettle of these men.

The sun was beginning to approach the western horizon, and the lengthening shadows reminded us that night would soon

come. The firing in front had ceased for the time, but in the rear the peals of artillery could yet be heard and the roll of musketry still rose upon the ear.

Bowen was stubbornly fighting over every foot of ground, and availing himself of every hill and obstacle to check the advance of the foe; forming a line in ambush with the First Missouri and the Twenty-first and Second Mississippi regiments, and masking a section of artillery, he allowed the enemy to approach within close range, when the artillery unmasked, opening with a fire of grape and canister, and at the same time the three regiments charged with the bayonet: our troops acted with the greatest gallantry, and drove back the hostile column in utter confusion; and thus the fight kept up until night and darkness enveloped the field.

Our commanding generals had been studying the ground and taxing their ingenuity, in order to withdraw the army and train safely out of this trap: no other bridge was on the river above for a long distance, and we were hemmed in below by the forks of the two streams. The longer we were delayed in our present position, the greater would be the force of the enemy concentrated around us, and it might soon reach three times our number; the numerical resources of the Federal commander far exceeded ours. Though not in good condition for fighting—though encumbered with wounded, and very much broken down with fatigue and hard service, it was necessary to fight promptly, boldly and desperately, if there was no other way of escape.

Under these circumstances an obscure road was discovered leading off between the two streams, and striking the river about five miles above, at a mill; though there was neither bridge nor ford here, yet there was a dam across the river and a quantity of puncheons and logs at the mill. A temporary bridge was constructed upon the dam with puncheons, logs, rocks and small timber, and the train was moved forward to this crossing.

Our command reached the mill about nine o'clock at night, and found that a large portion of the train had already succeeded in getting over. Every few minutes something was knocked to pieces about the hastily constructed bridge; General Price was present, attending in person to keeping it in repair: as we passed over, a wagon knocked down some of the puncheons, and the General, standing on the opposite bank, immediately called out

for some of the boys to halt and assist in righting them. Several of us volunteered immediately, and replaced the slabs, and the General, himself, assisted in throwing the heavy rocks upon them, to hold them in place. His whole soul seemed to be in the work, and when it was done, he straightened himself from his stooping posture, remarking, "well done, boys—now stand back and let the train pass."

That scene is as distinct before me now as if it had been but yesterday, and I behold again the fine form of our noble old commander—listen once more to his clear, distinct voice, and see the dim figures of the men as, like tramping goblins, they file over the rude bridge and disappear like phantoms in the woods beyond.

By one o'clock that night the entire army was across, and, having travelled an obscure road for some distance, we reached once more a public highway, and continued to march during the night and through the next day without any molestation from the enemy. Our rations had given out, and we procured little from the country on the route. After four days hard marching, without any fighting and very little feeding, the army reached Holly Springs, weary, hungry and in need of rest.

CHAPTER LXIII.

A NEW COMMANDER—CHANGE IN OUR BRIGADE—ARRIVAL OF ADDITIONAL FORCES.

A FEW days after our arrival at Holly Springs, we were informed that another officer had been appointed to the command of the department, and that he would soon be in person with the army in the field. General Pemberton shortly afterwards arrived, and reviewed the troops in company with General Van Dorn.

The review took place in a large field, and was attended by many citizens of Holly Springs—a number of ladies was present on the occasion. This was the first time we had seen Lieutenant-General Pemberton: he seemed to be about forty-five, or perhaps a little older—scarcely six feet in height, and of rather slender proportions, with dark eyes and hair—a high forehead, thin visage and regular features; he wore a heavy moustache, and whiskers closely trimmed; his face was considerably furrowed with lines, either of care or age: he appeared well on horseback, and seemed perfectly at ease in the saddle.

After this officer assumed the command, General Van Dorn was appointed chief of the cavalry in the department, and this was really his proper sphere, and one in which he afterwards performed excellent service. General Pemberton only remained with the army a few days, when he returned to Jackson, and there established his department headquarters. General Loring, a division commander, was left in temporary command of the army in the field.

A change of regiments was made here in our and Green's brigades: Colonel Gates' regiment was put in Green's, and Colonel McFarland, of the Fourth, who was badly wounded at Corinth, and Colonel Riley, of the First Missouri, then in Bowen's Mississippi brigade, consolidated their commands, calling their regiment the First and Fourth, which came into our brigade. By agreement, McFarland was chosen colonel and

Riley lieutenant-colonel. The former gallant and talented officer died of his wound soon afterwards, and the command devolved upon Colonel Riley, his worthy successor.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gauze succeeded the lamented Pritchard in the command of the Third regiment. Cockrell was now placed in charge of the brigade, and Sentiny as colonel commanding the regiment: Lieutenant-Colonel Dwyre had been absent for some time, sick, and died soon afterwards. Captain Carter, of company C, became major.

A change was also made in the division: General Hebert's and the Mississippi brigade were removed to another command, and the division was left composed of our and Green's brigades, all Missourians with the exception of two Arkansas regiments in Green's: the Mississippi regiment, which had acted so gallantly in the late battles in that command, was removed to another brigade. General Green still continued to command the division.

Many alterations were made in other portions of the army; but of these it is not necessary for me to speak: I wish to keep in view the changes in the troops and commands from Missouri, for it is their fortunes I shall follow up to the closing scene. We had come to fight for a cause we espoused, and to share the fate and struggles of a kindred race, whose perils demanded our aid and sympathy, and whose ties of blood and country claimed our love and affection; and it is my desire to have before me, as we move along, the revolutions and changes among those who were more especially my comrades in arms.

Several additions were made to the army of fresh forces from Mobile, Jackson and other points, and a division, principally of new arrivals, had come on under the command of Major-General Loring, who had served with distinction in Virginia, and appeared among us with the loss of an arm.

Our command was filled up partially by the return of a great many sick from the hospitals, many of whom had remained there in bad health for the entire summer: the cool, pleasant weather of the latter part of October brought health and strength along with it, and they were again able to take the field. John McDowell and other members of the company, who had been for some time very sick, now returned.

A number of prisoners who had been taken up in Missouri

and imprisoned at Alton for bushwhacking or trying to get out to the army, had been exchanged a short time before, and joined the different Missouri commands here. There were four additions among them to our company—Joe Kennedy, Steve Morrison, Crockett Bower and Massey Smith. The last had been a former acquaintance of John McDowell, and we were glad to have him come into our mess. He and Kennedy and Bower were lively fellows, and gave us an amusing account of their experience in prison. Massey had been pretty roughly treated—confined in a cell, and was charged with bridge-burning on the North Missouri railroad. Upon this charge he was tried and sentenced to be shot; but the sentence was, by the influence of some prominent friends, commuted to imprisonment during the war. At the late exchange of prisoners, he had contrived to make his escape on another man's name. He was a Kentuckian, originally from Lexington, in that State, and had moved to Missouri before the war. Being exceedingly clever, and a most agreeable companion and pleasant comrade, we soon became fast friends.

Our camp was beautifully and pleasantly situated upon a ridge of woodland, with a small stream of good water flowing close by, and was called Camp Pritchard, as a tribute to the memory of that highly esteemed soldier. We remained here about a month, when we were roused up one fine, frosty morning, at two o'clock, by the long-roll, and ordered to prepare three days' rations, and hold ourselves in readiness to march at daylight.

CHAPTER LXIV.

FALLING BACK TO THE TALLAHATCHIE—FORTIFICATIONS—CAPTURE
OF HOLLY SPRINGS BY VAN DORN—GRENADA.

THE army left its camps near Holly Springs about the tenth of November, and fell back to Abbeville, on the south side of the Tallahatchie river, twenty-three miles distant.

A large force was moving under General Grant, and our cavalry had frequent skirmishes with his advance, which occupied Holly Springs soon after our withdrawal.

A disposition of our forces was made, and the army was deployed for several miles up and down the river, guarding the different fords and all accessible points where an enemy was likely to cross. The centre was near Abbeville, upon the railroad, and the batteries were in position, commanding the bridge and its extensive trestle-work, while the wings were thrown out for four or five miles, both above and below, and the cavalry extended its lines considerably farther.

Our division was posted at a ferry, four or five miles below. At this point the river was then fordable, and our camp was established on the wide, fertile bottom, a mile and a half from the ford. The stream is large enough for boating purposes at some seasons of the year, and its waters are clear and somewhat rapid. Along its banks are broad, alluvial bottoms, finely adapted to the cultivation of both corn and cotton—to say nothing of that great and prolific staple, the sweet potato. The level fields of an extensive plantation stretched out before us, within half a mile of the river, when the ground was intersected by sloughs, dykes and levees, and covered with a growth of heavy timber, among which the walnut and hackberry were conspicuous.

It was deemed advisable to fortify to some extent the position here. Accordingly, a detail of men from our division was made, and put to work in the large field, and a levy of able-bodied slaves from the neighboring plantations was brought in to assist with the work.

Our company was ordered upon detached duty, to receive these negroes as they were brought in and delivered by their owners; to guard them in the night and keep them at work on the fortifications during the day. A separate camp, with good tents, was assigned them, and in a short time, four or five hundred were daily at work.

Formidable defences soon began to appear. A strong line of earthworks thrown up against picketting, was put under construction across the field; parapets elevated for batteries, and embrasures for the guns, were constructed at intervals. One intended to contain seven guns, commanded the road, and the others bore upon the field and the different grounds in front. The work was pushed ahead as rapidly as possible, as the enemy was reported advancing.

The hands were kept up all the night of the twenty-sixth, working by reliefs. They were under my charge for the time, and I was up the entire night with Captain Hogan, of the engineer corps, who superintended the work and pressed it forward to completion. By daylight, the fortifications on that part of the line were finished and their completion announced by the captain; the hands were withdrawn and returned to camp. Our company received orders to move with them to town and take a train south. We reached town that evening, and it was late before we ascertained that it would be impossible for us to get cars, as every train was crowded with sick soldiers, ordnance, quartermaster and commissary stores.

The Federal army was now confronting our position in the centre, at the railroad. Skirmishing and artillery fighting at long range, were kept up during the day. Bledsoe's battery was engaged all day at that point.

Night coming on, we received orders to move south with our spade and shovel battalion. The army evacuated its position and marched off during the night. Bledsoe's battery remained until morning, and exchanged a few shots before leaving. The bridge and trestle-work were burned, and some extra baggage in the depot was destroyed with that building.

The night was black—the darkness intense; rain poured down in torrents, completely drenching us, and rendering the road almost impassable for our teams. The negroes got along so badly, frequently dropping out, that the captain concluded

to stop, and a halt was called about four miles south of the town, where we remained until morning.

After daylight, we found that we were some distance in the rear of the army, with only Bledsoe's battery and a very small force behind us. Our colored battalion had diminished considerably during the night, and was now moved briskly along. Whenever the report of a cannon was heard in the rear, it evidently quickened its pace. In the course of the day, it was very observable that the physical endurance of the negroes was not equal to that of the soldiers: they appeared to be entirely exhausted when we were only partially tired.

The evacuation of our position on the Tallahatchie was caused by a movement made against Grenada, which was about seventy miles in our rear. The movement was from Helena, and our presence was deemed necessary at Grenada, in order to secure that point, which was one of our most important depots. The Federal armies were now swarming in such numbers, that our comparatively small force could not be so subdivided as to meet their advance from every quarter, and what was wanting in number must be supplied by address, courage and strategy.

During our protracted march, there was a good deal of skirmishing in the rear, and on one occasion, a severe engagement between General Tilghman's brigade, of Loring's division, and a body of Federal cavalry, which had pressed our rear in strong force and in a determined manner. The fight occurred near Coffeeville, about twenty miles from Grenada. The enemy dismounted and charged on foot. Tilghman's force was a fine brigade of Kentuckians, who received the fire and met the charge with perfect steadiness—waiting until the foe approached within short range, they delivered their fire and promptly charged. The Federal force was driven back in confusion and a number of men and horses captured.

While we took position at Grenada, so as to check any advance from the direction of Helena, Van Dorn, with four thousand cavalry, was hovering in the rear of the strong force coming from the line of the Tallahatchie. The principal depot of the army, moving under the command of General Grant, was at Holly Springs, and from that point its chief supplies were drawn. It was guarded by between three and four thousand Federal troops, and the line of communication was maintained

and protected by a proportionate, and what was deemed, an adequate force.

The object of General Van Dorn was to strike a blow that would arrest the progress of the enemy, and, if possible, compel his retreat. The opportunity soon presented, and, promptly availing himself of it, he dashed into Holly Springs and captured the whole Federal command stationed there, together with all the stores and supplies collected at that point; these were immediately destroyed, and a large amount of United States currency was brought off—found in the paymaster's department, which had been located there, convenient to the invading army.

This master-stroke determined the issue of the campaign; the enemy was forced to retreat, and as the main army was compelled to fall back, an attack from towards Helena was no longer probable, and if made in the present position of affairs, could be readily met and defeated.

CHAPTER LXV

GRENADA—OUR SURROUNDINGS.

GRENADA is quite a handsome little city of about two thousand inhabitants, beautifully situated upon an eminence, which slopes gradually to the south bank of the Yallahusha river: the Beatuspenbogue, a large creek, flows quietly along the eastern suburbs, falling in and uniting with the waters of the larger stream immediately above the place. Beyond this creek are high hills, very picturesque and admirable in scenic beauty, the summits of which overlook the town and level country for miles to the south, while a wide, extended pine forest, with its sombre dress, appears in the distance to the west.

The town is directly upon the line of the Mississippi Central railroad, with a branch running to Memphis, both of which span the river at this point by finely constructed bridges with extensive trestle-works. The river is a considerable stream, and at some seasons the largest boats run up this far without difficulty.

It was decided to fortify at Grenada, and large levies of slaves were made and added to those brought down from above, until a thousand were placed under our charge: overseers familiar with their habits were called in from the country and took charge of them through the day, while upon our company the duty devolved of guarding them at night.

Among these negroes were two native Africans, brought to this country some years ago; they were brothers, and though slender in their persons, were very stout and athletic, and not blacker than many of the others. One of these boys brought with him what he called "a tamboo," which, he informed us in barely intelligible English, was the instrument with which they accompanied their wild songs in Africa.

This instrument was a queer affair from which to draw forth music; nevertheless it was his chief delight to play upon it after the day's labor was over; it was made of hard wood, resembling more in shape the guitar than the banjo; the strings upon it

were of wire, stretched very firm and tight, and one of its peculiarities was, they were fastened so that they could not be drawn any tighter, neither could they be slackened, and consequently tuning was not admitted, or perhaps required.

We called him out to play for us several times, and his brother also came to dance. For a few dimes, which were always forthcoming, they readily and cheerfully went through their performance. The player would seat himself upon the ground, leaning his head very close to his instrument, which rested upon the knee, and played and sung in genuine African style and language; at the same time his brother, with his head thrown back, kept time to the hum-thrum notes of the tamboo, and the, at least to us, wailing strain of the song, the words of which were entirely unintelligible. These boys seemed very much attached to each other, and worked, stayed and were always seen together.

With the strong force employed, our work progressed rapidly, and upon the outskirts around Grenada appeared extensive lines of rifle-pits, forts, parapets and redoubts. Our brigade was camped several miles below the town, at Wyatt's ferry, where it went regularly into winter quarters; it was now the month of December, and the weather was getting cool. The men constructed shanties of pine slabs and covered them with boards rived from the same material, and finished them off so as to be somewhat comfortable.

Outside the line of sentinels there was also a suspicious looking row of hastily constructed houses, which did not seem to belong to the main part, but were rather suburbs of the camp, and in the daytime were somewhat deserted, but if you had passed by and taken a peep in during the night, you would in all probability have found them well filled with busy and intent occupants, and voices might have been heard, "I go fifty dollars better," or "I copper upon the king and play open upon the trey."

Our company was camped in town, not far from the river bank, in a very pleasant situation. The negroes in our charge slept in a large warehouse at the landing, which had been originally used for the storage of cotton. At a little distance from us was a slaughtering pen at which the butchering was done for a considerable portion of the army. The beeves were

from Texas, and had been driven hard and treated harder until there was little upon them but skin and bone. A hundred or two of these cattle would be crowded together in this pen, and it would most likely be several days before they were all killed, during which time they got nothing to eat. The butchers, on entering the pen in the morning, very frequently found several of the animals down from abject poverty, and these were always slaughtered first.

The quality of beef issued to us can readily be conceived, and when this was the only thing in the meat line provided for our subsistence, it is not surprising that there should be a general desire for improvement in this particular, or that we should be looking round to see if a change could not be effected.

Christmas was coming, and the fare was rather rough for that season of feasting and good things, and the boys began to make arrangements for something more palatable.

CHAPTER LXVI.

ON FURLOUGH.

TWO DAYS before Christmas Abe Edwards and myself succeeded in getting leave of absence for a short time, and concluded to spend it in Mobile. The attractions of that city were numerous and potent for young soldiers that had been long confined in camp, and it was stated by all who visited the great metropolis of Alabama, that a man could come nearer getting the worth of Confederate money there, than at any other place in the department.

Providing ourselves with a few hundred each, we took the cars on a bright, pleasant morning, and went on our way rejoicing. We reached Jackson, the capital of the State, that evening, and stopped during the night for a train east.

Jackson, we found, was quite a pretty and attractive city of several thousand people, and had at the time an air of stirring life and considerable bustle; it was crowded with officers and soldiers from the army, on furlough or business, and was still the headquarters of the commander of the department.

A splendid exhibition and concert came off that night, gotten up by the ladies of the place for the benefit and relief of sick soldiers. It was largely attended, and the first musical talent and the most charming grace and beauty gave interest and attraction to the occasion. The music, both vocal and instrumental, could scarcely be surpassed, and the tableaux were beautiful and elegant, the dresses rich, stylish and in the most exquisite taste, and rare jewels glittered upon the persons of the fair and "distingue" participants.

The performance was a great treat to us, as we had seen nothing of the kind since entering the service.

Leaving Jackson the next morning, we arrived at Meridian the following evening, and, after supper, took the train for

Mobile, which place we reached the next day on a mild and lovely Christmas eve.

Our first move was to procure quarters at one of the hotels. We found Captain King, who commanded the battery, formerly Clark's, and also several other Missourians of our acquaintance, stopping at the same house.

During the evening a preliminary survey was taken of the city, which we found full of life and gayety, and every face seemed cheerful—anticipating a merry Christmas, in spite of war and its gloomy surroundings. In the park we witnessed a scene by no means familiar to a soldier who had long been in the tented field. Elegantly dressed ladies, and children beautifully attired, promenaded the walks and sported upon the pleasure grounds, and so soft and balmy was the atmosphere that some were even in midsummer dress—low neck and short sleeves. All were chatting gaily and merrily, enjoying and making the most of the delightful Christmas eve; and as rosy lips and prattling tongues exchanged with friends the greetings of the merry time, I could not help contrasting, with something like a sigh, the rude life we were accustomed to, and the bright and beautiful scene, like a dream, now flitting before me. I beheld the lovely forms, as they glided to and fro, with almost rapturous admiration, and found myself gazing so intently as to become partially entranced, when I was suddenly awoke from my reverie by a slap on the shoulder, and the curt intimation from Abe, "Let's go take a drink."

After spending a few hours in knocking around, visiting the wharf, looking at the shipping in the bay, and taking a good many drinks, we returned to supper, very well satisfied with our evening perambulations.

For several days and nights we continued to fortify our stomachs with whisky, not always good, and fresh oysters, and became more extensively initiated into the mysteries of the city. It might be said we were on a pretty heavy bender—but where is the Missouri soldier that went to Mobile on furlough, that did not "go it" as long as his money lasted? which was generally not very long, as the string upon which he played was usually tuned to the lively note of from fifty to a hundred a-day.

During our stay we attended the theatre and other places of amusement; drove down the shell-road; observed the batteries, and viewed the handsome grounds, magnificent places and grand, old live-oaks—the pride of Mobile, which adorn portions of the city and beautify its suburbs. These striking features were to us a continuous source of pleasure and interest, and contributed to render our brief sojourn most pleasant and agreeable.

On New Year's night we heard a speech from the President, who had been up and reviewed the army at Grenada during our absence, and was now returning to Richmond. He was serenaded by a fine band, and afterwards came out on the balcony of the Battle House, and delivered a short and appropriate address.

Mr. Davis' appearance was that of a man of sixty years of age, tall in person and very slender, with dark eyes and hair, and a broad, expansive forehead: his countenance and face were worn and thin—said to be the result of bad health and the many responsibilities of his position. His style of address, though good, was not as easy, nor was his language as flowing as that of some of our finest orators. His speech was cheering, and he bid the people look forward to the strong arms and brave hearts of our soldiers, and back to the many obstinately contested fields upon which they had won, and, with the assistance of Almighty God, he trusted, they would carve out a future alike honorable to themselves and the nation.

After the speech, we waited to see the “Cowbellions” come out—a kind of mystic crew that makes its appearance in this city every New Year's night, between the hours of ten and two o'clock, and only shows itself once a year.

The procession made its appearance about twelve o'clock, lighted on the way by colored torch-bearers. The order, however, was now small, many being in the army, and those present, instead of their usually gay and fancy apparel, wore mourning and bore a beautiful transparency inscribed with the words “in memory of our departed associates,” referring to those who had fallen in battle.

This strange order was said to be composed principally of the young men of the city, but no one ever knew who were members; they always paraded masked; never came out twice from the same place and invariably broke up on the streets—

scattered among the crowd that followed, and disappeared—no one knew where.

We spent a week very pleasantly, and as our furlough and money were both growing short, we bid adieu to our fair hostess and her two lovely daughters, and turned our faces homeward, or rather towards camp—then our home. In two days we were safely back, bearing with us to the mess some black bottles, which contributed to make our reception warm and cordial.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE CAMP OF OUR MESS—FORT HOGAN—WAR DANCE—ON A DEER TRAIL—MOVEMENT OF THE BRIGADE—OUR COMPANY REMAINS—DEPARTURE OF GENERAL PRICE.

UPON reaching Grenada, we found the company still in town, with the exception of my mess, which was about four miles above, superintending the work of a fort that was being constructed there. It was provided with comfortable quarters, having built a cabin of pine logs, with a tolerably good roof. The cabin, however, was neither chinked nor daubed, but contained a capacious fire-place, that occupied the principal part of one end. This was used for eating and staying in, while we still continued to sleep in our tents, stretched close at hand.

The engineering upon the fort was attended to by Captain Hogan, and he called it, after his own name, "Fort Hogan," which, perhaps, still rears its frowning battlements upon the side of the road four miles above the town.

In one corner of the cabin might be observed some nice-looking hams and shoulders, which the boys reported to be venison, and stated that there was plenty of the noble game in the woods and cane-brakes around, and one of them remarked that, as soon as a sprinkle of snow fell, we would go out and strike a trail. The fine, full faces and rich, glossy complexions before me, plainly said, we have not been living on blue beef since you left.

During my absence two of the mess had instituted what they termed their war-dance—something even transcending the barbaric style and wild characteristics of this savage performance among the native Indians. There was no previous announcement of this exhibition—but sometimes, when the mess would be cosily seated around the cabin fire after supper, chatting of something unimportant—"nescio quid nugarum"—the spirit would suddenly seize one of these warriors. With a leap, he sprang from his seat in the circle, and, raising the Indian war-whoop, would seize a stick of wood, whirl it about his head with

extravagant gestures, and commence running round with wild yells, brandishing his war club, and striking at everything in reach.

The movement of either of these two was sure to arouse the latent fire in the other, who would soon bound from his place and also provide a war-club from the pile of wood upon the floor.

The fun was now fast and furious; round and round the cabin they darted, striking their war-clubs together and whooping like Camanches—at times assuming the most wild and grotesque attitudes, and distorting their countenances with the expression of fierce passion. The roof and sides of the “chebang” soon felt the weight of their clubs, and they would dash them in our faces and about our heads, trying to see how near they could brandish them without hitting: as they grew warmer, the mess-pans were knocked in every direction, the walls were bared of everything upon them, and, finally, the rest of us would have to retreat; and when this was accomplished, the war spirit usually subsided.

This sport was at last ruled out by the mess, to the grievous defeat and disappointment of the tragic performers, who had acquitted themselves in their dramatic effort with such life, spirit and effect.

One morning I was roused up in the tent by B—— with the information that snow had fallen during the night, and it would be a favorable time for a deer hunt. He knew I had a great passion for field-sports and the chase, and would readily join him. After an early breakfast, we shouldered our guns and took to the woods.

We had not proceeded very far over the hills, when my companion, who was a little ahead, announced, “Here it is”—pointing to the ground and striking off through the brush. Without stopping, I hurried on after him, and came up as he was crossing a deep ravine, when he called out that there was a drove of them and to keep my eye skinned, which I did, and followed on after the old hunter, who led at a brisk pace, upon a devious and winding course, over high hills and deep hollows, for nearly a mile, when, coming up to the top of a ridge, he suddenly halted, raised his gun, and fired, exclaiming at the same time, “Here they are,” and calling upon me to shoot. “At what?” said I. “The deer—don’t you see them running over the ridge?”

"Yes, I see; but it is a queer species of the animal, and different in these woods from any I have ever seen before." At the same time, I observed an old sow, with four or five shoats half grown, disappearing above us, while one lay kicking about twenty steps off. B——, bursting into a loud laugh, walked up to where the mud-lark lay, and proceeded to stick him, remarking at the same time that he was in luck to get such a fine, fat one. He next tied his feet together with a rope, which looked as though it had been used for the purpose on former occasions, and, having procured a suitable pole, it was passed under the rope, and an end taken on the shoulder of each of us. In this way, we returned towards the camp.

The camp was a little over a mile off, and at no great distance we struck the big road, and had not proceeded far in it before we met a couple of old farmers going in to town, who asked, "Where did you get your hog, boys?" "Bought him," promptly replied B——, passing on without making any halt. A little farther on, we saw our commissary wagon coming up behind us, carrying out rations to the hands, and, as B—— said the driver was all right on the hog, we stopped, and in a few minutes had our game safely in the wagon, and soon at camp, where it was quickly cleaned, cut up, and added to the stock of venison in the corner.

About the latter part of January, the brigade was ordered to Jackson, where it remained a few days before proceeding to Vicksburg, around which city the elements of war were gathering in dark and threatening clouds. Our company was left behind to complete the fortifications, with the working party under Captain Wilson, who was acting by instructions from the engineer corps.

About the same time, General Price visited Richmond, and succeeded in getting transferred to the west side of the river, where he hoped to render service calculated to have a more direct effect upon the destinies of Missouri. He took leave of the division during the absence of our company, when he delivered a very touching and appropriate address, in which it was stated that he left the command behind with the greatest reluctance, and that all his efforts to obtain permission to take it back had been fruitless.

This is the last time I shall have occasion to mention our

noble, old chief: from this period our destinies were cast in different spheres. It is not within the design of this work to give an account of the gallant attempts afterwards made to recover a foothold in the State, and the conspicuous part taken by him and the brave army under his command at Helena, the Saline and other battle-fields, in which their honor and devotion were maintained and illustrated.

I have done with this great and magnanimous captain, this stainless, undefiled and devoted patriot—Missouri's brightest star and purest jewel. He is to-day looked upon proudly by the mass of her people, and loved, honored and admired by every one of her true-hearted sons that marched under his command.*

* Since the above was written, General Price died. His death occurred in St. Louis, Mo., on the 29th of September, 1867. His funeral was largely attended, and the obsequies were imposing. The funeral of Mrs. Price, wife of the General's son, took place at the same time, and from the same church.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE LOVES AND TROUBLES OF A MESSMATE.

THIS chapter is a tribute to Cupid, the busy little archer, whose arrows often pierced rather fatally the heart of many a susceptible soldier, and among his victims was numbered a comrade of mine, somewhat known to the reader.

I must be excused for not giving names, as I do not know that these "*affaires du cœur*" occurring in the army under very peculiar circumstances, should be put before the public with the names of the heroes appended: it might cause some hard feeling, or probably irritate old sores, not entirely healed; so we will have the particulars without the personages, and recall a little drama in which a friend and messmate was one of the chief actors.

The protracted stay of the company at Grenada had given the members an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a few of the good people of that place and its vicinity, and a portion of the boys, who were professedly ladies' men, improved the time by cultivating the society of some of the lovely creatures of that burg and its surrounding country. More than one of them may doubtless have been lured to realms of bliss, indulging in bright anticipations and rosy dreams, and fascinated by the charms of a witching maiden, fairer than the houris of Mahomet's paradise, at least in the opinion of a stricken and confiding soldier.

Among the boys who danced to a lively strain invoked by the bright eyes and winning smiles of a merry little Southerner, was my friend B——, who worshipped almost daily at the shrine of a planter's fair daughter, until his case became as interesting as it was already desperate. He had managed to make her acquaintance by calling at the house, under some pretext connected with the service, and was invited to dinner, after which his visits were regularly repeated, until his entire conversation with myself, being one of his confidants, though he may have had others, began, dwelt upon, lingered over and terminated

with the sterling qualities, graces and accomplishments of the charming and attractive Miss C——. My opinion differed from his, in regard to her being the most adorable and bewitching little sylph in the piny woods about Grenada, as there was a Miss M—— your humble servant was considerably interested in and pretty badly struck with. This point we argued, after having called, in company with B——, upon his fair inamorata; but he was insensible to the charms of any other, at least for the time.

The current of true love, from all accounts, seemed to flow gently and smoothly, as it often does between newly acquainted and impulsive parties suddenly smitten. B—— was in a rapturous dream—always smiling and cheerful; if ever he was crusty in his temper and feelings before, it had altogether disappeared, and he was the most amiable, pleasant and agreeable fellow alive. The goal for which he struggled, hoped, longed and sighed, seemed in reality reached, and nothing remained but to have the thing put through, as courtships and marriages, during times of war, are not always lengthy or postponed—by no means affairs of years, and very often not of months. So, in keeping with the times, he was going it on a two forty line.

Having dressed himself one evening with more than usual care, he sallied forth in a remarkably gay and lively humor, to renew his devotions at the altar of this enchanting and bewildering siren, and to receive from her those delightful reassurances of reciprocating tenderness, which now rendered the life of B—— one blissful dream of halcyon beatitude. Alas! his bark, which had moved so serenely upon a calm and peaceful surface, was now entering a rough and broken sea, on which the tempest was gathering, and whose wild and foaming waters were ready to engulf the wave-tossed vessel, and to bury with it, beneath the dark and stormy flood, the hopes, the fortunes and glowing visions of our faithful and loving hero.

His visit this time was by no means lengthy, and a short hour brought him back to camp: he was gloomy, spiritless, crest-fallen, and the rough salutation of one of the boys, "Hello, B——, you certainly look like a man that has been jilted"—seemed to add to the sombre and hopeless expression of his countenance. He made but little reply to the jests that were thrown at him, in which he received the amiable and consoling assurance, that

if his lady-love had sent him adrift, which, from his appearance, must be the case, it was only what he deserved, for making a fool of himself. The camp indulges but little sympathy for the sufferings of blighted love.

It was not long before B—— proposed a walk to me. I had always been a willing listener, as well as a ready counsellor in the past, and knew that he would explain the mystery at the earliest opportunity.

The story was short; the young lady had made her appearance, received him coldly—freezingly. To his inquiry as to what was the matter, he was informed that her time was engaged, and, with chilling dignity, she had left the apartment.

My opinion was promptly given, that it was a “lovers’ quarrel”—a misunderstanding, that could, most probably, be adjusted: the programme was arranged, and the next day was to bring about an *eclaircissement*.

At a proper hour on the following day a third party called, intent upon unravelling this singular mystery, and restoring to its wonted channel the current of “true love;” but the young lady was gone—had departed for a distant point to visit relatives.

The cause of the catastrophe was discovered: some rival of B——, of whom there were several, had assured her, in such way as to induce her belief, that he was married, and had a wife and children at home. Though there was no truth in this, yet the mischief was done, the maiden gone, and our command soon left.

The war rolled on: severe campaigning and hard fighting are antidotes to many sensibilities—perhaps even to the memories of Love. My old friend has survived those fields over which the god of war drove with his fiery steeds, and has probably recovered now from the wounds inflicted by the little archer who attends the goddess of love.

CHAPTER LXIX.

DEPARTURE—FROM GRENADA TO PORT GIBSON.

OUR company, under the direction of the engineer corps, having completed the work upon the fortifications, and discharged the hands, awaited orders to join the command, which in a few days were received.

We took leave, with many regrets, of numerous and agreeable friends and acquaintances—and among those who claimed the tribute of a personal and special farewell from myself, was the fair occupant of the villa upon the pine-clad hill which overlooks the town. It was there we parted, and memory still turns to that bright souvenir with fond and pleasing emotion ; lingering long with the little hand clasped in mine, we exchanged words—not of love, but of kind, cordial—almost tender interest, until at last the farewell was spoken—“adieu—au revoir,” and I hurried away.

The “all aboard ” of the conductor and the shrill whistle of the locomotive recalled us from the past, and to memory now must be committed the grateful task of treasuring those pleasant and delightful associations—at least, to many of us—with which our stay at Grenada was connected.

That evening we reached Canton—the terminus of the Mississippi Central—a handsome, little town, twenty-five miles from Jackson. Here we laid over all night for a train upon the Jackson and New Orleans line. Early the following morning, upon reaching the former place, which was still the headquarters of the lieutenant-general commanding the department, the captain received information that the brigade had been ordered from near Vicksburg to Grand Gulf, or to the vicinity of Port Gibson. The two places were eight miles apart, and something over forty miles below Vicksburg.

Our transportation was accordingly taken for this point, and a few hours run brought us to Hazlehurst, forty miles below, upon the New Orleans railroad. The remaining fifty miles of

the route were to be made on foot. The tents, cooking utensils, and some other items, were loaded into our wagon, and on a beautiful and bright spring morning, we left the little village buried in the forest of tall and stately pines that surrounds it, and moved on, not to the music of drum and fife, but to the carolling of birds, whose varied notes fell upon the ear in gay and joyous song.

The captain did not think it advisable to press our heavily laden team, as the march was not hurried; neither was there any military necessity that the advance should be rapid. We proceeded leisurely along, with a fine flow of humor and spirits in the company, and travelled through a pine country, in some places well improved, with nothing, however, of special interest to arrest attention on the route.

Our camp in the evening was near the house of a very clever gentleman, about ten miles from Hazlehurst. The people from the adjoining plantations, hearing that soldiers were camped near, came out to see the company, and treated us very cordially and hospitably, inviting many of the boys to spend the night with them. The invitations could not be accepted, as the captain wished to resume the march early on the following morning.

It will not be out of place to state that the inhabitants of this region were very enthusiastic in their reception of us. It was the first command of infantry that had ever travelled that road, and the citizens had not been burdened by the inevitable cost and inconvenience which invariably fall upon a country from the frequent presence and passage of large bodies of troops.

An advance of twelve miles the next day brought us into a very rich and fertile country, and we encamped not far from the post-office of Linden, near the plantation of Dr. Young. We had passed out of Copiah county, through which we had been travelling, and were now in the edge of Claiborne, one of the finest counties in the State.

This region comes up to the highest conception of a rich, planting Southern country. The houses were neat, handsome and commodious; the plantations were large, and the extensive fields in a fine state of cultivation. Cherokee rose-hedges in full bloom, constituting a large portion of the fencing, with their dense green foliage, extended in the distance, tipped with a crown as white as snow, the luxuriant and beautiful production

of its delicate bloom, from which the rich perfume loaded the air with delightful fragrance.

The presence of gorgeous and magnificent flowers gave evidence that we had penetrated the lovely land of the magnolia and myrtle. The kind, courteous and hospitable inhabitants received us with the warmest expressions of feeling. Quite a party visited the camp during the evening, gave numerous invitations to call at their houses, exhibited an earnest desire to contribute to our comfort and good cheer, and expressed the most unfeigned sympathy, when they learned that our company was Missourians, knowing that we were cut off from all connection and communication with home.

It was Saturday evening, and a fall of rain that night rendered the roads muddy and disagreeable; it was already hard work on our mules, and the captain determined, at the solicitation of the boys, to lay over a day and enjoy the good things pouring in upon us from the bounteous hands of the warm-hearted Southerners.

There was a church in the neighborhood, and several of the boys went to it, while others scattered in different directions to the residences of the adjoining planters. By invitation, I called with Lieutenant Welch upon Dr. Young's family, and met two very agreeable and interesting young ladies; their manners were winning and their address lively and pleasing: we spent the time delightfully and were entertained most kindly and with cordial hospitality.

When camp was reached, the boys had all returned, and recounted their adventures with evident pleasure and satisfaction. They begged the captain to remain, declaring that there were divers engagements to be fulfilled on the morrow, and that they could not possibly tear themselves away from so many and such charming acquaintances without one more day's grace. Indeed the girls of this region were very attractive, had treated the boys with such unreserved good feeling and kindness, that they were completely captivated and carried away; the captain finally yielded, and the command remained another day.

One of the company, who had been on a tour of observation in the country, called at the residence of a Mrs. S——, and ascertaining that they were akin to a well-known family of that name in Kentucky, to which he knew John McDowell and

myself were closely related, observed that they probably had cousins in our company. This led to farther inquiry, and he was charged, if the company remained any longer, to bring us out to see them. As the stay of the company was decided, this intelligence was very agreeable, and we felt at once a lively interest in these unknown kindred, as it was stated there were two beautiful girls in the family.

Dressed in the best clothes that could be brought into requisition, we started the following morning with our friend, and an hour's walk brought us to the widow's mansion. Mrs. S——, a mild and pleasant looking lady of probably forty, received us courteously upon the porch, where we were introduced and invited into the house.

It was here, reader, that my fate was sealed. Do you believe in love at first sight? perhaps you say, no—it is perfectly absurd: but I ask leave to differ with you, for, the first time the eyes of Miss Mollie S—— fell upon me, I was at once overcome—utterly “distract,” and found it impossible to withstand their bewildering influence. I could no more describe their color than I could that of a sunbeam; then there was the graceful poise of the head, the rich, glossy wave of the magnificent suit of hair, and her features—all superb, with an arch smile that illuminated the splendor of a countenance which expressed whatever can be conceived of the glory and charm of woman; add to this a form of perfect symmetry, and manners the most engaging—still but a faint idea is conveyed of my beautiful cousin Mollie.

The ceremony of introduction had been gone through, I scarcely remember how, only that I “bowed and bowed,” and was as though entranced, so wildering seemed the spell around me. My recollection is not very clear, but I found myself seated somehow, and addressing a few words of random conversation to her, when my attention was called to the other part of the room, where Mrs. S—— and John had succeeded in tracing out a tie of relationship. The charming little sylph was certainly related to us, but it was remote enough to admit of dreams and hopes, such as—

“Float in bright vision round the poet's head.”

We spent a delightful day—agreeable conversation, music, a good dinner, and strange to say, though so much in love, my appetite still remained.

Having given promises that we would endeavor to visit the family again while the command was at Port Gibson, little over twenty miles distant, we took leave, attended to camp by a sable personage, known as Uncle Bos, with a load of very acceptable delicacies for the mess.

After returning to camp, I visited Major Nelson's, close by, with several of the boys, by invitation, where we spent a very pleasant evening, were agreeably entertained by the ladies, and regaled with delicious wine and cake—a treat both rich and rare.

The next morning a cavalcade of ladies came out to see us leave, finely mounted and showy in their habits. Several bouquets were thrown to the company, and in the rush of the boys to get them, one of the horses was frightened and the fair equestrienne thrown, whithout, however, any serious disaster. Lieutenant Welch and myself received bouquets, with cards attached, from the ladies we had called upon at Dr. Young's—grateful mementoes to a soldier, and such as are calculated to smooth some of the rough places in his rugged path.

Two days' march, through one of the richest and finest countries in the South, brought us to the camp of the brigade, six miles from Port Gibson and two from Grand Gulf, where we were warmly received by our colonel and the command generally, who were all glad again to see old company G back among them.



Gen. Bowen.

CHAPTER LXX.

GENERAL BOWEN IN COMMAND—GRAND GULF AND ITS SITUATION.

UPON our arrival, we found General Bowen in charge of the brigade, having succeeded in obtaining a transfer to the command of the Missouri troops. He was an officer of very fine appearance, and had already won the confidence of the men, though almost an entire stranger among them, except to the First—his old regiment. By his fine address and management he had secured the respect and esteem of all.

The camp was in a very pleasant situation, two miles from the river; the nearest point was Grand Gulf, where heavy batteries were now being planted, and quite an extensive line of rifle-pits had been thrown up.

The men were granted the privilege of going to the river by the commanding general, or within one mile of camp in any other direction, at their pleasure, provided they were punctually at roll-call, which took place three times a day. Under these circumstances we often visited the Gulf, as the scenery around it was beautiful and picturesque, though the town was nothing now but a mass of ruins; the charred walls, blackened chimneys and isolated pillars were all that was left, except two solitary houses, of that once flourishing little city, which contained probably two thousand inhabitants.

Some twelve months before, it had been visited by naval vessels of the Federal fleet, then cruising in the river, and laid in ashes, scarcely any thing whatever being removed from the houses. The residences along the suburbs, with two exceptions, were also destroyed by the torch of the invader. As the reader will be brought hereafter to some stirring scenes at this point, I will give him now a picture of the place and its surroundings, that it may be understood in future developments.

Grand Gulf is very appropriately named. Nature has touched with a master's hand the striking and beautiful scenery around;

the high promontory and magnificent conical hills that overlooked the town and river, the grand natural causeways, the deep flowering ravines, the gulf above and stretching below to Rodney and some distance into Louisiana on the opposite shore, are prominent features of the landscape. Upon a narrow strip of bottom between the bluff and the river had been situated the business portion of the town, while most of the residences had stood along the side of the bluff or on the declivities of the hills, where the grounds were still ornamented with relics of wealth and refinement—beautiful flower gardens in full bloom, scattering summer-houses and shady groves, now the sole representatives of the once spacious and happy domicils.

Black river flows into the Mississippi just above, and the confluence forms that sheet of water known as the Gulf, while the larger stream sweeps gracefully around and washes the foot of the promontory which juts out against the two opposing currents. Here upon the lowest declivity of this point and about twenty feet above the surface of the water, our heaviest battery was being mounted, protected by very substantial earthworks. Some of the pieces were already up, and it was to consist of five guns—two ten-inch columbiads and three thirty-two pounders, commanded by that gallant Louisianian—Captain Grayson.

Extending some distance to the left of this battery down the river and running at the base of the cliffs, in front of the landing, was a line of well-constructed rifle pits, probably a half mile or more in length. Small field-pieces were scattered along in the rear of this work, and near the terminus, about two hundred yards from the lower end, another heavy battery, to contain three siege-pieces, was also being erected. This, and the whole of the field-artillery, was under the command of our old acquaintance, Captain Wade, now promoted to colonel of artillery.

Farther down, the bayou Pierre, a very large and deep creek flows from a direction beyond Port Gibson, and between that place and the Gulf, and falls into the Mississippi about two miles below; thus it will be perceived that our situation was on the terminus of a strip of land that extended for several miles back into the country between the bayou Pierre and Blackwater. The smaller stream was spanned, about half way between Port Gibson and Grand Gulf, by a suspension bridge upon the road

directly between the two places; a railroad had also formerly connected the towns, but was not in running order now.

An attack was expected, any time, when the Federal gunboats might pass either Vicksburg or Port Hudson, and the work upon the batteries and the laborious task of mounting heavy siege-pieces, together with the construction of magazines, was kept steadily going forward.

CHAPTER LXXI.

A VISIT TO PORT GIBSON—INCIDENTS AT THE GULF.

THERE were some relations of ours in Port Gibson, and John and I concluded to call upon them at the earliest opportunity. Procuring leave for a day, we proceeded to carry out our design, and were lucky enough to get an ambulance up to the place, where we knocked round and took a look at the town—one of the prettiest in Mississippi, with probably three thousand inhabitants; everything about it denoted taste, elegance, luxury, wealth and refinement. Not being disposed to intrude upon relations we had never seen, at an unusual hour, we dined at the hotel.

ABOUT three in the afternoon we handed in our cards, and were very cordially received by the head of the family—a widow lady—who had heard of us before and gave us a warm welcome. We were introduced to her two daughters, Miss Serena and Miss Balissa Shelby, both very intelligent and accomplished young ladies, the former very pretty, and also to some company—Miss Laura McCaleb and mother, who were there from the country. We had mistaken the fashionable hour, as they were just going to dinner, and the invitation to join them was declined, as we had already done ample justice to that meal. Miss Serena remained and entertained us in a very agreeable manner. In the course of the conversation, she spoke of some old family pictures, which she showed, whose appearance was very familiar, and made us feel as if we were indeed among our kindred.

THE other members of the family and its guests joined the circle after dining, and the evening passed most delightfully. Miss M—— was asked to sing. In the refined social sphere in which she moved and in which every accomplishment was highly cultivated, Miss M—— shone as one of its brightest ornaments; she seemed to be the child of song—a daughter of the Muses. I had heard music, and some that was esteemed fine, and was indeed superior, but never a voice with such pathos and

melody—mocking-bird, nightingale, Jenny Lind, none of the nest of warblers could surpass it: ecstatic strains breathed the spirit of enchantment through those spacious halls, and fell upon the ear—

“———like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets.”

As. “Her bright smile haunts me still” rose in sweet, clear and thrilling accents on that beautiful evening, so I seem to hear it again, and ask myself if it is indeed “her bright smile” or her mastery of song that still lingers in the recesses of memory.

Late in the evening we made our adieux, after having received repeated invitations from our relatives to make their house our home while we remained near the place; or, if camp restrictions would not allow this, to come and see them as often as possible. Our visits were not likely to be very frequent, as the soldiers were kept very closely confined within their limits, and not permitted to remain out of camp at night without a pass from the general, and only two from each company were allowed the privilege of being absent during the day.

We received a pressing invitation from Mrs. McCaleb to visit at her residence, some seventeen miles in the country, not far out of the neighborhood where our company camped and laid over two days upon the march, and no great distance from the home of Cousin Mollie, and, as we intended to strain a point to get out there once more, we gave some assurance of having the pleasure of meeting them again.

Our dress-parades were often largely attended by ladies, and they bestowed every attention and kindness to divert and amuse the soldiers, frequently taking them for a ride in their elegant phaetons and entertaining them with cordial hospitality at their houses. Everything possible was contributed by the citizens of the surrounding country to make our stay here pleasant and agreeable, and they were succeeding admirably in doing so. We were not, however, kept long at this point without some additional excitement.

Information was received that several of the enemy's vessels and gunboats had attempted to pass Fort Hudson, and two of them—the Hartford, which was the flagship of Admiral Farragut, and the Albatross, a gunboat—had succeeded in

passing, and were now cruising up the river, probably to communicate with the fleet above Vicksburg. To accomplish this, they would have to pass our batteries.

Few of the heavy pieces of artillery were up and ready for service, but the field-pieces and all were placed in position, so as to give the enemy a warm reception. The batteries were not kept long in suspense. In a day or two, the vessels came steaming up a little after dark, apparently unconscious or regardless of danger, and our guns opened upon them in point-blank range. The fire was immediately returned, and the guns flashed beautifully and rapidly from the port-holes upon the dark surface of the water. This was the only guide our cannoniers had in firing, as darkness and mist enveloped the ships and everything around them.

Though the Hartford was struck, their progress was not retarded, and they soon passed rapidly out of range. In a couple of days the same scene was enacted over again: the enemy came in sight just at twilight, when it was somewhat lighter than on the preceding occasion. This time they opened with their bow guns at long range, and our upper battery upon the point replied with spirit. For fifteen minutes the fire was sustained, when they again succeeded in passing, with no perceptible injury done to either of them, although it was apparent that both had been struck. By the explosion of one of Wade's pieces, a twenty-four-pound, rifled gun, considerable damage was done: two men were killed and four wounded by the unfortunate accident.

If these gunboats were judged from appearance, they would not be considered very formidable. Low in the water, black, common and almost shapeless in their proportions, they yet bid defiance to any ordinary assault, and pass boldly and fearlessly in front of the strongest fortifications and the heaviest artillery. The Hartford was a ship, very strongly constructed, though not iron-clad, and moved through the water, in the face of our guns, with a daring and spirit that seemed at once to challenge and defy attack.

CHAPTER LXXII.

A WEEK ON FURLOUGH; OR, THE ROMANCE OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

JOHN and myself proposed a visit, in the country near Linden, to the family of Mrs. S——, twenty-five miles distant, and we proceeded to make arrangements for carrying out the intention. Arming ourselves with a leave of absence, drawn up in language cogent and appealing, we succeeded, without much difficulty, in getting the captain and colonel to sign it; but the hard part of the rub was to get the general's approval, who was keeping his men close in camp at the time, and expected soon to need the services of all, and even many more than he now had in his command. Nevertheless, we took the application down to headquarters in person, and, after some preliminary remarks, to which we replied satisfactorily, he appended the required signature, and we had the supreme satisfaction of leaving camp an hour afterwards, and were on the way to Port Gibson, rejoicing in our good fortune.

The next morning we were to take the stage for Linden, a place which, during the past two weeks, had possessed for me a magnetic charm. I was on my way again to revel in the light of those smiles, exist once more in the presence of that lovely reality, the image of which, like the beautiful phantasmagoria of a dream, was ever haunting my thoughts. My feelings were buoyant, wild and extravagant—my mind in anything but a state of equilibrium.

Arriving at Port Gibson about dark, we stayed during the night at Mrs. Shelby's, and had indeed a delightful time, enjoying ourselves during the evening, and retiring to rest upon a couch as soft as down, with snowy linen sheets. Accustomed to nothing but the ground, and no bed but our blankets, this was a glorious luxury.

We awoke at sunrise in the morning, to the sound of sweet music, a very pleasing but unfamiliar reveille, and making our by no means elaborate toilet, entered the parlor, and found Miss

Balissa rapt in the execution of one of Beethoven's exquisite melodies. After brief converse, breakfast was announced, and soon we were prepared to leave. The stage started early, and we bade adieu to kind relatives, repaired to the office, and were quickly on the way to Linden.

As we advanced, our spirits were gay, and we congratulated ourselves at the prospect of having such a grand time for a whole week. The stage at last stopped, and we got out near the camp of so many pleasant reminiscences. An hour's walk again brought us to Chesnut Ridge, where we were met joyfully, and warmly welcomed by the inmates.

How can I describe the remainder of that day and the week following, spent in the family and its hospitable vicinity? Most of the time I was lingering by the side of Mollie, listening to the soft accents of her silvery voice, basking in the light of her smiles and breathing the intoxicating atmosphere of love. We walked, rode and visited together, and exchanged an hundred tokens of regard—not that I mean to say, it was any thing more on her part than kind, cordial good feeling; but for myself, the more I saw of her, the more infatuated I became, and the developing of kindred feelings and sentiments—a finely cultivated mind, an amiable disposition, perfectly lovable and graceful manners—enthralled and overpowered me. My state of being was anything but natural.

We were honored by calls from all the neighbors and invitations to little gatherings at several places. A fishing party was gotten up, which I attended with Mollie, and John accompanied a Miss B——, about whom he was badly “gone up,” so there were two of us in a similar and interesting condition.

Did you ever go fishing, reader, when it was immaterial whether the fish nibbled or pulled the cork under? If you have not, I have, and this was the occasion. Setting our poles upon the edge of the bank, we withdrew to a little mossy knoll, shaded by the gorgeous foliage of a magnificent magnolia, laden with its wealth of fragrance, and burdened with its white, flowing and beautiful bloom.

Under that gigantic old tree, and in presence of the girl I loved, was there anything more to desire? I was satisfied with the present, and sought not to penetrate the shadows of the future. It is true, there was in view a glimmering prospect—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast!"

Yes—a hope that, at some distant day, a brighter and more assured destiny might open the way for something beyond—and that was all.

We called, while here, upon Mrs. McCaleb's family, but Miss Laura was not at home; she had gone to Port Gibson to rehearse for a grand tableau, concert and performance, that was to come off there, in compliment to our brigade.

Our week of grace finally drew to a close. After repeated promises to write, that hard word, good-bye, was again reluctantly spoken to our newly-acquainted but dearly-loved cousins. Reluctantly, did I say? it only partially expresses the feeling. O! kind reader! is there not one short period of your life that you look back upon and recall as the dearest and happiest epoch of your existence? and is it not the time when you were first in love? I review now, through the dim shadows of the past, that delightful week on furlough—the brightest of my existence—and turn with a sigh and a smile to the page filled with the fondest and sweetest reminiscences.

The jolting stage conveyed us back to Port Gibson, where we were just in time for the grand tableaux and concert, that was to come off that evening. We found Miss McCaleb at Mrs. Shelby's, and I had the pleasure of being her escort, while John took charge of the other ladies.

Miss M—— had heard that I was considerably struck with cousin Mollie, and touched me with spirited and lively humor upon that point. A good portion of her time, however, was occupied in drilling me, as there were one or two little parts she wished me to play for her, and I had volunteered to dance attendance during the evening's performance.

This was not the first affair of the kind, and the soldiers were in the habit of showering bouquets upon the stage, having provided them for that purpose, at the close of a performance which really struck them; and, as Miss M—— wished to ascertain how many she would get, I was deputed to receive her flowers and take care of them during the evening. I also volunteered to present her a handsome bouquet after a certain piece she was to sing—a style of delivery my fair companion considered more elegant than throwing, in which I entirely agreed with her.

We were soon in the concert hall, filled already to overflowing.

The hall was hung with banners and wreathed with flowers. Mingled with the throng of grace and beauty, were the bronzed faces of warriors, darkened beneath a Southern sun. Jewels sparkled on rounded arms and glittered upon fair brows, that in shape and loveliness challenged the Medician Venus. Robes of wondrous hue and exquisite style and texture encircled fairy forms, that floated in bright and dazzling vision before the enchanted eye: rare and beauteous flowers were wreathed in the golden tresses of the pure and lovely blonde and in the raven curls of the dark-eyed daughter of the sun; the bewitching maiden, the glorious woman, in all their charms and splendor—the gallant soldier, the brave chieftain, with their proud step and flashing eye, were gathered there.

Through this brilliant assembly we found our way, and procured seats near the foot of the stage. The performance soon opened, and was splendid—unsurpassed. It was evident, in a short time, that I had undertaken quite a task in taking charge of the flowers thrown to Miss Laura, as the finale of a piece from her invariably brought a shower of them to her feet, which were gathered up by the manager, and, by her request, turned over to me, being always at hand to receive this floral tribute. When “Missouri,” a favorite piece with the brigade, was sung, and I presented the bouquet in the manner determined upon, such a flood of them followed, I had to call in an assistant; and, at the close of the performance, all of our party had more than it was convenient to carry home—many of them large, elegant and very beautiful.

Other ladies, who exhibited superior musical talent, were complimented with quantities of flowers, but whether they equalled or excelled Miss Laura’s, I am unable to say. My feeling was, and so I told Miss L——, to crown the Queen of Song with the richest offerings of Flora.

Remaining in town for the night, with our relatives, we returned to the call of duty early the following morning, and found, on arriving at camp, that our regiment, in company with two others—the Third and Fifth—had crossed the river and gone some twenty-five miles above, on the opposite side, near to Carthage, in Louisiana.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

LOUISIANA.

THE next morning we left, in company with a few other soldiers, to join the command in Louisiana. Crossing the river in a steamboat used for ferrying at the time, we went ashore at Hardtimes, a landing in Louisiana, four miles above the Gulf.

This was the first time I had ever been on the soil of that State—one which I had long wished to see. Her finely equipped and disciplined soldiery was calculated to make a favorable impression in reference to the land from which they came. A few hundred yards from the landing, the road strikes the edge and runs almost in a straight line up the margin of a lake. As you proceed, on the left lie the magnificent plantations of John Ruth, situated in a country unsurpassed in beauty and richness by any of the same extent, perhaps, in the world. There were four of these estates, upon the upper one of which was the princely residence of his son-in-law, Dr. Bowey. The improvements upon all were superb and elegant, and, together, they occupy a strip of territory perfectly level and above overflow, about two miles and a-half wide, and extending for twenty miles between Tensas bayou on one side and Lake St. Joseph on the other, and comprising within this boundary an immense body of land, inexhaustible in production and fertility.

The houses front towards the lake, a beautiful sheet of water half a mile in width, along the bank of which were secured, at intervals, exquisite, little, pleasure boats, of almost fairy fashion, in which the families of the luxurious planters were accustomed to take excursions, generally after twilight, upon the glittering surface of the silvery waters. It seemed that nothing, which either taste or fancy could suggest or wealth command, had been left undone. The residences and grounds were spacious and ornate, surrounded and interspersed with statues and other works of beauty and art; buried in the thick foliage of clinging vines and a dense growth of luxuriant evergreens; adorned with

rich beds of gay and variegated flowers ; resplendent in beauty and delicious with fragrance. Arcadian abodes could scarcely have been more enchanting than these seats of taste and opulence.

Dark overtook us on the route, and, having marched about twenty miles, we stopped for the night. A march of five miles in the morning, brought us to camp. The command consisted of three regiments of infantry and a battalion of Louisiana cavalry, under Major Harris—a fine-looking body of men ; and, in addition, there was one battery. This force was bivouacked in the yard and upon the premises of a gentleman whose name was Perkins—a representative in the Confederate Congress. He was now at Richmond, and had burned his handsome mansion, with everything in it, before leaving. It was stated that his object in doing this, was to keep the Federals from having that pleasure themselves. The grounds around were ornamented with the now neglected remains of wealth and refinement, which were fast going to ruin.

Federal forces were already moving down upon this side of the river, and their advance was at Carthage, only a few miles above : the roll of the drums was within hearing distance. Their strength was not accurately ascertained, nor was the design of the movement they were making as yet apparent or obvious.

Future developments showed that the strategic operations of Grant's campaign against Vicksburg, were now commenced. The most efficient, and probably the only means of thwarting this movement, was to have massed our forces from Vicksburg and its vicinity, and, having concentrated them at Port Gibson or a neighboring position, there to have fought a determined and decisive battle. If Grant had been promptly and boldly checked before establishing a foothold in that part of Mississippi, his plans might have been defeated, at least for the time.

General Pemberton, however, had at this period a line of over a hundred and fifty miles to defend, extending from above Deer creek and high up on the Yazoo, to a point many miles below our present position, and this must be accomplished with an army of only thirty-five thousand men ; while operating against him was one of the best and most effective armies that war has ever created or organized, at that time about an hundred thousand strong, greatly increased afterwards by immense reinforcements,

and always backed and supported by one of the finest fleets in the world. This mighty host had already been foiled several times in its attempts upon Vicksburg, by way of Sneider's bluff and the Yazoo, and was now coiling its anaconda-like proportions to strike its object from another and almost unguarded direction.

During the stay here, our company was on picket duty most of the time, or reconnoitring the enemy's movements, the situation of their camp, and ascertaining if their advance was in force. This service was mostly discharged in small boats, of which a number had been provided, as the country was generally under water. The inundation was caused in part by cutting the dykes and levees, and also by the flood of the river.

During a part of the time, I stood picket with three or four of the boys, in sight of the enemy's camp, upon the plantations of President Davis and his brother, Joseph Davis. These estates were on the opposite side of the river from our command, and had once been in a fine state of improvement, but were now utterly in ruins, having been visited several times by Federal gunboats and Northern soldiers. A few half-starved, old negroes, unable to get away, were the only inhabitants left upon the premises.

Near here I visited the wreck of the Federal gunboat *Indianola*, which had been sunk in an engagement, a short time previous, between that vessel and the Confederate ram *Webb* and the *Indianapolis*. This last formerly belonged to the United States navy, and had been captured by the Confederates a short time preceding. The damage was done, however, by the ram, which struck the *Indianola* with a full head of steam, and stove in her hull, sinking her to the hurricane, and at once terminating the action. She was an iron-clad, and very formidable in her construction and armament.

On the trip made by the *Hartford* and *Albatross*, they had endeavored to raise her, but the weight of iron on her badly crippled condition was such, that they did not succeed.

The nights, while on duty at this point, were generally spent wide-awake, as the splash of oars, either above or below, challenged the men to their posts and to a sharp look-out for the presence of an enemy.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

A CAPTURE.

COLONEL COCKRELL, who was in command of the detached forces, received information by a lady, that a number of the enemy was camped upon a plantation near by, a considerable portion of which had not been submerged: he had collected about twelve hundred contrabands, and had them guarded at a house, upon a neck of land about a-quarter of a mile from the main body.

Cockrell determined to capture these negroes, and the picket with them, if possible, and send them to headquarters at Grand Gulf. Taking our regiment and a few companies of the Third, he left camp about three o'clock in the night. His design was to get there, secure his booty, and be off again before the enemy, in such close proximity, would be aroused. Most of the route lay through a vast sheet of water, covering the surface of both woods and fields, from knee to waist-deep, through which the men had to wade, and, at the same time, carefully protect their guns and ammunition.

A somewhat protracted and cautious march brought us, about daylight, within sight of the house, when the colonel's dispositions were made, so as to capture the parties without delay: the men were ordered not to fire unless attacked from the direction of the camp. The picket was surrounded and cut off, our men receiving a few shots from it as we advanced. It surrendered immediately, however, and was placed under guard.

The shots aroused the darkies, who jumped up from their beds, in and around the house, and went yelling in every direction, badly frightened. In fact, they were the worst scared creatures I ever saw, for they looked upon their capture, or the affair, as almost certain death; and it was some little time before they were all stopped, brought up together, and quieted. When they found there was no intention to kill them, they became less noisy and clamorous.

The colonel now ordered some of the boys to go up-stairs and see if any one was there. Several of us rushed up the steps, and, upon entering one of the rooms, a very ludicrous and amusing scene was presented. The result was, a tall, spare, grave-looking personage, accompanied by a young, full-grown, athletic and very black negress, was marched down.

The boys indulged heartily in prolonged and boisterous merriment, and it was not long before we discovered that this live and interesting sybarite was the chaplain of a regiment, which our prisoners below fully confirmed—the chaplain of an Illinois cavalry regiment, which was, I believe, the Second Illinois, though in the number I may be mistaken; but of the main fact there is no doubt.

This occurrence and the principal actor in it were a source of rare amusement, and afforded a subject of much humor and merriment to the picket we had captured, the men of which were lively, reckless and daring looking fellows, and belonged to the same regiment with the chaplain.

The firing and melee had roused the soldiers in camp, who, we could now see, were rapidly assembling in arms. Our expedition was thus far successfully accomplished, and we moved off with the prisoners—about a thousand negroes, besides the picket and chaplain, who were all safely conducted to camp, and sent on to the authorities at the Gulf.

CHAPTER LXXV.

LAST SCENES OF OUR CAMPAIGN IN LOUISIANA.

TOWARDS the close of our stay in Louisiana, our company and company B, of the regiment, were ordered out in what was called the "mosquito fleet," which carried over a hundred men, generally from five to six occupying each boat. This expedition was accompanied by about twenty men from Major Harris' battalion, who knew the country, and acted chiefly as pickets and guards.

We carried with us three days' rations, and had instructions not to return until we obtained satisfactory and reliable information in regard to the situation of the different camps of the enemy, and ascertained, if possible, his strength; to hover in the woods and cane around, and cut off any scouting party that might venture out; to learn something definite about his designs, and to find in what direction he was really moving.

This was rather dangerous work, as the whole country was now beginning to swarm with blue-coats. We touched at several plantations, most of which were almost entirely under water, and two or three had been visited that morning, or the evening previous, by parties of Federal soldiers, who had carried off whatever they wanted or fancied, and all the negroes, especially the young negro men, who wished to go with them.

We continued to cruise round the enemy's camps and observe his movements for three days and nights, during which time we were scarcely out of our boats, always sleeping in them at night. We pulled about through the cane and undergrowth, watching for parties that might be scouting, and our boats were frequently drawn into the cane by the side of different passes that were likely to be traversed by a hostile force. Several times information was received from our pickets in advance, that they heard the splash of oars; but these reports invariably proved erroneous, and we did not get sight of a Federal soldier outside of his camps.

The Federal commanders were acting with great caution, and

carefully masking their movements, awaiting the operations of their fleet, a portion of which they expected, as events proved, to pass below Vicksburg.

For the sake of the novelty and interest that would attach to a fight in open boats upon the water among the cane, undergrowth and timber, I wish it was in my power to record an action of this sort; the scene would be new, and its incidents, no doubt, striking, but the text must be adhered to—nothing of the kind came up, and, as I am putting down only what I have seen, known, or am well assured of, an appropriate illustration of this new field of combat cannot be forthcoming; yet it will not be amiss to say that, “Wilson’s marines,” a sobriquet assumed by the boys, were almost spoiling for a fight.

The fleet had been out three days, and we had been operating about fifteen miles from camp, when Captain Wilson received a message from Colonel Cockrell to hasten back, that circumstances had transpired which would render the immediate return of the command to the other side of the river necessary.

This dispatch was received about two o’clock in the evening, and our little fleet was soon pulling back, as rapidly as possible, in the direction of camp. Upon approaching our old position, we were informed by a squad of Major Harris’ cavalry, that the enemy’s gunboats had passed Vicksburg, and their black smoke could now be seen up the river; that the command had departed for Grand Gulf, leaving orders for us to hurry, or we would probably be cut off, as the fleet was now coming on down.

Our flotilla was turned into the head of lake St. Joseph about sunset, and upon the point at the upper extremity, Major Harris’ cavalry, with its artillery, protected by cotton bales, was in position—ready to dispute the passage of a narrow strip of land with the enemy. This command, which was familiar with every nook and corner, with every pass and stronghold in that locality, was not to return with us. It was left behind, and how much trouble this force ever gave the Federals, what amount of service or fighting it went through, we never knew, as this was the last time we saw or heard from it. It was a fine battalion of men—the commander was courteous and soldierly in his bearing, and doubtless rendered a good account both of his command and himself.

As we moved along down the lake, the slaves from the adjoin-

ing plantations were seen flocking off in the direction of the Federal forces; they went by hundreds, each carrying a bundle of some description. Old and young—men, women and children—seemed to be making a general hegira.

The moon soon rose, bright and clear, over the lake's silvery bosom; and, as the rapid strokes of the oars splashed the sparkling waters, that gay and lively song, "Joe Bowers," a favorite with the Missouri soldiers, was given by fifty voices to the breeze, and the wild and swelling notes floated far and wide, borne by the zephyrs and taken up by the distant echoes.

While we were running down the centre of the lake, the beautiful habitations, already described, upon its banks were being broken up and abandoned, and nearly every thing about them was left to the mercy of the enemy. The families removed with such valuables as jewelry and plate, and the few trusty servants disposed to follow them. Personal safety and security made this course indispensable, as the war on the part of the Federal forces had become one of general plunder and indiscriminate conflagration.

The residence of Dr. Bowey, already mentioned, one of the handsomest of the many princely establishments in Louisiana, was burned by the Federals, with all its furniture, immediately on their approach. The usages of civilized war were utterly disregarded, and private property and the persons of non-combatants were subjected, the one to destruction or appropriation, the other to insult and outrage.

We disembarked about midnight, near the residence of the elder Ruth, leaving all the little craft there, of which several belonged to him, and marched down the lake near the landing upon the river, where we remained until morning, when the first boat carried us over to Grand Gulf, just as the smoke from the enemy's iron-clads, in the bend only a few miles above, appeared in sight. The ferry-boat soon moved up Black river, and we remained awhile upon the bank, to see the style and manner of salutation from the approaching foe.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

PROGRESS OF AFFAIRS AT THE GULF.

IN the course of half an hour three gunboats made their appearance, and one of them, running down within long range, fired a couple of shots from her bow guns, which went whistling high over us, being discharged at the distance of more than three miles. Our battery did not reply for some time, during which the other two vessels came up alongside of the one in front, when they all three stood puffing for several minutes, and seemed to be taking a good look at us and our situation.

Two white puffs from black port-holes, and a couple of shells came shrieking through the air, and fell some distance in our rear. Our batteries still remained silent: they did not wish to uncover their positions or expose the calibre of their guns, until it could be done with effect. The boats remained without moving for half an hour, supposed to be observing with their glasses the strength and extent of our fortifications and their armament.

General Bowen ordered a shot to be fired from the lower battery, not desiring to expose the situation of the upper and stronger one, within the range of which the the vessels, if they advanced, would first come. Accordingly, a shot was fired from one of the heaviest guns below, which fell about a hundred yards short of the boats, estimated to be about four miles distant. They still kept their position without returning our fire, or seeming at all inclined to run by or come nearer for the present.

Another shot was soon fired from the same piece, and this time struck very near one of the vessels—glancing along the surface of the water, it passed some distance beyond. They replied to this from their bow guns; and, steaming up the river, two of them anchored in full view, a little distance above, out of range, while the third disappeared up the river. The excitement being over for the present, our company returned to its old quarters in camp.

A guard of a regiment was now kept constantly in attendance

at the Gulf. Additions had been made to the force here during our absence: the Second brigade, General Green commanding, had come in, and also the First Confederate battalion of regulars, under Colonel Forney. General Bowen was now in command of our division, and controlled operations at this point; and Colonel Cockrell was placed in command of the brigade. Other reinforcements had been asked for by General Bowen, and were expected to arrive in a short time.

Affairs were beginning to assume an aspect somewhat threatening, and all eyes were looking forward for some decided demonstration, as we could daily hear of the enemy's forces moving down and concentrating near this point, upon the other side of the river. This was about the twenty-first or twenty-second of April, 1863, and the weather had become warm, though still pleasant.

With other boys of the company, I often went down about dusk, and strolled round, admiring the scenic beauty of the place; enjoying the refreshing breeze from the river; looking upon the Gulf by moonlight and the blue lights of the Federal gunboats, which were still lying, peacefully and quietly, at the place where they first anchored.

The loveliness of those beautiful nights could not be surpassed, and we generally lingered until a late hour, enjoying their balmy and grateful influence. Massey Smith was frequently my companion in these walks, and often Bryson and my cousin were with us, and others of the company—Hanger, the Edwards boys, Will Giddings, Crocket Bower, Pitts, and many more. Our pleasant moonlight strolls while there, are not forgotten, and the faces and forms of those noble and generous comrades seem to gather round me again—alas! many of them are recalled, now, only from the repose of the grave and the shadows of the tomb!

Must I say to you here, gentle reader, that I wandered, alone, sometimes to the highest point upon the cliffs, just above the upper battery, upon the summit of which was a beautiful plateau overlooking the scene around? A residence had once stood upon this lovely, but wild and storm-beaten spot: it was now gone—had shared the fate of the rest. Seating myself under the shadows of the friendly old trees, while the bright moonlight glittered upon the waves below, and the stars peeped dimly down through the foliage above, a sweet vision passed before me, and gave

enchantment to the scene. The image came, as if wafted by the gentle breath of the night wind, and, with eyes half closed, I could see in the sylvan shades the graceful outline of that well-remembered form. Do we not all sometimes visit the land of dreams? What is life?

"It is all but a dream, at the best."

Forgive me, then, kind reader, if to these pages are committed some of those day-dreams, which are now, indeed, gone forever.

While here, two of our company were transferred to other duties—Abe Edwards and Sid Sheppard. The latter was detailed by a cousin of his, a quartermaster, in whose employ he acted until the close of the war. Since the shot received through his hand at Corinth, which caused the loss of one finger and very considerable injury to another, Abe Edwards had not been able to handle a musket without difficulty, and he was detailed as an agent to purchase cattle for the government. They had both been good soldiers, and we regretted their loss. Abe, by his exceeding cleverness, habitual gay humor and frank, manly bearing, had long been a favorite—a merry comrade, a ready and willing soldier. We were all loth to see him leave.

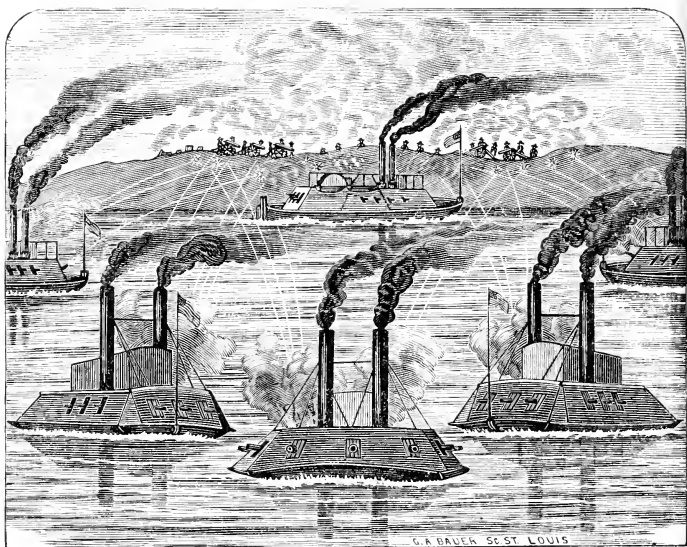
The company was joined at this point by Charley Hanger, a brother of John: he had been a long time in prison at the North. Nearly all the company had known Charley, and gave him a warm and cordial welcome.

The citizens of the vicinity still kept up their hospitable intercourse with the command, and it really seemed that they could not do enough for it: their courtesy and kindness bore the test of time and circumstance—remained unchanged to the last.

Our company received a large donation of good things from the neighborhood of Linden, consisting of butter, eggs, sweet potatoes—all rarities and delicacies to us. Several of the boys received bouquets from that quarter; a card among them announced "The compliments of Miss P——, with a bouquet for Captain Wilson," which proved a remarkably substantial and acceptable one—being no less than a box well filled with a fine turkey, a ham or two, cake, and a variety of other nice things.

A letter came to me from Cousin Mollie while here, which was like the visit of an angel. It was simply kind, courteous, and such as one might receive from a cousin—nothing farther.

Time passed on; rumors were rife of the enemy's movements and intentions: his gunboats were in sight all the time, without attacking or making any demonstration. Early, however, on the morning of the twenty-ninth, all the hostile vessels, including gunboats and transports, raised steam, and the stir and commotion among them evidently indicated that something was now to be done.



Bombardment of Grand Gulf

CHAPTER LXXVII.

BOMBARDMENT OF GRAND GULF.

AN hour after sunrise, on the morning of the twenty-ninth of April, the enemy's gunboats, seven in number, under full head of steam, swept down upon our position, firing rapidly from their bow-guns as they advanced, and took their stations, at intervals, near the centre of the river, extending along down in front of our batteries and rifle-pits, delivering heavy broadsides as they fell into line.

Our batteries, both siege and field, the former numbering eight and the latter twelve or fifteen guns, replied promptly and with spirit, and a terrific cannonade began. Two of the gunboats did not seem inclined to form in line with the others, which were firing rapidly by broadsides from their positions, but steamed up and down in front of our works and batteries, firing from their ports, ploughing the works with both shot and shell, and raking the ground occupied by the infantry with grape—a perfect storm of iron was being hurled shoreward; but it produced comparatively little effect upon a position strongly fortified and admirably protected.

We now discovered that the iron-clads, which had kept such a respectful distance from our guns, were not afraid to come to close quarters. The two already mentioned, which were steaming up and down in every direction, determined to try the strength of our works at the closest possible range, and one of them, the *Pittsburg*, understood to be under the command of Captain Hoel, ran immediately under the upper battery, within ten steps of the guns, and fired a tremendous broadside up immediately upon them. She lay so close under the bank that the muzzles of the guns in the battery could not be brought to bear upon her; but the smoke-stacks were riddled, and one of them shot almost entirely off, and she was soon forced to leave her position by our sharp-shooters, who poured a destructive fire into her port-holes whenever opened. She also

had sharp-shooters aboard, who fired upon our artillerymen with some effect.

As the *Pittsburg* moved off to a more respectful distance, a shot from one of our guns penetrated a port-hole, and, I afterwards learned, killed and wounded thirteen of the crew.

The fire from all the boats was now furious, and our guns were skilfully handled; they were struck repeatedly, but their iron sides appeared impervious, and our shot had little or no effect upon them. Our field-batteries, which were only partially protected, were partly abandoned, by orders, as pieces of such light calibre could render but little efficient service.

About nine o'clock one of the gun-carriages of the lower battery was injured by a very heavy discharge of powder, so that it could not be used in action again, while one of the upper battery was disabled by a shot from the enemy. Colonel Wade was killed at one of the guns of the lower battery, his head torn off by an immense shell. The loss of this brave, gallant and efficient officer, at so critical a moment, was most deeply felt, as his valuable services could not readily be dispensed with. A shell also fell and exploded in the rifle-pits, in front of the landing, where the Third Missouri regiment was in position, to repulse any attempt the enemy might make to land forces there, and killed and wounded eleven men; a few other casualties also occurred.

Between ten and eleven o'clock our batteries were ordered to cease firing, and the men to keep close. Only one of the gun-boats had been crippled and compelled to withdraw from the action; it had its hog-chains shot off, and was damaged otherwise, and towed below out of range. It was thought by some that this vessel afterwards sunk.

The bombardment was still continued from the fleet, the vessels relieving each other, and only half of them firing at a time, until one o'clock, when they drew off up the river, satisfied, I suppose, that our batteries had been effectually silenced.

It was something over an hour before the collection of vessels above, consisting of both transports and gunboats, began to move again, when they came on—all firmly lashed together by cables, and on the opposite side of each of the six iron-clads a transport was securely fastened. Their evident object now, was to run by, as rapidly as possible, with the transports, which were

certainly intended to be brought into requisition below for the purpose of crossing troops.

They were soon within range of the batteries, which opened upon them, directing their fire chiefly at the transports, which were almost entirely protected. A heavy fire was maintained from both sides for fifteen or probably twenty minutes, when the Federal flotilla passed out of range below.

One of the transports was badly damaged, and sunk, in spite of all exertions to prevent it, in full view, a little over four miles below, and before reaching Bruinsburg. This was the only apparent damage they sustained. The fighting now terminated for the day.

The enemy had in action not less than sixty guns, most of them of very heavy metal and of the largest calibre, and threw ashore at least a hundred and twenty tons of iron. This may be thought, at the first impression, an exaggerated estimate, but when it is considered that it takes only about thirty-one sixty-four pound balls to make a ton, and that the enemy fired in the neighborhood of sixty rounds to the piece, it will be found that the calculation is very moderate.

About five o'clock in the evening the transports began the work of ferrying over troops; their decks could plainly be seen, covered with men. General Grant landed his first troops, in that part of Mississippi, opposite to Bruinsburg, and just below the mouth of the bayou Pierre.

General Bowen had divided his small force and sent the larger part around near that point, by way of the suspension bridge and Port Gibson, and upon a road leading down upon the opposite side of the stream. He had repeatedly asked for reinforcements, but none had arrived, except the Sixth Mississippi, which came in that day, after a very hard forced march. He had about five thousand men at his command, and these he deployed and disposed of to the best advantage, and in accordance with the exigencies of affairs around him. His orders were to hold his position as long as possible.

General Green advanced within about two miles of the river and nearly within the same distance of the point at which the enemy was landing—out of reach of his gunboats. This movement was made towards dark in the evening.

The Federals kept steadily at work until night enveloped

their movements; but it could still be seen, from the passing of the lights to and fro across the river and the sparks from the smoke-stacks of the vessels, that he continued to cross over troops during the entire night.

Early the next morning General Bowen sent all his forces around to that point, except the First Confederate battalion, the First Missouri and our regiment, which were left as a guard for the batteries and the position at the Gulf.

The commands that moved forward, towards the enemy, were augmented by a small brigade of Alabamians, under Colonel Tracy, numbering about fifteen hundred men, who had been marched all the preceding day and night, and were not in good condition for action. Throwing out the regiments left at the Gulf, on the thirtieth of April, 1863, but little over five thousand men were on the field, to meet the large and formidable army about to advance under General Grant.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE BATTLE OF PORT GIBSON.

A LITTLE after sunrise General Green was attacked in force ; his dispositions had been well made, and he repulsed the enemy three times ; but about ten o'clock he was forced to withdraw, in consequence of a heavy flank movement made upon his left. About two miles further back, and six from Port Gibson, General Bowen's lines were now formed, and his small force was deployed upon very advantageous ground.

The field upon which they fought was very broken, with high hills, deep hollows and ravines, while dense cane-brakes and other growth covered the ground, through which it was difficult for troops to operate with facility, and impossible to move in order.

The enemy advanced and attacked Bowen's position vigorously, both with artillery and infantry, and a fierce battle ensued, which lasted until dark ; our men kept in order, and resisted, in the most determined manner, the vast odds against them.

Our regiment lay, all day long, at the Gulf, within hearing of the continuous roar of musketry and the distinct and incessant peals of artillery. Descriptions of the battle were given me by several who were on the field, and, among others, by Colonel Cockrell, who was with the portion of the brigade engaged in the fight.

The men never behaved better than on that day ; they exhibited perfect coolness and nerve, and executed orders in the most prompt and willing manner. Ten thousand more troops, Colonel Cockrell declared, would have rendered Grant's movement into Mississippi decidedly uncertain. The fighting was desperate, and our troops never gave back from any attack in front, though they were forced to retire once or twice by flank movements, made with very superior numbers.

A Federal battery of Parrott guns was in position upon an eminence some distance upon the left of the road, on which our

force was posted, and shelled its line with considerable effect. Cockrell was ordered by General Bowen to take two of his regiments, the Third and Fifth, and make a circuit in the woods to the left, beyond the battery ; then, by a rapid attack from the flank, either to try and take it or drive it from the field.

The colonel, with the two regiments, proceeded to obey the order by making the required movement ; but, upon coming up at a point which he considered far enough to the left to flank it, or any support it was likely to have, and debouching from a ravine and dense cane-brake into open woods, he found himself confronted, about two hundred yards from the battery, by the angle of a heavy body of troops, formed in the shape of two sides of a square. Upon seeing his approach, the Federals waved their caps and cheered, and about the same time he gave orders to his command to charge. For about twenty minutes the struggle was hot and furious, but the resistance was so determined, and maintained withh such superior force, he was unable to capture the battery. He threw everything into confusion around, and finally retired, when nearly surrounded by a legion of blue-coats.

The troops exhibited the greatest gallantry in repulsing the enemy upon different parts of the field. Though our loss was considerable, that of the enemy must have been equal or greater. Among our killed was the brave Alabamian, Colonel Tracy, who was said to be very much beloved by his soldiers, and by all who were familiar with his character and virtues.

Killed in the charge under Colonel Cockrell, in the Fifth Missouri, was a brave and gallant soldier, a gay and lively companion, a generous and manly fellow—Richard Lee, from Mexico, Andrain county, Missouri, with whom I had become associated early in the beginning of our troubles, and a friendship had grown up between us. Scarcely more than a boy, his noble spirit had gone to the shades of that unknown land, where there is a home for the good and rest for the brave.

The fighting closed at dark, when Bowen's position was still five miles from Port Gibson. It is strange, yet true, that so small a force held its ground during that long day's hard fighting, when over forty thousand troops were actually upon the field, opposed to them : it can only be accounted for by the most determined bearing of the soldiers, and the exhibition of the

finest generalship on the part of the commanders. It would probably be wrong to distinguish where all acted so gallantly, but the admirable conduct of Green's brigade, and the sterling qualities of that grey-haired, old hero, were decidedly and strikingly conspicuous.

Affairs with us at the Gulf, during the day, were comparatively quiet. We could see the busy movements of the vessels below, as they worked hard all day ferrying over troops, artillery, wagons and stores for Grant's army. The enemy's gunboats showed no inclination to bombard us again, and lay quietly below; having taken the transports down, their part of the service seemed to be performed. Towards night, one of them ran up in range and fired a couple of shots at our lower battery. Upon being replied to, she returned immediately to her former position; this was intended, no doubt, to ascertain if our guns were still in battery, or whether we had dismounted them and were evacuating.

During the early part of the night General Bowen withdrew his troops from the other side of bayou Pierre, crossing them at the suspension bridge, and took position on this side. He received orders to evacuate his lines that night, as sufficient reinforcements could not now be forwarded to hold them. The bridge was burned, and the heavy siege-guns, which we had no way of moving, were spiked, thrown down, and the carriages cut to pieces.

The telegraph wire and everything of importance, that could possibly be moved, had been secured, only leaving the heavy guns and a few old tents in camp, that were burned, and, at midnight, the train started. It was nearly daylight before our brigade, which was in the rear, moved off upon the road leading up between Black river and bayou Pierre. This road passes within about two miles of Port Gibson and runs on between the two streams; two or three roads, which come down and run with the bayou Pierre, intersect and terminate in this route, that leads down to the Gulf, and which also crosses Black river about twenty miles above, running directly to Vicksburg.

At sunrise we were not more than a mile and a-half from the Gulf, and the loud explosions of the shells, as the magazines there were blown up, announced the accomplishment of the last work which the men, left for that purpose, had now completed.

The advance of Grant's army marched into Port Gibson early in the morning, without opposition ; making no halt, he pushed his forces rapidly forward, on that side of the bayou Pierre, to a point about eight miles above, where he could cross, and there, taking the roads intersecting the one we were on, he aimed to cut us off from Vicksburg and hem our force in between the two streams.

It will readily be seen that Grant's design was practicable, as he was in Port Gibson at sunrise, when the rear of our army was within two miles of the Gulf and six miles farther back, having to pass in two miles of Port Gibson. The bayou Pierre and Black river are only five miles apart.

It was now a hard rub with us, whether we could march up and cross Black river at a point about twenty miles distant, before Grant could cross the bayou Pierre and intercept our advance.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

RETROGRADE MOVEMENT—FIGHTING.

THE little army under Bowen proceeded up between the two streams, which ran parallel with the road; and, having marched about nine miles, our brigade—which I have before stated was in the rear—halted at ten o'clock in the morning, and a portion of it was thrown out and formed upon the first road, that came down the bayou Pierre and intersected the one we were on. This was one of those routes already mentioned, upon which Grant would be likely to move forward a part of his troops.

The brigade was thrown across the road, about a hundred yards up, and two pieces of Landis' battery were placed in position: Captain Coniff's company, of the Fifth regiment, and ours, moved forward about two hundred yards in advance, and took positions a little distance apart. Coniff was to the right and in front of us, and his men were sheltered in the shrubbery of a yard close by, while our position was to the left and in the rear of his, behind the brow of a hill, the top of which he occupied.

The train in front was slow in getting along, and we were ordered to remain here and guard the road until it got some distance out of the way.

General Bowen was expecting reinforcements from above, which would take position upon the upper roads, and hold them until he could make good his retreat across Black river.

We had been in line probably an hour, when the strokes of horses' hoofs and the rattle of sabres were heard coming down, and the head of a regiment of Federal cavalry soon made its appearance in the turn of the road, a hundred yards distant. It was in sight of the battery and the troops behind us, as they were posted on the top of a high hill, before it came in our view, and the artillery opened upon it about the same time that Coniff's men, from the shrubbery in front, fired a volley into its ranks.

The approaching column immediately faced about and disappeared, followed by shells from the battery.

We remained for an hour, and, hearing nothing more from the enemy, the brigade was moved off after the army. Landis' battery brought up the rear.

The march was now uninterrupted for about five miles, when we came to another road intersecting from above, on which General Tilghman's brigade, of Loring's division, just arrived, was holding the enemy in check, at the distance of a mile, skirmishing heavily. Passing on in hearing of the sharp-ringing reports of the skirmishers' rifles, we proceeded two miles farther, and took up position where Green had been holding the last and only remaining road, from which the enemy could intercept our advance. The river was now but four miles distant, and once on the other side, we were secure from his grasp.

A brigade of Loring's division was also on this road, and, in coming down, had constructed a pontoon bridge, upon which the army could cross the river. Loring was on the field in person, and, being a major-general, now assumed the command of the combined forces.

After getting our lines formed and Landis' battery again in position, the other troops near us were moved in the direction of the bridge. This was about three o'clock in the evening, and we had not been in line long before the enemy appeared in force, in a large field that lay in our front. They advanced several times into it from the woods beyond, but were driven back to shelter by the well-directed fire of Landis' guns. The rapid and skilful management of this battery, and the style in which the boys handled their pieces, were certainly splendid. Covered with black stains of powder, and almost enveloped in smoke, they worked in a manner and with a will, that indicated plainly they were in their element, and their hearts in the work they were doing.

The appearance of the enemy in the edge of the field, about five hundred yards distant, was invariably the signal for cheers from the boys, when thundering away with their twenty-four pounders, the men who fought each piece seemed to vie with the others in driving him back as quickly as possible to the cover of the woods. There was a young fellow in this battery who was sergeant of a piece, George Harrison, an acquaintance and

friend of several of us in the company, and conspicuous for his gallant conduct and love of battle; turning to Hanger, our company being close by, after a heavy round, from which the enemy had recoiled, he said, in the most vivacious and gratified manner, "Johnny, did you see us lam into them that time? wasn't it handsomely done?" All of us thought so, too; and, with a gay laugh, George turned to his piece.

Our position was held here nearly an hour, until the army passed on, when we were commanded to withdraw, which was done in perfect order. No attack was made upon our rear between this point and the river, and the army crossed over safely. Our brigade was the last to cross, and our company, with about twenty pioneers, who were Alabamians, was ordered to remain behind and destroy the bridge. This was constructed partly of flats pinned together, with stout pieces running along the sides, and the other portion of it consisted of long, hewed logs, with thick, strong planks across for a floor: the whole was stout and well put together.

The distance across the stream was about seventy yards, and it was necessary to cut the bridge in two at several places before it could be pushed out and floated off: the pioneers had only a dozen axes, and it required over an hour to complete the work. The company had crossed over and stacked its arms upon the opposite bank, and the boys, being tired, laid aside their blankets and cartridge-boxes, and, while some went to work with the axes, others stretched themselves upon the ground to rest, and relieved in their turn those who were in the boat working.

The boat was cut to pieces and we were just in the act of prizing and floating it out, when the crack of a gun was heard a few hundred yards from us, up the road, on the other side. I called to the captain, who was in the boat, and asked if he heard that gun, when he replied, no, but that we had better get up and put on our cartridge-boxes. I was lying on the bank, with several others, at the time, our services not being needed in the boat. The captain desired us to keep a look-out in the direction from which the shot was fired.

The army was by this time some distance in advance, and going into camp about two miles beyond. Three or four of us got up and put on our harness, and one of the party, by the name of Robertson, started to a point a little below, where he thought

he could get a view on the other side ; he had gone about twenty steps, when bang went a gun in the bushes on the opposite shore, and a bullet whistled close to him. It was followed by a volley at the boys in the boat, who now began to make for their guns upon the bank.

A large tree was standing near, one of very few that were growing round, the ground in our rear being a cleared level bottom for some distance back, while the brush and trees were thick on the opposite bank, and gave complete shelter to the enemy. Firing my gun at some Federals I could see going round the bend of the river to get nearer, I stepped behind the tree for shelter and to load, and at the same time one of the pioneer company, an Alabamian, threw himself down at the root behind, observing, "They have got us this time," and adding, "How in the name of Heaven are we to get out?" The response was, "For myself, I expect to run out ; and the rest of the boys, I suppose, will get out the same way."

Several bullets had cut the bark and roots of the tree by this time. It was evident from the first volley, that the enemy was in force ; and while the Alabamian and myself were engaged in brief colloquy, the boys had gathered their guns, and were returning the fire from the few positions round that afforded anything like protection, which were not sufficient to shelter half the men, who were now exposed, at short range, to a heavy fire poured upon us from a regiment almost entirely hid by the growth on the opposite bank. The captain immediately comprehended the situation, and ordered his men to fall back.

Looking round, I saw that some of the boys acted promptly on the order, and were legging it like good fellows ; and at the same time noticed that the distance to the woods, up the road, was about three hundred yards, over open, level and entirely exposed ground.

I observed now to Alabama, that it was time to leave, and seeing that the boys were all leaving, struck a bee-line for the brush. "For God's sake, wait a moment for me," he said—zip, zip, went the bullets in the dust. "There is no time for stopping now—come on ;" and if ever I stepped briskly to the lively music of minie balls, it was then and there. I could hear Alabama coming behind, but held my own ahead, and, I think, was rather beating him. In a few moments, a sharp, quick cry

of pain, and the exclamation "I'm hit!" came from him. Arresting my speed for an instant, and turning towards him, intending to ask if it was still possible for him to make it, and to say that it was a very bad place to stop—when, before I could speak, he shot past me like a rocket: a ball had grazed him behind, and the touch of the minie seemed to bring him to his mettle—though I now put on my best speed, at every stride he increased the distance between us. At this time bang went a piece of artillery behind, drowning for a moment the crack of the rifles, and a stand of grape tore the ground up alongside. In vain, as I reached the brush, which I made in less than a minute, did I call on Alabama to halt, that we had gone far enough: he was under such headway, it was impossible for him to take up.

The distance was safely made, and, with several others, I sheltered behind a big log at the edge of the wood, where we indulged in a hearty laugh. Here we remained until dark, when Colonel Riley was sent down with his regiment, and our company ordered on to camp. It is remarkable, that in the retreat we made under so heavy a fire and over ground so entirely exposed, none were killed and few were severely wounded.

The next day, after a hard and uninterrupted march, the army reached and camped at Bovina, a station eight miles from Vicksburg, on the Jackson railroad.

CHAPTER LXXX.

IN CAMP AT BOVINA.

THE army bivouacked in suitable localities in the woods around this place. All extra baggage and everything pertaining to camp, except what was actually indispensable, were sent off to the depot, to be shipped to some point of safety, and, like clearing a ship for action, the army was disencumbered of every article calculated to be an obstruction to active movements and pending operations. Some of the boys retained their knapsacks, but most of our division stripped themselves to the necessary articles of musket, cartridge-box, haversack, canteen and a single blanket to each man.

Our company was joined by eight or ten recruits, who were a portion of three or four hundred Missourians, that had been captured in trying to get out of the State, and were kept in prison north until exchanged; they were now on the way to the west side of the Mississippi, but were detained on account of the present exigency of the service. Among those who joined our company temporarily were a young Keller, cousin to the Edwards, George Waller, from Monroe, well known to some of us, and John Bryson, a brother of George.

Colonel McKinney was among the exchanged prisoners. It has been stated, in the first part of the work, that he commanded our regiment in the State Guard, and was captured while recruiting north of the river. He was now in command of a company of a hundred men, which was attached, for the time being, to Colonel McCowan's regiment. His destination was the trans-Mississippi department, where a portion of his men, that had succeeded in getting out, was ready to join him, and where he intended to organize a regiment. I had a long talk with him, and he seemed pleased to meet one of his old soldiers.

By additions to the brigade, its number was swelled considerably, and now amounted to, probably, twenty-five hundred

muskets. Our company was filled up until we had over sixty men. We exercised here daily in the skirmish drill, by the notes of the bugle, and executed all the {movements by the various calls fully as well as by verbal commands. This was done in order to avoid noise in close contact with the enemy; little whistles were afterwards used by the officers and sergeants instead of the bugle; their notes resembled more those of a bird than anything else, and the company was moved by these, when close upon the enemy's skirmishers. They were found to be of great service in thick woods and brushy localities, and entirely concealed our movements.

Troops joined us in considerable numbers from Vicksburg. We lay comparatively inactive for nearly two weeks, awaiting the developments of the enemy, who did not follow us across the river on our way up, but turned and moved in the direction of Raymond. It was thought probable that he would strike the railroad at Edwards' depot, six miles beyond Black river from us, and eighteen from Vicksburg, or it might be that he would go on to Jackson, the capital of the State, only twenty miles farther in the interior.

Johnson was at that time at Jackson, with a small force of only six thousand men, but whether he and General Pemberton were acting in concert, I am unable to say, though it did not seem much like it. Greig's brigade—Tennesseans, a portion of Johnson's forces, met and fought the enemy at Raymond on the twelfth; but there were only three thousand of them, and, after doing some splendid fighting, in which Captain Bledsoe's battery bore a part, they were forced back upon Jackson.

The enemy came, in considerable force, within three miles of Edwards' depot, to which point our division was ordered, and, after skirmishing with him for two days, he disappeared from our front. This was on the thirteenth and fourteenth, and on the fourteenth Johnson was driven from the capital, which was sacked, and a large portion of it laid in ashes. The enemy then returned on the line of the railroad and began to operate more immediately against Vicksburg.

I have heard that General Pemberton had orders to hold Vicksburg or sacrifice all in doing it; this may have been, but, at the same time, was it advisable to permit the enemy to get between him and Johnson? If a decisive struggle was to be

made, should it not have taken place in order to prevent this result? General Johnson, however, used every argument in favor of evacuating Vicksburg, and it has been stated that General Pemberton refused to obey his orders to this effect.

As an almost inevitable consequence of defeat now, we would be forced back into Vicksburg, and, when once there, the position now occupied by General Grant would enable him, with the immense force at his command, to shut us up effectually within its fortifications.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

THE BATTLE OF BAKER'S CREEK.

ON the evening of the fifteenth of May the forces of General Pemberton, in and around Edwards' depot, were marched out on a road leading to Jackson, nearly parallel with the railroad. I cannot be positive in regard to the exact force with us at the time: it was all, or almost entirely, comprised of the three divisions of Loring, Bowen and Stevenson; the last was a large division of three brigades, Georgians, probably seven thousand strong, some of which had never been in battle, and many of the regiments were full. Loring's command was about six thousand, and Bowen's five; there was but little cavalry with us, and the whole force may be estimated at about eighteen thousand men.

General Pemberton was in command in person, and moved forward six miles, crossing Coon creek, and took position about ten o'clock, not far from a little stream called Baker's creek. Our division was formed in line with Stevenson's, and on the right, while Loring was a mile back, and rather to our right, on an intersecting road or position exposed to attack; Stevenson's centre rested at the forks of two roads, near the residence of a Mr. Champion, upon whose plantation most of the fighting was done; the name of the owner of this place is not mentioned, however, with certainty. It is not my impression that General Pemberton held any body of troops in reserve; if he did, the force was very small.

Although the enemy was near, the night passed away without any interruption, and in the morning some little change was made in the position of our division, which was moved forward about three-quarters of a mile and formed behind a gentle eminence, crowned with artillery. It commanded a wide scope of cleared land, gradually but slightly sloping, and which extended for a mile in our immediate front, while to the left were woods at the distance of probably four hundred yards.

The lines being formed, Colonel Cockrell rode up and down, spoke cheerfully and encouragingly to the men, and told them that he expected the brigade to give a good account of itself during the day. The men were in fine spirits, animated, gay and buoyant, and in good condition for the field.

Our company, with Captain Coniff's and Burke's, from the First regiment, were thrown out as a battalion of skirmishers, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hubble, of the Third regiment: this was about ten in the morning, and a company of our cavalry, a little over a mile distant in front, was skirmishing with the enemy, who advanced cautiously.

Our battalion of skirmishers had proceeded about four hundred yards in advance of the lines, when a Federal battery appeared in sight in the field below, and we were ordered back to the cover of a gully just in front of our guns, which were now in readiness to open. There were ten guns in position here, composed principally of the batteries of Walch, formerly Wade's, and Landis, and I think that one section of Geboe's was with them; all were of tolerably heavy calibre, from twelve to twenty-four pounders.

This formidable array of metal opened, firing over our heads, with a tremendous crash upon the enemy before his guns were fairly unlimbered or in battery, at the distance of perhaps a thousand yards. He succeeded, however, in getting into position, and replied in a brisk and spirited manner with six fine Parrot pieces. The most splendid artillery duel followed that I have ever witnessed in open fields, when both parties were in full view; this lasted for thirty minutes, during which time the guns on both sides were handled in the most skilful and scientific manner. Most of the enemy's shells passed over us, and many of them fell in and around the battery, while others struck the ground in our front, and, ricochetting, burst over our heads or beyond, near the guns; the fragments scattered and fell in every direction.

Our metal proved too heavy for the enemy; great execution was done, both among men and horses, one of his caissons was struck and blown up, he was finally forced to retreat at a gallop, and left one of his pieces behind, it was thought in a crippled condition and difficult to remove. One of our company, William Sparks, had his head shot off, and four artillerymen were killed

at the same piece by the explosion of a shell among them: some were wounded, but not many of the wounds were dangerous.

A lull of nearly two hours followed, during which time the Federal artillery did not endeavor to take position again, but a line of infantry was seen to cross the lower extremity of the field, a mile distant, and enter the woods to our left. Our battalion of skirmishers was then thrown forward into the woods, where we maneuvered and waited the approach of the enemy for nearly an hour.

At the end of that time, about one o'clock, the roar of artillery was heard a mile to our left, and the ringing reports of heavy sharp-shooting announced that they were coming to close quarters in Stevenson's front; in a few minutes the continued roll of musketry, as it echoed along the lines, indicated that the action had become general at that point. For nearly half an hour we listened to the incessant crash of the small arms and heavy booming of the cannon.

The enemy's sharp-shooters were now almost in range of us in front, and a few shots had been exchanged by the left of our line, when an order came to Colonel Hubble, to rally his battalion and follow the brigade, which was moving off to the support of Stevenson. By a blast of the bugle the command was rallied, and the men came up and formed in quick time; the order "forward, double-quick!" was given, and the colonel dashed off at the head of the column, at a gallop; the men followed in full run.

Moving rapidly on for the distance of half a mile, we passed General Pemberton and staff standing in the road, almost in the edge of the action. His manner seemed to be somewhat excited; he and his staff were vainly endeavoring to rally some stragglers, who had already left their commands in the fight. Calling out to Colonel Hubble, "What command?" and receiving a prompt reply, he told him to hurry on and join the brigade, as it would be in action in a few minutes.

It will readily be seen that after we left our position on the right no troops opposed the enemy there, except Green's brigade, and it was soon ordered to follow ours; from this condition of affairs it is evident that, even if we defeated the Federal force in front of Stevenson, the lines we had left could be thrown with-

out opposition upon our flank, and thus success would perhaps be unavailable.

The battalion still moved forward at a double-quick, and soon passed the house of Mr. Champion upon the road, very nearly within the line of the engagement; in the yard was a group of ladies, who cheered the men on, and were singing "Dixie." At sight of this, a novel appearance on the battle-field, the boys shouted zealously, and I could not refrain from hallooing just once, expressive of my admiration for the perfect "abandon" with which these fair creatures gave their hearts to the cause.

Large numbers of Stevenson's men now met us, who were falling back in great disorder. These were the same men that afterwards ran out of the intrenchments at Missionary Ridge, and there caused the loss of the battle.

About two hundred yards from the house we came upon Landis' battery, in position immediately at the forks of the road, mentioned as being the centre of Stevenson's division, which had now given way "en masse," while the Federals were advancing with triumphant cheers. The battery played vigorously down the road in front, across a small field, and the enemy was in the woods beyond. He had already captured two batteries of Stevenson's division, and his dense and formidable lines came pressing on, blazing with fire. At this point we came up with the brigade, which was formed for action, and took position in the command; a field fence was in our front, which, in an instant, was thrown to the ground.

Cockrell rode down the lines; in one hand he held the reins and a large magnolia flower, while with the other he waved his sword, and gave the order to charge. With a shout of defiance, and with gleaming bayonets and banners pointing to the front, the grey line leaped forward, and moving at quick time across the field, dislodged the enemy with a heavy volley from the edge of the woods, and pressed on.

Cheers behind announced the coming of Green's brigade, which soon joined in the action. The fighting now became desperate and bloody; the ground in dispute was a succession of high hills and deep hollows, heavily wooded, called "Champion Hills"—the name sometimes given to the battle. Our lines advanced steadily, though obstinately opposed, and within half a

mile we recaptured the artillery lost by Stevenson's division, and captured one of the enemy's batteries.

The battle here raged fearfully—one unbroken, deafening roar of musketry was all that could be heard. The opposing lines were so much in the woods and so contiguous, that artillery could not be used. The ground was fought over three times, and, as the wave of battle rolled to and fro, the scene became bloody and terrific—the actors self-reliant and determined; "do or die," seemed to be the feeling of our men, and right manfully and nobly did they stand up to their work.

Three times, as the foe was borne back, we were confronted by fresh lines of troops, from which flashed and rolled the long, simultaneous and withering volleys that can only come from battalions just brought into action. Their numbers seemed countless. Recoiling an instant from each furious onslaught of fresh legions, the firm and serried line of our division invariably renewed the attack, and, taking advantage of every part of the ground and of all favorable circumstances and positions, with the practiced eye of soldiers accustomed to the field, we succeeded each time in beating back these new and innumerable squadrons.

Once the enemy was driven so far back before fresh forces were brought up, that we were in sight of his ordnance train, which was being turned and driven back under whip. This could be seen where our lines were advanced through the woods to the edge of a large field in front, near which point was a small church or school-house. Though the force in front was vastly superior to ours, yet, if the fortunes of the day had depended upon the issue of the contest between us, as victory thus far was won, it might still have remained upon our side—Grant's centre was undoubtedly pierced.

By this time, however, the hostile columns were closing in upon our flank. The troops, which at first were confronted by us, finding nothing to oppose their advance after we marched to support Stevenson, had moved, not only "en fleche," but were immediately threatening our rear; and, at the end of all this hard and desperate fighting—this gallant and triumphant advance, it seemed to become necessary to fall back. Our position was compromised, and the dense gathering lines of the enemy threatened us on three sides. It is true, those in front had been steadily driven, but, conscious of their strength in

numbers, and that we were about to be attacked in flank and rear by fresh and superior forces, they had again rallied.

In front, on our flank and approaching the rear, were now at least between thirty and forty thousand men—the whole of the centre and one wing of General Grant's army, and I feel confident that the last figure is nearer correct than the first. Our division had fought in this part of the field, unaided and alone, except by the Twelfth Louisiana, a brave regiment. Our number did not exceed five thousand, and we had lost heavily. Under the circumstances, we were ordered to fall back, and this was a necessity.

As we came near the edge of the woods, in our retreat, and were about entering the field, a Federal column that had reached our rear, rushed down towards the forks of the road and fired a volley at us, but, coming in range of the battery, the indomitable Landis opened upon it. The thunder of his guns was glorious music to us, and we had the pleasure of seeing the head of the column reel and scatter in the woods, on either side of the road. As we passed on out, he continued to hammer away, and kept it in the shelter of the wood, beyond the clearing. Being the first battery to open the action upon that part of the field, it was the last to close and leave it.

Up to this time, I do not think that Loring's division could have been engaged to any extent; if it was, the din of battle and the clash of arms had prevented our hearing his guns; but now, about a mile back upon the road, it was fighting. Whether Loring's entire division shared in this action, I am unable to say; but quite a battle took place at that point, in sight of the road upon which we were retreating, and which led back to Edward's depot. Whatever may have been the extent of the struggle or the number engaged, General Tilghman and his command bore a conspicuous part in it, and that gallant Kentuckian there paid the last debt of the soldier—gave his life to the cause.

This brave officer was torn to pieces by a shell, while in the act of sighting one of his guns, which he was in the habit of occasionally doing. This account of his death was received from Captain Ellis, with whom I afterwards became acquainted, and who was then his adjutant-general. He was considered one of Kentucky's brightest ornaments and bravest soldiers.

Loring, it was understood, was not disposed to go into Vicks-

burg. However this may be, he got his division out and joined Johnson. The manner in which he accomplished this is somewhat remarkable, as he had many obstacles to encounter, and Grant was pressing on at the time with a very strong force.

Our division fell back to Black river: Stevenson's had preceded us. The distance to the bridge was about ten or eleven miles, and we reached that point at nine o'clock in the night.

The loss of our division, which had borne the brunt of the battle, was severe, but it was difficult to tell yet the actual loss, as missing parties were constantly coming in. Our brigade was badly cut to pieces. The first regiment was, perhaps, rather the heaviest loser: Captain Fagan's company, of that regiment, which went into the battle with forty muskets and four commissioned officers, came out with seventeen men commanded by the orderly-sergeant: all the officers were killed or wounded. Lieutenant George Bates, of this company, a nephew of the Honorable George Bates, had his arm broken by a minie ball, and walked all the way to Black river from the battle-field—a very remarkable circumstance. The loss of the regiment, though not in proportion quite so great, may yet be imagined or reasonably estimated by Captain Fagan's company. Colonel Hubble, of our battalion was wounded, from the effects of which he afterwards died. A number of the men of our company were killed, wounded and missing, but the officers escaped without injury. Crocket Bower, Fletcher, and one of the young men who had recently joined the company, were known to be killed, besides Sparks, already mentioned, and it was thought by all who saw Charley Hanger struck and left senseless upon the field, that he was dead also; his brother alone entertained faint hopes that he still lived.

Of our company, some ten or twelve were wounded and a few others were missing. Pollard, Lannum and Willis were severely wounded. Among those who were slightly touched, Massey Smith received a scratch from a minie on the cheek.

Those who had been killed were good soldiers, and Fletcher and Bower exceedingly clever fellows. The latter was a relative of the lamented General Slack, and a young lawyer by profession: with promising prospects, he had just been admitted to the bar previous to the war. They had given their lives for a cause

they loved, and were now gone to the spirit-land, to join comrades who had already gone before them.

Colonel McKinney, who has been mentioned before, fell on this field—a gallant soldier and a brave and intelligent officer. Many of our best officers and men were missed from the different regiments. Their loss and death were deeply felt and mourned by the command long afterwards.

The army lay and slept that night inside of our intrenchments, which enclosed a considerable area on the east side of the river. On the same side the enemy was encamped; and it is somewhat singular that intrenchments intended to defend the passage of the bridge or stream towards Vicksburg, should be on the side opposite to that position.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

THE AFFAIR AT BLACK RIVER BRIDGE—FALLING BACK TO VICKSBURG.

OUR situation was at the railroad bridge, twelve miles from Vicksburg, in the direction of Jackson: the bridge and trestle-work are over a mile long. There are high bluffs on the side next to Vicksburg, and a wide bottom on that next to Jackson, into which the works of the bridge extended some distance.

A line of intrenchments had been constructed on the side of the river next to Jackson, which, it was said, had been built to defend the bridge in case of a cavalry raid.

The river here makes a bend somewhat in the shape of a half circle, and the works enclosed that bend. They began some distance above, and ran out beyond the terminus of the bridge, while below, they extended far down on the outside of a lagoon, and, at the end of about a mile, again connected with the river. All the space enclosed in the works was cleared and perfectly level, and on the side beyond the intrenched line portions of the ground were of the same character.

This line of intrenchments was good, and probably two miles and a half in length. A pontoon bridge had been constructed for crossing immediately at the railroad bridge; this was made of a steamboat, the machinery of which was taken out, and it was placed lengthwise across the stream, connected with either bank by stout puncheons: the railroad bridge had also been planked and covered. Five or six other boats had been run up out of the Mississippi, and lay in the river here for safety.

The position would have been a strong one, if the fortifications had been on the other side of the stream, and it would certainly have been better to take position there with no fortifications, than to be in them where we were, with a river at our back to cross in case of accident or disaster. The works seemed defensible, and ought, in my opinion, to have been held at least for the day, though they could be somewhat enfiladed by the enemy's

artillery. General Pemberton must have been very confident, and ought, indeed, to have been very certain of holding his position here, as he ordered the horses that belonged to the batteries of our division to be taken to the other side of the river; if any reverse befell us, the batteries must consequently be left behind. Though there might have been other guns, these were, as far as I knew, the only pieces that occupied places in the works. Stevenson's had been lost the day before; though we recaptured them, yet their horses were gone, and we could not bring them off.

Our brigade was stationed on the right of the intrenchments below, while Green's was above, nearer to the bridge; and some fresh troops, that had arrived from Vicksburg during the night, were in the centre upon the road. Stevenson's division, it was understood, was held in reserve, and principally upon the other side of the river. The fresh arrivals of forces were Mississippians and Tennesseans.

The enemy continued to advance during the night, and appeared, a little after sunrise, upon the road in front of our lines; placing a battery in position, he opened fire upon the works; our artillery there replied, and a spirited action of half an hour took place. The Federal guns were thrown forward along their front upon the road, and continued to cannonade the fortifications with little effect for more than an hour longer, when a charge was made upon our line at that point. It is well known that the Fourth Mississippi and Sixty-first Tennessee occupied that portion of the works, and either gave way or suffered themselves to be taken prisoners; it is certain that a very weak and feeble resistance was made at that part of the line.

The enemy had obtained foothold here on the inside of the intrenchments, and his battalions came pouring in along the road and over the works. Our lines on the inside were soon attacked in flank and rear, while a charge was made from without. Gates' regiment of Green's brigade, while fighting in front, was surrounded in flank and rear, and he and nearly half his men were taken prisoners.

The fighting was now becoming general on the inside as well as in front, and it only remained to retreat with as little loss as possible; our whole position was flanked, and we were ordered to fall back to the bridges. Many failed to reach either the

pontoon or the railroad bridge, and were captured or compelled to swim the river. There were no horses to remove the artillery, and it was left behind; all the artillery of our brigade, and nearly every piece that belonged to the division, were lost.

The Federals now opened a battery from near the works and fired upon our men, as they were gathering in masses and crossing; fortunately their shot passed too high, and did no great execution. It was a long, hard run of a mile from our position at the lower extremity of the works to the bridge and a good many of the boys were unable to make it, and either swam the river, were captured, or killed in trying to get over; a considerable majority, however, succeeded in escaping. Most of the men near the bridge and the upper portion of the works made good their retreat. The whole army lost considerably, principally in prisoners; not a large number were either killed or wounded.

A line was formed on the opposite side of the river, which held the enemy in check; the railroad and pontoon bridges, and all the boats lying in the river, were set on fire and burned by the orders of our officers. The pause of the army on the other side was only for a short time, and after seeing that the boats and bridges were consumed, and that there was no likelihood of the enemy's getting over immediately, the troops were withdrawn to Vicksburg.

We passed Bovina on our way, and there found all our surplus baggage and knapsacks, which were to have been shipped off previously; they were now burnt, to keep them out of the enemy's hands.

The army reached Vicksburg that evening—the seventeenth of May—without any farther attack, and that night our brigade was placed in the intrenchments near the Jackson road.

In the two preceding days the loss of our division had been very heavy; in killed, wounded and prisoners it had suffered severely. Green's brigade was now reduced to about twelve hundred men, and ours to between fifteen and sixteen hundred—but little more than half the strength of the division. Company G, to which I belonged, had gone into the battle at Baker's creek with sixty-two guns, and got into Vicksburg with thirty-three; the captain and twenty-nine men were lost; the former was taken prisoner at the bridge and sent to Camp Chase, where he was kept in confinement until near the close of the war.

Charley Grant and Coats were also captured while stripping off their cartridge-boxes, to swim the river, and five or six other members of the company were taken at the same time; all were afterwards sent to Point Lookout, where they remained in prison over a year.

Among those of our company who succeeded in swimming the river was Lieutenant Alford; he stripped himself to his shirt and drawers, and landed safely on the opposite bank, without any other clothing: in crossing, he lost a beautiful sword, presented to him by the company. The lieutenant travelled in his scant apparel for some distance, until at a house near the road he obtained clothes.

Our ranks were thinned and reduced, but the nerve of the boys was still firm and unyielding—their courage unbroken, and their determined and fiery spirits yet undaunted.

It was thought that Charley Hanger was dead, but John still clung to the hope that he might be living; we all sympathized with him in the doubt and uncertainty he was laboring under: those, who saw Charley fall, believed John's hopes illusive, as he fell to all appearance dead.

After talking over the many events of the two preceding days, we drew our blankets round us, and while some watched, others sought the rest they so much needed.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

VICKSBURG—THE MISSISSIPPI—FORTIFICATIONS.

THE associations connected with Vicksburg will render it in all future time a locality of interest, alike to the traveller, the soldier and the historian. It was looked upon for a considerable period as the centre around which clustered the hopes and fortunes of the Confederate cause. Its fall would involve the loss of the whole line of the Mississippi, the isolation of the States of Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas, and, while opening to the Federal armies the richest portion of the Confederacy, would at the same time give an outlet to the vast country situated upon its waters.

The stream upon which Vicksburg stands, in the size and length of its tributaries, and in the volume of water which it rolls to the sea, is the largest and greatest in the world, and irrigates the finest, richest and most extensive country on the face of the globe. From the mountain torrents, which find their beginning in mineral regions of the Northeast, to the fountains of the Yellow Stone, surrounded by everlasting snows and chilled with the falling icicle rift by the storm from overhanging cliffs; from the springs of the Alleghany to the sources of the Missouri; from the head waters of the Kentucky and Tennessee to the distant streams that lave the base of the Rocky mountains, and bear their icy flood through those remote gorges and wild canyons: throughout this vast region Nature stands forth in her grandest and noblest aspects, and art and culture have developed her wonderful and exhaustless bounties.

The stranger, who is wafted along the beautiful Ohio, beholds, almost at its source and borne upon its flood, the wealth of coal and iron from their inexhaustible mountain beds; and, if he turns his course to tributary streams, he will wander with delight through the lovely vallies of the Muskingum, the Scioto and the Miami, rich in all the gifts of Ceres—blessed with happy fruit-

fulness. If, like the wandering dervise, he is disposed to search for new scenes and witness something more wonderful, as he approaches the entrance of the Kentucky, let him ascend its cliff-bound waters to the centre of that region, which teems with richness and smiles in beauty.

Here, in the heart of old Kentucky, the wanderer looks upon the fairest land on which the sun doth shine—gorgeous in all the glory of nature, resplendent in all the culture and improvement of art. If the traveller still wishes to extend his enquiries, and is curious to observe the vast and boundless as well as the striking and beautiful, he can advance up the Wabash, and, leaving its broad, fertile bottoms, can traverse the wide and luxuriant prairies of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and the Far West, teeming with rich harvests and exhaustless fertility, where the genius of agriculture and commerce holds the horn of plenty in one hand, and points with the other to that stream—the representative of her glory and power—upon whose bosom are borne her freighted wealth and productions to distant States and empires.

The Mississippi, into whose common bed the waters of this great country are gathered, winds slowly in her deep and majestic course, and, as she advances, threatens the banks on either side from her dark and lowering current. Nature, in view of the resistless floods which periodically swell its tide, has provided great reservoirs, that at intervals receive the waste of waters and relieve the groaning torrent of its burden: such are the extensive bayous and lakes that recur in the lengthened windings of this mighty river.

In proportion to the greatness of the Mississippi, and the vastness, extent and resources of the country upon its waters, were the preparations for the capture of Vicksburg, whose frowning battlements forbade and arrested navigation and commerce.

The city of Vicksburg was neither large nor populous, containing about seven thousand inhabitants, situated on the Mississippi, extending about a mile and a-half along its eastern bank, and stretching back a mile, or perhaps somewhat farther. It stands upon elevated ground, which approaches the river between the mouth of the Yazoo, a few miles to the north, and

Black river, a greater distance on the south. Immediately on the river is a bluff, rather gradual, and, as the ascent advances into the town, art has levelled the surface and adapted it to the sites of buildings and the passage of streets. The pervading features, however, present hills, irregular, both in size and conformation.

On the lower side of the town a creek, emptying into the river, winds, as it approaches, through extensive swamp and bottom, and renders entrance from that direction difficult or impracticable. Through the upper portion a small branch runs diagonally, coming from a northeast course, and has considerable bottoms on its margin; while beyond, to the west and northwest, are high hills, which extend on the river for a mile above. In the interior and back of the city, the ground is generally broken, but exhibits here and there some level spots of no considerable extent. The native forest consisted chiefly of a vigorous growth of poplar, walnut and honey-locust, and cane covered most of the slopes and hills, which sometimes reached the height of twelve or fifteen feet, presenting indications of a soil strong and productive.

The Mississippi at this point makes a bend, and forms a peninsula immediately opposite to Vicksburg; and the isthmus connecting this peninsula with the mainland, below and to the south of the city, was the point at which the canal was cut through to turn the waters of the river: though they had at different periods and at several points, by the force of their own current, swept away formidable obstructions and changed their bed, yet human labor and skill were employed in vain to accomplish a similar result.

Streams of considerable size have been turned by the hand of man, and made subservient to the arts and uses of life. This has also been done for purposes of war, and on one occasion in order to make a burial place for a mighty conqueror. The warriors of Attila changed the course of a great river, and, with the labor of five hundred captives, excavated in its bed a tomb for the body of their chief; depositing with it the barbaric insignia of war, and, having slaughtered the captives, that none but themselves might know his place of sepulture, they returned the waters to their former channel, and left them to roll forever over the grave of their greatest king.

The defences of Vicksburg, when we entered to make the final struggle for its possession, were not what, among military men, are called regular fortifications. The artillery was mounted in parapets composed of timber and earth, with proper elevation and embrasures for the guns. On the river-side there were four batteries that occupied positions of this character. The guns were generally of heavy calibre, being thirty-two pounders, or thereabouts, and were either rifled or columbiads. The rifled pieces shoot conical balls, and have the advantage of greater force and accuracy, and at the same time carry a longer distance, while the columbiads are smooth-bore, charged with round balls or shell, and are not equal in force or precision. Either can be used for the discharge of canister or grape.

The celebrated Blakely guns had not long before been brought to Vicksburg, and some of them placed in battery on the river line. They were found to be very effective against the iron-clad vessels, and discharged a steel-pointed ball with great accuracy of aim and extraordinary power.

The upper battery was a mile above, commanding the bend of the river, and one stood immediately on the edge of the town; two others were lower down, on the first slope of the bluff from the river. The number of guns on this line was about twenty-five or thirty.

Aided by darkness, many of the enemy's vessels had succeeded in passing with impunity. Calcium lights had recently been introduced, by the use of which the river could be lighted up in a few minutes almost as bright as day, and the danger of attempting to pass in the night was greatly increased.

The defences on the land side commenced at the river, a short distance above the battery which commanded the bend, and made a circuit of about five miles, coming to the Mississippi nearly a mile and a-half below the town. For some distance on the south side, next to the river, approach with any considerable force was scarcely practicable, on account of the low and swampy character of the ground.

This line was covered by batteries placed on favorable elevations and at proper intervals; the calibre of the guns was generally from six to twenty-four pounders. Among them were a few heavy pieces, not more, however, than three or four, and all were in position in parapets of timber and earth.

At short distances between the artillery were rifle-pits around most of the circuit, which commanded to a considerable extent the points of attack. These were very indifferently constructed, and afforded insufficient and inadequate protection: the earth was not properly thrown up on the outside, and the ditches were altogether too shallow; at some points where pits should have been dug, it had not been done, and important positions were left exposed.

Our first employment was to improve all the defences and keep a vigilant look-out around us, and to this end the work began. Surrounded by an immense force, five times our number, it was necessary to be ever on the "qui vive," and the soldiers with cheerfulness and spirit performed the labors and duties assigned them.

The city had already been bombarded, at different periods, for some months, by the fleet now lying in sight, both on the opposite side of the peninsula and below, at the mouth of the canal, and had also been attacked by forces from the land. The people had become familiar with the deafening thunder of the mortar-boats, and accustomed to the loud and terrific explosions of their monstrous and massive shells, many of which ornamented the gate-posts of the citizens.

The weight of these shells varied from a hundred and twenty-eight to two hundred and forty pounds; they were thrown high in the air from the distance of four miles, describing nearly a half-circle in their flight, and either burst in large fragments hundreds of feet above the earth, or, failing to explode, buried themselves deep in its surface, where they frequently blew up and tore immense holes in the ground, or, the fuse having been extinguished, they remained whole and self-deposited in these silent and undisturbed recesses.

The streets were filled with excavations made by the falling and explosions of these missiles, and the people of the town had provided themselves with holes in the neighboring hills, around which they sought refuge during the enemy's heaviest bombardments. These holes, or underground houses, were of considerable extent, and frequently had several rooms in them, which were provided with beds and furniture—often carpeted—and were, for the time, the principal abodes of many of the inhabitants.

Upon reaching the place General Pemberton issued an order, or rather a request, to the people, especially the women, who were not inclined to incur the danger and inconvenience of a siege, to remove from the town, and he would ask of General Grant to pass them through his lines—a request which he had no doubt would be acceded to; but very few, if any, seemed inclined to leave, and they remained to share the fate of the army and abide the fortunes of their beloved city.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

THE FIRST FIGHTING OF THE SIEGE.

THE night passed away without interruption, and on the morning of the eighteenth our brigade was ordered out of the intrenchments, and held in reserve not far from the works near the Jackson road. Everything remained quiet until three o'clock in the evening, when the enemy made his appearance outside of our fortifications, upon the road above mentioned. Our skirmishers had been thrown out at that point beyond the works, and, after making a brief stand, were driven to their shelter.

The enemy kept at a respectful distance, but began now to throw his forces around to our left, and in front of the upper portion of our lines, where there were considerable gaps and spaces entirely open, at which no fortifications had been constructed, and here the demonstration assumed a threatening character. At five o'clock in the evening the fire became quite heavy at this point, and our brigade was ordered to the lines there: upon arriving, we found several of our regiments formed behind the brow of a hill about two hundred yards outside the works, and the enemy's sharp-shooters, aided by one of their batteries, were endeavoring to dislodge them.

Several of the shells from the battery burst near our column, and a fragment of one struck Colonel Cockrell, who was at the head of the regiment, without, however, inflicting serious injury, and did not disable him from keeping the field.

The brigade was formed, and took position in supporting distance of the men engaged, who continued to hold their ground until sunset, when they were withdrawn into the fortifications.

The fighting ceased at dark, and the work of strengthening our position and rendering the defences more secure and available began, and continued afterwards from night to night during the siege; even when the line was filled up with continuous intrenchments, something always needed repairing.

Our brigade lay in reserve that night a little distance inside the breastworks, and General Green, it was understood, was also held in reserve to our right.

The night passed quietly, and early in the morning a rocket sent up from our lines aroused the men to duty. The Federal sharp-shooters, concealing themselves in the cane and hollows in front, at the distance of two or three hundred yards, opened a brisk fire with some effect, and caused our men to be cautious about exposing themselves: the smoke of their rifles was all that was visible to the boys, and directed by this, they fired a good deal, until ordered to discharge their guns only when they could see an enemy, which was not often, as they remained close in their hiding-places. All needless waste of ammunition was strictly prohibited.

The enemy's batteries were brought up and opened. The artillery in the works here was manned principally by Missourians from the batteries of Walch, Landis and Low, whose guns had been lost at Black river, and it is singular that they had orders not to fire until the enemy's infantry charged: if such orders were given because ammunition for this service was scarce, it will not be improper to state here, that a large quantity was surrendered after the siege. General Pemberton, however, may have expected to hold the place longer than he did, yet it would have required a long siege, not indeed as long as that of Troy, to have exhausted the supply.

The earlier part of the first day of the siege, the nineteenth, passed off with a continuous and uninterrupted fire from the enemy's sharp-shooters, diversified with cannonading from the batteries, which shelled the interior of our works incessantly, until two o'clock in the afternoon, when a desperate charge was made upon the lines near us and above the Jackson road; after half an hour's hard fighting, our brigade was ordered to the support of General Shoup.

Leaving, our position, we proceeded to the point designated; the route lay immediately along the inside of the works, very much exposed to the enemy's fire, especially in crossing one or two short spaces where there were no intrenchments, and, while passing, the command lost several men. We moved on down, close inside of the ditches, in which the troops were fighting admirably, and were halted in the rear of the Twenty-

seventh Louisiana, commanded by Colonel Marks: our regiment was immediately ordered into the works, and relieved Colonel Marks, whose men had just run out of ammunition, and had received orders to fix their bayonets and stand to the ditches.

The enemy, taking advantage of the broken character of the ground, was pouring in a heavy fire, from forty to a hundred yards off, and a crowd of them was gathered behind a small house not more than twenty steps from the breastworks: though they did not seem disposed to press on to the works at the point of the bayonet, yet they stood their ground and fought with determination. For two hours and a half the roll of musketry was continuous, and thick clouds of smoke enveloped the combatants and almost obscured them from view. The dense mantle was now and then raised by a puff of wind, and the sight of half-concealed blue-coats, and the gleam of bright bayonets, were very plainly distinguishable. At the end of this time the Federal lines fell back to the cover of the woods, several hundred yards distant.

The loss on our side was considerable, and we had some brave and true men killed in the regiment; the Federals lost heavily. A section of artillery, placed in a parapet in the line of our regiment, did good service, and used canister and grape with effect throughout the action: it was manned by men principally from Landis' company, and five or six cannoniers were killed at these two pieces. They were picked off mostly by the Federals from behind the house, and so incomplete were the works around the guns, that they were compelled to load and handle them in a kneeling posture.

The fighting now ceased entirely for the evening, and, after dark, Lieutenant Gillespie was ordered out with a detail, to burn the house in our front; having removed two officers and seventeen killed and wounded from behind it, and taken eleven prisoners, the house was set on fire and burned.

The trains were in the hollows, places most remote and secure from the fire, where the cooks remained, prepared our meals and sent them to us. By the night of the first day our lines were confronted all round except upon the river below, where there was a small space of low, swampy land not encircled. A large lot of mules was taken out through this swamp by Captain James, a quartermaster of Loring's division, with which he

finally succeeded in making his way to Jackson. The remainder of our stock was turned loose to graze and live as best they could, among the bullets and upon the cane on the inside of our fortifications, as there was scarcely grain enough to sustain the men for any length of time, and nothing for the stock in the way of rations.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

FARTHER DEVELOPMENTS—A GRAND CHARGE.

THE Federal sharp-shooters and the artillery along their lines opened a brisk fire upon the works early on the morning of the twentieth, which was kept up with little or no intermission during the day: no charge was made upon our lines, and at night the fighting again ceased, save the occasional shelling from the enemy's mortar-boats. On the twenty-first, the enemy renewed the attack, and kept it up till night, without any material change from the operations of the preceding day.

On the following morning the fighting again began at an early hour: our men returned the shots of the Federal sharp-shooters whenever visible. About two o'clock the enemy could be seen massing his forces in the edge of the woods, some four hundred yards distant, and it was the impression he was preparing for a charge; and in a short time a shout went up from his ranks, that extended round as far as we could see or hear on either side; the dark masses then rolled forward to the onslaught. They were in two lines, within supporting distance, and advanced in a very gallant manner.

The artillery opened upon the lines as they approached, and the infantry joined in as soon as they were within range; the action immediately became severe and bloody; the destruction among the Federal ranks was fearful, yet they still advanced. The roll of musketry along our lines was deafening, and the peal on peal of the artillery reverberated and thundered throughout the length and breadth of the fortifications. The charge was general.

The troops in our front were General Blair's division, and they fought well and bravely—came up boldly and very close; some of them succeeded in getting into the ditch, on the outside of a parapet, and endeavored to plant a stand of colors upon it, but this was instantly pulled down and drawn to the inside by men

of Colonel Riley's regiment. This bold detachment consisted of Missourians, and was about forty yards ahead of the main lines, which were sheltered in a hollow grown up in cane, about the same distance farther back ; some of the party, about fifty men, mounted our works when the flag was raised, and were killed at the very mouths of the cannon : most of them soon took refuge in the ditch upon the outside, where they held out stubbornly and refused to surrender, although they knew it was almost certain death, if they attempted to run back. The parapet was very high and broad upon the top—almost perpendicular on the outside, and consequently their situation for the present was tolerably secure.

The attacking lines, after making a very determined stand, and altogether a desperate struggle, were repulsed with great slaughter. Three times they rallied, or brought up fresh troops, and renewed the attack, but were thrice driven back under the cover of the woods and out of range. The conflict was fiercely maintained for a period of nearly five hours, and the sun was sinking behind the shades of the forest, when they abandoned their attempt at storming the fortifications.

A portion of the enemy had succeeded in getting into the works on the right of the Jackson road, where a regiment of our troops had given way ; it was charged by the Second Texas and Wall's legion, and promptly driven out, and two hundred of them were taken prisoners.

The dead and wounded of the foe were left behind ; numbers of them lay close to the front of our works. Our loss was small ; the disparity must have been at least ten Federals to one of our men. This was the last effort to take the place by general assault, and convinced the enemy that it was not to be easily captured in that way.

At dark a detachment was sent over the works by Colonel Cockrell to capture the intrepid squad that had sought shelter under the protection of the parapet, and had not yet surrendered or retired, but upon hearing the boys getting over near them, they hastily retreated, and most of them made good their escape under cover of the gathering darkness.

That night the Federals were actively engaged in fortifying, and daylight exhibited works on several advantageous positions,

at the distance of from two to three hundred yards; their skirmishers were nearer, and sheltered in holes dug during the night, which entirely concealed them, and from which they fired throughout the day.

We conjectured among ourselves the mode of operations these sharp-shooters had adopted, as they never left their posts from morning until night, neither for ammunition, water nor any other necessary. I learned from some of them, after the siege, that fresh men were detailed daily for this service, and sent out before light with two hundred rounds of ammunition, a day's rations and a couple of canteens—one of water and the other of whisky, with orders to fire every shot before night, which kept them busy at work. The range of this sharp-shooting varied as the siege progressed—became nearer and nearer, and soon rendered it very dangerous for a man to expose his head above the works.

It is truly horrible to relate, that some of the enemy's wounded lay in sight and died for want of attention: one poor fellow, in full view of our regiment, about seventy-five yards from the works, although never heard to call out, yet was seen repeatedly raising both his arms and legs for nearly two days, when he became still—was dead, most probably from want of timely and proper attention. The Federal commander can blame no one but himself for this, for he would not ask for an armistice to bury his dead and hunt up the many wounded that lay in the cane between the lines.

A number that were near our lines were taken from the field during the night following the charge, and sent to our hospitals, where they received the same care and attention that was bestowed upon our own wounded.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth, about three o'clock, General Pemberton asked for a short armistice, that the enemy might bury his dead, which had now become very offensive. A few hours' cessation of hostilities ensued, and the enemy came forward with shovels and spades and covered most of the bodies where they lay, by simply throwing a bank of dirt over them; I observed two men carried back into their lines, that still had life in them.

All the soldiers came out of their works and hiding-places, and gave us a good opportunity to look at them. Many gibes and

cuts were exchanged between the lines, in which the Confederates seemed to hold their own: one of the Confederates hallooed out something to a Federal, with whom he had been discoursing, which he did not like, and received the very laconic reply, "Go to h—l," when the reb retorted that "h—l was so full of blue-bellies, there was no room for white men." I saw a young soldier of our command meet a brother, on half-way ground, from the Federal lines, where they sat upon a log and conversed with one another until the armistice was over. During the time, we received some papers from the Federals, and several of the boys exchanged tobacco for coffee with them.

The dead being buried, in an instant every one on both sides disappeared, and where the breastworks a moment before were alive with men, nothing could now be seen but white puffs of smoke, the blaze of artillery, the flash of musketry, the glitter of bayonets and flags drooping upon their standards in the calm, serene atmosphere.

To this time we had lost five men in our company since entering the lines of Vicksburg: a shell had burst in our midst and disabled four, among them young Keller, who had joined our company at Bovina, and Tom Spaulding; the latter had his hand torn off at the wrist; his arm was amputated and he recovered: the former was struck in the instep, and the bone in a small space, probably as large as a half dollar, was broken and mashed in; and though it seemed to be by no means a dangerous wound, yet from want of proper attention, perhaps the failure to amputate in time, he died—like many a poor soldier—more from sheer neglect than from the fatal character of his wounds: the other two were not severely injured.

Will Giddings received a severe contusion upon the side from the same shell, which disabled him for several days: it was a large piece that struck him, and fortunately came in contact with his cartridge-box first, in which it rent a hole, and bruised him badly without breaking the skin; his cartridge-box, no doubt, saved his life. Dick Bridgford had also received a shot from a musket ball through the calf of his leg, which laid him up for some time. I was grazed, about this time, by a minie, which cut the flesh in the hair just above the left temple, and caused a ringing sensation in the head for some time; it was not enough, however, to put me in the hospital, but a little lower down

might have put me somewhere else ; as it was, I still remained in the ditches.

Each day now presented a succession of fighting ; the ringing of rifles, the thunder of artillery, the incessant explosion of shells, saluted the ear as a morning reveille, and lulled us in the hours of sleep. The enemy, from his endless hosts, was enabled to maintain constant reliefs—nor night nor day knew any change or interruption in his ceaseless fire.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

SEVERAL INCIDENTS DURING THE SIEGE.

THE enemy continued to prosecute the siege vigorously. From night to night, and from day to day, a series of works was presented; secure and strong lines of fortifications appeared; redoubts, manned by well-practiced sharpshooters, were thrown out to the front; parapets, blazing with artillery, crowned every knoll and practicable elevation around, and oblique lines of intrenchments, finally running into parallels, enabled the untiring foe to work his way slowly but steadily forward. The work of strengthening the fortifications, on both sides, was hourly going on; and whenever the heavy batteries of the besiegers tumbled the earth from the crest of our works, they were immediately repaired and made stronger.

Vague and false rumors daily circulated within our lines, and frequent incidents occurred worthy of narrating. The rumors were generally about Johnson, who was reported to have concentrated quite a large force in Grant's rear, and to be moving to our relief. These were gladly received by the garrison, which expected assistance from that quarter. Some of the troops were already becoming dissatisfied and demoralized. In many of the commands this feeling did not exist to any extent, and no adverse fortune could have induced in them an anxiety to surrender, nor even a willingness, except in the very last extremity.

Among those who remained firm and unwavering under all the vicissitudes of fortune, was the division of Missourians. There were isolated cases in our brigade of men who remained in the holes around camp; but they were very few. We had one man in our company that had rendered himself notorious in this line; Lieutenant Alford could not succeed in getting him into the ditches. His name was Jeffries; and it is a remarkable circumstance that, after having gone through the war without

fighting in a single battle, he committed suicide, by taking a bottle of laudanum, just before the surrender.

It soon became evident that there was not an abundant supply of rations, as the allowance, in the daily issue, was reduced considerably, although it was stated at first, that there was provision enough to last the garrison for six months. This was found to be a very egregious mistake.

After receiving rather short rations of corn-bread and indifferent beef for a few days, we were somewhat surprised, one day, to see among the provisions sent up, that the only supply, in the way of bread, was made of peas. There is no question in regard to this "pea bread." It is rather a hard edible, and was made of a well-known product of several of the Southern States called "cow peas," which is rather a small bean, cultivated quite extensively as provender for animals. When properly and well prepared, it makes, what I consider, a very poor vegetable for the table, though some persons profess to be fond of it. Being introduced as a ration into the army, it was always our principal and regular vegetable; occasionally, we received rice and sweet potatoes.

There was a good supply of this pea in the commissariat at Vicksburg, and the idea grew out of the fertile brain of some official, that, if reduced to the form of meal, it would make an admirable substitute for bread. Sagacious and prolific genius! whether general or commissary—originator of this glorious conception! this altogether novel species of the hardest of "hard tack!" perhaps he never swallowed a particle of it. If he did, the truth and force of these comments will be appreciated.

The process of getting the pea into the form of bread was the same as that to which corn is subjected: the meal was ground at a large mill in the city, and sent to the cooks in camp to be prepared. It was accordingly mixed with cold water and put through the form of baking; but the nature of it was such, that it never got done, and the longer it was cooked, the harder it became on the outside, which was natural, but, at the same time, it grew relatively softer on the inside, and, upon breaking it, you were sure to find raw pea-meal in the centre. The cooks protested that it had been on the fire two good hours, but it was all to no purpose; yet, on the outside it was so hard, that one might have knocked down a full-grown steer with a chunk of it.

The experiment soon satisfied all parties, and, after giving us this bread for three days, it was abandoned. But it had already made a number of us sick. Peas were afterwards issued, boiled in camp, and still constituted about half our subsistence.

We did not really suffer for provisions, and got enough to live on sparingly. The corn having given out, four ounces of flour and the same of bacon were issued to us daily, with "cow peas"—about a-quarter of the regular army rations. Not taking very active exercise, we managed to get along tolerably well; and, though I ate no peas, it cannot be said that I actually suffered from hunger, but some of the hearty feeders of the mess did. It was better, perhaps, for the garrison that short rations were issued, as eating heartily in hot weather might have produced a greater amount of disease than actually existed.

The Federals found out by some means, through deserters I suppose, that we were eating pea-bread, and hallooed over for several nights afterwards, enquiring how long the pea-bread would hold out; if it was not about time to lower our colors; and asking us to come over and take a good cup of coffee and eat a biscuit with them. Some of the boys replied that they need not be uneasy about rations, as we had plenty of mules to fall back upon.

During the siege our brigade was held in reserve a considerable portion of the time, and was ordered wherever it was thought our services would be most needed, so that we occupied several positions, both in the ditches and in the hollows, in their rear, and were, at different times, over the whole interior enclosed by the lines, except the fortifications immediately on the river above and to the extreme left.

The grounds all over the enclosed space now bore the marks of battle: the trees around, near the works, were stripped of their foliage, riddled with bullets, torn and cut to pieces by cannon balls. Some large honey-locusts exhibited nothing but bare trunks, literally in shreds—the bark and all, save the stoutest limbs, had been clipped by the constant fire of the enemy. A large poplar, over four feet through, which must have been struck from top to bottom by more than two hundred cannon balls, had finally given way and fallen: it was almost entirely severed in a number of places, and shells were buried and still remained in its huge trunk.

This tree was about three hundred yards to the left of the Jackson road, and in a hollow behind a parapet, and to the left of a short piece of stockade, in the rear of which was the position occupied chiefly by our regiment and the Twenty-Seventh Louisiana. A party of the Twenty-seventh Louisiana built up a fire against this tree one morning, and several of them were stooping over and around it, frying their meat for breakfast in the blaze, when a shell buried in the wood was ignited, and exploded in their midst, about ten steps from the line occupied by our company. Many were knocked down, and I thought, at the moment, killed, as the shell bursted within three feet of nearly a dozen of them; but all got up except two—some with whiskers and hair considerably singed, and others slightly scratched. None had been badly hurt. The two on the ground lay apparently lifeless for a minute, when one of them came to, and had received no serious injury, though for the while stunned and senseless. The other finally revived, but was severely wounded, and sent to the hospital. It was a very remarkable incident, that a shell should explode in the centre of a large group of men, and in the very faces of some, without killing any, and only wounding one dangerously, and he was standing near the outside of the circle.

There was a considerable quantity of rice in the town, owned by a private party, from whom we were in the habit of purchasing a supply to fill out our rations; and one morning, a pot of it having been boiled, several of the boys were sitting round eating it, when John Hanger's spoon was struck while just in the act of putting it into his mouth, by a small piece of shell, which tore a hole through the spoon and splattered the rice all over his face. John quietly observed "that was cool," and continued to finish his breakfast.

When stopping for several days at the same place, we were accustomed to dig holes to sleep in during the night, and generally had a blanket stretched over, or a covering of cane, bark, or anything else that was suitable and convenient to keep the sun out in the day. They were easily made by cutting down about two feet into the side of the hill and throwing off to a level below, which made an even and smooth surface to lie upon, somewhat more protected and decidedly more comfortable than the natural face of the ground.

As the siege progressed, it became so that we could find these holes at almost every place to which we were ordered, and were spared the trouble of constructing them. The regiment on one occasion laid for three or four days in pits of this kind, near the site of a house that had been burnt, and which had stood on the top of a hill about three hundred yards off.

Each morning we had been greeted by the crowing of a cock in that quarter, and, as we were not very bountifully supplied with meat, Joe Kennedy, now in our mess, and myself, concluded that he was a waif, and we would go up the next morning and take possession: we already indulged anticipations of what a splendid feast was before us, and the important matter, as to the style in which he should be cooked and dressed, was discussed and settled. At the earliest dawn, the following morning, we moved quietly up the hill, guided by his clear, loud note. "He must be a big one," said I; "Yes, he will make a splendid meal for the whole mess," responded Joe. The bullets were just beginning to whistle, and we hurried on; arriving at the top of the hill, we found that he was a little beyond, and on the other side of the burnt house; cautiously proceeding, we soon came in sight of him, and spied a couple of hens sitting on the limb of a small tree at his side; "Let's go for them all," said Joe; "Good," said I, "Save the two hens, while I fasten on the rooster."

We advanced carefully, and were just in the act of laying our clutches upon their legs, when two big bull-dogs rushed out of a hole at the root of a tree and made at us; but an Irishman and his wife followed close after and kept them down, at the same time calling out and asking what was the matter. "Nothing," replied Joe, in a very composed manner, and then enquired, "Have you seen or heard any stray mules about here this morning?" The reply was, "I'm just up, and have seen nothing of any." He was the owner of the fowls, and, of course, we returned without them.

In passing over the hill we had to run the gauntlet of the sharp-shooters, whose minies now whistled thick and fast around, and indeed it would not have been possible to escape long in a locality so exposed. The boys joked considerably about our failure, and several of them indulged in a crow at our expense. We often laughed about it afterwards, and called it "the raid of the rooster."

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.

As the siege rolled on, the enemy's efforts to reduce the city redoubled: the thunder and roar of artillery, both night and day, were incessant, and the rattle of musketry was unremitting. The hostile lines gradually approached ours, and the fire of their sharp-shooters became more and more effective. We were losing daily many of our men, who were becoming very reckless, and exposed themselves constantly; indeed, there were few positions near the lines that could be considered at all secure, and the ditches were about as safe as any other places.

The soldiers had become crowded in the hospitals; and in them were seen the forms of women, clad in simple, dark attire, with quiet steps and pale faces, gliding about and hovering around the beds of the sick and wounded: they seemed to know no cessation in their days and nights of watchfulness and care. Without noise—without display—meekly and faithfully they went forth upon their pious and holy mission, like ministering angels, carrying balm and healing to the poor soldier, cheering his hope of recovery, or soothing the last moments of expiring life. These were "Sisters of Mercy"—a sisterhood of the Catholic Church. Their noble and Christian devotion to the cause of suffering and humanity throughout the South, during the war, can never be forgotten.

Our hospitals being situated in the town, and occupying the court-house and other buildings, were exposed to the fire of the mortar-boats. Hospital flags waved over them, and Federal wounded were sheltered within, but still the enemy's fire was indiscriminately and mercilessly directed, and several of the shells fell upon and came crashing down through these asylums, and those already suffering from wounds, bleeding, mutilated and helpless, were slain upon their sick beds.

It was stated to me by physicians on duty there, that this shelling caused the death of many not immediately and directly

killed by the missiles. A wounded man is naturally nervous, and the constant explosions of these immense bombs around the hospitals, and sometimes in them, kept the inmates in a feverish state of excitement, and constantly in alarm. They were confined to their beds, without the chance of getting out of the way or escaping, and were compelled to submit to the consequences of their inevitable helplessness. This, of course, irritated their wounds and increased their tendency to fever, and death resulted in numerous cases in which comparative repose and quiet would have effected a recovery.

Messages, I understood, were sent, and humanity and the usages of civilized warfare were invoked, in vain : the wounded and sick occupants could be saved, neither by remonstrance nor by the yellow flag which waved above them, from daily and nightly subjection to this dangerous and torturing fire.

The shelling of these mortars at night presented a grand and beautiful display of fireworks—luminous and brilliant as can possibly be conceived. Thrown from a distance of four miles, and at an angle of probably forty-five degrees, the fuses being on fire, sparks could be seen falling and trailing their bright lines along, as the iron monsters rose higher and higher on their aerial flight, and finally bursting, seemingly at times among the stars, exhibited dazzling coruscations of unsurpassed beauty, brilliancy and splendor. At first it was a pleasure to look upon the bombardments at night, but they finally lost much of their interest in the constant rush, incessant occupation and increasing dangers that surrounded us.

Although the lines were so closely invested, letters reached the command from Missouri, brought in by an under-ground line—a regular rebel mail-carrier, who had originally belonged to the brigade—his name was Loudon; but I received no letter, and had heard nothing from home since before the battle of Elkhorn—and what would I not have given at the time for only one line, saying “All’s well!”

General Bowen received his commission as major-general by this mail line, and Pemberton got dispatches from Johnson. Whereupon, it was stated that we had only to hold out a few days longer, when we would be relieved. Glorious anticipation! but one that was never to be realized.

It was the custom every night, a little after dark, to throw out

pickets beyond the works to guard against surprise, and to keep the enemy from approaching under cover of the darkness and fortifying nearer to our lines—an enterprise our active foe was constantly attempting. The fortifications nearest our works were, with few exceptions, covered with a thick coat of earth thrown upon something of sufficient strength to bear it up. There were port-holes about two and a-half inches in diameter and two feet apart from which they fired, while to the rear and at their backs was an open space at the top, probably a foot wide, which admitted plenty of air. Their works were decidedly better than ours, having the advantage of this earth covering and port-holes, while those constructed by us were without either, with the exception of the position occupied by Green's brigade. It had been stationed about two hundred yards to the left of the Jackson road, and had constructed port-holes similar to those of the Federals, through which they could fire with comparative security.

One night, at dark, Lieutenant Stockton of our regiment was on duty to station the guard outside the works in front of the regiment. The posts had been visited about forty yards out, and seeing nothing of an enemy, he proceeded on his round with the guard and had got through with every post except the last, when, as he was in the act of placing his men here, several Federals rose up from their ambush in the cane, within ten feet, presented their pieces, and demanded his surrender. The lieutenant was taken by surprise and in front of his men, and the result was, he and two of the men were captured, while two fell back and made a successful retreat.

The two men who came in reported the capture of Stockton and part of the picket, and that the post was in the hands of the Federals. Lieutenant Alford of our company was then ordered to go out with a detachment of ten men and dislodge the enemy. He proceeded with his squad, and a revolver in each hand to execute the order. Having been on duty out there before, he knew the situation of the picket posts, and approached this one very guardedly. When within six steps, he was ordered to halt and surrender. Levelling a pistol in each hand, he commenced firing into the ambushade. The enemy, not expecting such a result, returned the fire in a very random manner, and Alford

still continued to pour double shots, in rapid succession, upon the astonished Federals, and succeeded in routing them and clearing the post. Upon turning to his men, he found that all had run except Tip Marders, who still remained by his side. Returning to the regiment he got the guard that had just retreated, and posted it at the disputed position. He was not aware that any of his men had left until the firing was over, and he called for the guard to come forward, and his mortification was equal to his surprise, on finding that they had deserted him at so critical a moment.

Alford's gallant conduct on the occasion showed the true and genuine stuff of which he was made—a better soldier or braver man never lived. Supported by a single man, by his rapid fire and undaunted courage, he drove and put to flight a force at least six times his number, and continued master of the field. He received the applause of the regiment and the thanks of Colonel Cockrell for his soldierly bearing.

We were thrown, a good portion of the time, near the Twenty-seventh Louisiana: they were fine troops, and bore themselves with the utmost gallantry and fortitude. Colonel Marks, the commander of the regiment, his lieutenant-colonel and major, were all killed in the progress of the siege, and the command lost many of its men.

The gunboat Cincinnati ran down upon our upper battery for the purpose of silencing it, as stated in a letter captured in the trunk of the surgeon of the boat, written to his wife that morning. She had only succeeded in firing a few shots, and had not turned the point of the peninsula, when the third shot from our battery struck and penetrated below the water-line: the boat began to fill immediately, and, running rapidly towards the bank above the point, sunk to the hurricane in a few minutes; her crew escaped to the shore, near the Federal lines, in their boats.

These iron-clads had become very bold and defiant, and seemed to think themselves impenetrable in their armor, but this one was readily sunk by a steel-pointed ball from a Blakely gun, and was one of the most formidable war vessels of its class.

There was ten thousand stand of new arms in Vicksburg, which were on their way to the trans-Mississippi department,

and now blocked up by the siege; they were fine guns, of French manufacture, and were issued to our and other commands, and a good many troops in the ditches still retained their old guns also, and had two shots in readiness for emergency.

On the night of the twenty-second of June, a couple of Georgia regiments charged a Federal breastwork, about fifty yards in their front, which had been thrown up the night before, and contained a regiment of the enemy: they succeeded in dislodging this force at the point of the bayonet, and captured a number of prisoners with very slight loss. The work was filled up and, the spades and shovels of the enemy were taken and brought in.

A little occurrence was spread through camp, afterwards, regarding the lieutenant-colonel of the Federal regiment. Seeing that he was either to be captured or run the gauntlet in getting away, he laid down among the dead in the ditch, expecting to remain "perdue" until our force retired, and then his escape would be secured. In this conclusion, however, he had not taken into account, that the ditch might be filled: a few spadefull of earth had the salutary effect of bringing him to, and the dead, to all appearance, rose up and walked, declaring he was not ready to be buried alive, and the strategic lieutenant-colonel, notwithstanding his ingenious conceit, became a prisoner.

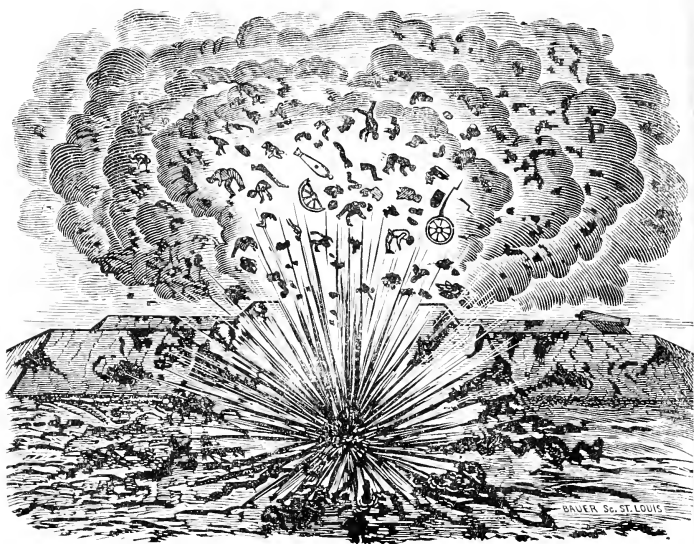
A parapet was blown up by the explosion of a mine by the enemy on the twenty-fifth; it was situated just to the left of the Jackson road, and in its destruction we lost a number of men. The Federals charged immediately and attempted to pass through the opening, and a severe and bloody contest occurred between the hostile force and the Third Louisiana and Sixth Missouri: Colonel Irwin, commanding the latter, was killed while gallantly defending the breach with his regiment. He was a brave officer, and a gentleman of talent and genius. The enemy was repulsed and forced back to the shelter of his fortifications, not far distant, and the design to rush in and get possession of that part of the works, under the excitement of the explosion, was completely foiled.

General Martin E. Green, commanding the second brigade in our division, which had been in the intrenchments nearly all the time, and where he had almost exclusively remained, rarely ever leaving the ditches, was killed on the twenty-seventh of June, while reconnoitering one of the enemy's batteries: he was

struck in the head by a musket ball and died instantly ; and thus the life of this grey-haired patriot and brave chieftain was given to his country—to a cause for which he had long and devotedly struggled.

The loss of these two officers caused universal lamentation throughout the Missouri forces ; they were two of our first men, and their records were fair and unsullied, both beloved by their commands and esteemed and honored by all who knew them. It may be truly said, that much of the best blood of Missouri had already been, and was still being given to the cause, and as our national prospects grew lowering and darker, the more devoted became the Missouri soldiery.

Vague and groundless rumors were daily afloat in regard to Johnson, and the long-expected succor from that quarter was now anxiously awaited by the garrison.



Explosion of the Mine at Vicksburg.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

THE CLOSING SCENES AT VICKSBURG.

ON the twenty-eighth, a portion of the brigade was moved from a position it had been occupying, in reserve upon the right, to the parapet on the left of the Jackson road, that had recently been blown up: four regiments were concentrated here, the Second, Third, Fifth and Sixth Missouri. We occupied the parapet in four reliefs; one regiment was on duty six hours at a time, and the post was occupied all the time, both night and day: the Second was the command to which our company belonged.

The parapet had been repaired, and the line was thrown a few feet back from its original position. The Third Louisiana was in the works immediately to our left, while a Mississippi brigade occupied them a little distance to the right, and extended across the Jackson road. This was considered the most vulnerable point in the lines, and the first Missouri brigade was ordered here for its defence.

The enemy had mined under this parapet, while his lines almost entirely encircled it towards the front, at the distance of not more than ten steps, and, in places, even nearer. It occupied a slight angle extending outward, and was a favorite point for the batteries around to practice upon.

On relieving the Sixth regiment, which was on duty when we arrived, we found ourselves in close quarters with the enemy, and his contiguity was frequently evidenced by the throwing over into our lines of clods and hand-grenades; the former did no serious damage, but, on one occasion, Lieutenant Gillespie's nose was skinned in a pretty rough manner by a lump of clay that was dried hard in the sun. The hand-grenades were small shells about the size of a goose egg, filled with little bullets, probably larger than a buck-shot; they never exploded before striking the ground, and only then when hitting a hard place, as they were fired by friction, and not by fuses. They wounded

several of the regiment in the legs, generally slightly, but killed no one within my knowledge, always bursting too low to strike a vital part.

In return for the hand-grenades, our regiment, whose position was more elevated than the enemy's, threw shells, varying from six to ninety pounds, into his works, many of which did great execution ; but we did not know it at the time, and this sort of shelling was not kept up : it was only after the siege that we learned, if it had been sustained, especially with the heavy shells, the works there would have been untenable. Several men were killed and many others wounded, and General Logan himself had made a narrow escape from one. Every shell that we rolled went directly into their ditches.

The enemy was hard at work again, preparing to spring another mine under this parapet : the digging could be distinctly heard as they worked away almost under us. Immediately upon the outer edge of the parapet a small redoubt was constructed for the purpose of sheltering the guard, which was to give the alarm, if the Federals attempted to leave their works and rush over to ours : this redoubt connected with the works behind by a narrow passage cut through the earth, and two men were kept on the alert there and relieved every two hours. In the event of the parapet being again blown up, there was no possible chance for the escape of the two occupying this isolated position. Upon whomsoever among us the chance might fall, when the torch was applied to the magazine below, they could look forward only to the horrible fate of being buried alive.

The parapet had originally been occupied by one of our batteries, but the artillery had been dismounted, most of it by the Federal fire, and none was in working order at that time. The Federals seemed to take particular delight in shelling this place, in the most furious manner, several times daily, and, from the accuracy of the aim, just touching and bursting the shells on top of the works, they certainly had reduced artillery firing almost to an exact science.

Heavy batteries were now planted all around, and a big gun had been placed in position opposite the town, which threw a hundred pound conical shell, and shot through an entire square of the city at a single discharge. Our river batteries silenced it

several times, but whenever our artillery ceased, even for a short time, the Federal cannoniers were at work again. This gun was very formidable, and did fearful execution.

The town had been heretofore subjected to the fire of the mortars; an occasional shell from the batteries beyond our lines, at the distance of about three miles, was thrown into it: but the missiles from this quarter usually passed over and fell into the river. It was now, however, raked by this piece, and even headquarters were becoming unpleasantly exposed. Sharp-shooters were also firing from the brush on the opposite side of the river, and several men were killed and wounded by them, down on the levee.

One evening, upon taking our position in the works and relieving the regiment which had been on duty during the morning, we found, in front of our company, a ploughshare that had been turned by a smith, and placed upon the works that morning, for the purpose of firing through, and observing, without danger, the movements of the Federals on the outside.

This ploughshare had been bent in the shape of an angle; the bottom rested upon the works and the point extended outward, leaving a hole at the terminus, about an inch and a half in diameter, while it widened as it extended back; the bar on one side and the wing on the other, welded together above, formed a good protection for the head, and the only exposure of a man behind it was from the small opening at the point in front.

I took my position at this newly-contrived port-hole and watched the enemy for some time; some of his men were conveying water from a spring about two hundred yards distant, and I fired several shots at them; they still continued to visit the spring, one or two at a time, and each carried several canteens, which were filled, and they then returned to the ditches, that were between them and our works.

I also observed a ditch about six steps from me, on which the enemy, from the freshness of the earth around, had but recently been working: this ditch was not altogether completed, as only a portion of it had port-holes, which were cut in a thick, heavy joist, that was lying lengthwise upon the earth thrown up to the front. Through the port-holes I could see plainly, and at the present time no one was at them, while to the left of the joist

the ditch was open and in full view, not over five yards distant, and not high enough to cover a man standing.

These observations were made when I had been at my place but a short time, and it was evident that the work below had recently been occupied, though to all appearance abandoned now: it was between two and three o'clock, and very warm, and probably they would not return until towards evening, as they worked more at that time and early in the morning.

I kept my position at the ploughshare, getting a shot occasionally in the direction of the spring, and watched the trench and port-holes below until nearly five o'clock, when I descried the head of a Federal in open view above the trench, about five yards from me; I could see down to his coat collar; he had on a black hat, with a feather of the same color standing straight up; the right side of his face was to me, and he was looking in another direction. I instantly placed my gun through the ploughshare, but he moved and drew his head down in a perfectly composed and unconcerned manner, and evidently had not seen my movement.

With my gun cocked and resting through the small aperture, I had but a moment to wait before his head was again in full view, and, drawing a bead upon it, I fired instantly: the puff of smoke from my piece prevented me from seeing the effect of my shot. Withdrawing my gun, I looked immediately through the smoke, and, in a few seconds, observed a man with a cap on, peering towards me from one of the port-holes; our eyes met, and he dodged; it may honestly be said that I have seen in battle the whites of an enemy's eyes.

Loading my gun and inserting it through the little embrasure again, it was only a moment before I got a shot at a man at one of their ports, and discovered Federals at several of them, and that they were all in the act of being manned. I loaded and fired twice more in quick succession, when they opened upon my port, and their bullets whizzed close by and made the ploughshare ring.

The color-bearer of the regiment stepped up about this time, with a loaded gun, and asked me if anything could be seen to shoot at; I answered in the affirmative, and referred him to the port-hole. He soon got a shot, and seemed so completely captivated, that he called for another gun, and one of the boys

handed him his piece. My gun was now loaded, and I told him to let me shoot, but he remonstrated, and insisted upon another shot, to which, having given assent, he put his gun through and soon fired, and immediately looked to ascertain the effect; while in this position, a ball passed through the aperture, and, striking him just below the eye, came out at the back of his head, and he fell instantly dead. Fate alone, it seemed, had placed him there at the time in my stead; his name was Glasscock, and he was a brave and true soldier.

Colonel Sentiny immediately came forward and ordered the ploughshare to be taken down, as they were pouring a concentrated fire upon it, and the balls were glancing all around. I accordingly dislodged and drew it to the inside of the works.

The enemy continued to carry on his mining operations, and we knew that it would not be long before their results would be developed. Counter-mining was resorted to upon our part, and a successful operation of this kind had already prevented the blowing up of a parapet at another point upon our lines. A detail of six negroes was set to work in the redoubt occupied by the two sentries: two white men were also with them, which made ten at work in or occupying this precarious position. The negroes were relieved as often as the white men, and it was well understood that nothing short of a miracle would save a single member of this party, unless our counter-mining was successful.

The former mining at this parapet had been a first attempt, and though the explosion was formidable and terrific, yet, in the present operation, the enemy was penetrating to a far greater depth and extent, and if the quantity of powder used was in proportion to the character and design of the mine, the result might prove very fatal and destructive.

At twelve o'clock on the first of July, our regiment retired to its position when off duty, a little over a hundred yards back in the hollow; the Sixth Missouri was placed on duty in our stead. We had just stacked arms and entered the holes, some had taken their boots off, others their pants, as it was very warm, and were arranging to be comfortable for the time, when the ground heaved as if by an earthquake—had the mine under the parapet been sprung?

No sound immediately accompanied this motion. Was it "Old Enceladus, the son of Earth, stirred in his mighty caverns?"

But in an instant more the terrific thunder of the explosion reached us. The elements shook at the appalling sound. The earth trembled as beneath the giant tread of Titans hurling their huge missiles against the arc of heaven. Immense columns of earth and shattered fragments ascended into the air, and darkened the heavens. We seemed to stand upon the brink of a volcanic crater, ready to engulf us in its fiery flood.

Simultaneously, the concentrated fire of more than fifty pieces of artillery opened upon this devoted position. The Furies rode in triumph around the wild chaos, and the God of war waved his gleaming sword above the raging battle.

Rushing to get my gun, the first man I observed was Alford, waving his sword and commanding the men to fall into line. The regiment was quickly formed and rapidly hastened to the scene. We were met by Cockrell, who was not very far from the parapet when the explosion occurred, and, with many others, was blown up. He fell some distance down the hill, and miraculously escaped without any fatal injury. Though still suffering, he was very much excited, and greeted the head of the regiment in a loud and animated tone—"Forward, my brave, old Second Missouri, and prepare to die!"

Before reaching the lines, we encountered many fearful evidences of the frightful and terrible character of the affair—men being borne back by the infirmiry corps, whose faces and hands presented a charred, blackened and swollen appearance, truly shocking and most horrible.

Upon arriving at the ruins, the sight presented to our view was frightful. Men were lying round in every direction, of whom some had been maimed and mangled, and were still living, while others were dead or lifeless—most of them dead. Those that were blown beyond the immediate circle of the explosion, which occupied a large space, were being gathered up where they were in sight. Many were covered and buried beneath the falling earth and wreck, and men were already engaged in digging for the bodies, to save if possible those in whom life might not yet be extinct. This labor was performed under a heavy fire, and was rewarded by finding a few living, who were immediately borne off on litters; while, as rapidly as they were exhumed, nearly all were laid aside—deposited with the dead. As each body was

brought forth from this living tomb, it underwent its brief examination—the speedy search for life or death.

Above, around and amidst this scene of woe and death, the enemy's balls and shells whizzed and flashed in wild riot and with fatal destruction. Our position was immediately in rear of the ruins. The shelling was severe—fearful. Under any ordinary circumstances, the post would have been considered untenable; but now it must be maintained, for every moment, it was thought, the artillery would cease and a charge be made.

From the hostile works immediately upon the outside of our lines a small mortar had opened, throwing a twelve-pound shell, and every one lighted and exploded in our midst, and rarely failed to kill or wound one or probably several of the men. Our situation was the most trying to which troops can be exposed—subjected to a deadly fire without the chance of returning it or striking the foe; for our artillery at this part of the line, confronted by vastly superior metal both in weight and number, had been dismounted or crippled, and not a single piece responded to the incessant roar of the enemy's guns.

The bearing of the men never attracted my admiration more than under the circumstances in which they were now placed. The large shells from the heavy batteries, striking the top of the blown-up fortification, burst immediately in our faces, killing and disabling the men, and almost covering us with earth; but, shaking themselves and closing up the ranks, they stood devotedly to their places, and, through the smoke of battle, upon every countenance was depicted the determination to hold the parapet or die in its defence.

We were kept in position here for two hours, holding ourselves in readiness to receive a charge. The artillery at last ceased firing for a while, but the destructive little mortar still continued to play upon us with serious effect: about forty men of the regiment were struck by it, and more of them were killed than wounded. Among those killed was James Edwards, of our company, a brave and gallant fellow, who left a young wife and his father's family to mourn his loss at home, while his fall was lamented by many dear friends in the army.

It was understood that the Federals had been ordered to charge when the fire of the artillery abated, but had refused or exhibited such reluctance to do so, that the order was not enforced. It is

singular that after so large a breach was made by the explosion of the mine, followed by a cannonade and shelling so tremendous and formidable, still no assault was attempted. Such a result is unusual, but perhaps not without precedent or example.

Those, who were at work exhuming the bodies, could find nothing of the sentry in the redoubt, nor of the mining detail. They were buried too deep for exhumation, except one negro who was blown over into the Federal lines, and miraculously escaped without any fatal injury. He stated, as I understood, that he did not know how high he went, but was confident he met white men going up as he came down.

Colonel Cockrell, becoming satisfied that no charge would be attempted, ordered a portion of the command a little distance down the hill in the rear of the works, but to keep their guns in hand and be ready, if called upon, at a moment's warning. This thinned out the men to some extent in the parapet, and gave more room for the little mortar shells to burst and for the boys to dodge them, which could readily be done where there was space enough, as the shells came over very slowly, and could be seen and the report of the mortar heard before they reached our line. This was a relief to all—both to those who remained as well as the portion of the regiment that left the works.

After the siege, I learned that this mortar was a very ingenious contrivance, made of a small hollow log, strongly banded, which was elevated and would probably throw a shell fifty yards. The gunners who worked it were entirely concealed and protected, and this little wooden affair probably killed nearly as many men on that evening as one of their finest pieces of artillery did during the entire siege.

Along the hillside, where our company and others were ordered, several holes had been constructed, such as have already been mentioned as being occupied for sleeping purposes by the soldiers. Some of these were covered with cane, while others had no shelter at all over them. Joe Kennedy, Massy Smith, James Hulan, Dan Walty and myself occupied one of these resting places, and, while lying down comparatively secure, the shells from the wooden gun began to come farther and farther over; and, one of them striking the ground a little above, rolled down the hill, and, jumping through the covering over our heads, fell immediately among us. It had scarcely struck the ground,

when, springing from our places and carrying the cane roof of the temporary and now unhealthy abode with us, we made a plunge or two down the hill to get out of the way, as we thought it would of course explode. Joe Kennedy remained behind, and it was feared for an instant that he had been struck by its fall; but in a moment he rose from the den with the shell in his hands, and sent it whirling down the hill after us; we still kept out of the track, though it was harmless now—the fuse was extinguished: this, however, we did not know at the time.

Two brothers, young men from company A, in the regiment, laid down together in one of these holes, and I saw a shell strike and burst immediately between them: they were both horribly mangled and mutilated, and died almost instantly. With many startling incidents, the trying evening finally wore away, and the sun dropped behind its sable curtain.

About dark, Lieutenant-Colonel Sentiny was looking over the works and making some observations, when he was shot through the head by a minie ball and killed instantly. With bitter tears of grief and sorrow the regiment beheld the body of this gallant officer, who had led them through many trying scenes and fiery ordeals, now borne back a corpse. No more would we hear his calm and deliberate, though firm and quiet, commands, and be re-assured and stimulated, in the hour of danger, by his self-possessed and determined bearing. The men loved him as their friend, and honored and esteemed him as their commander: he was a brave soldier and an accomplished gentleman.

At dark the work of repairing the parapet began, and, though our lines were thrown a little back, no decided advantage had been gained by the enemy as far as the works were concerned; but it must be admitted that a demoralizing effect, to a considerable extent, was produced by the explosion.

A detail of men from the regiment was sent up to assist in reconstructing the works, and among them, Tip Marders, of our company, who was shot through the head and killed soon after going upon duty there: he was a gallant soldier, and as brave as the bravest: our noble comrades were still falling around us.

During the night, while the work of repairing was going on, General Pemberton, in company with Bowen, visited the parapet. I have heard General Pemberton accused of being a traitor and of selling Vicksburg: it is scarcely possible. Looking upon

that care-worn and deeply-concerned countenance, and beholding the expression of anxious solicitude upon his face, as he surveyed the work that was going on around him by the dim light, his loyalty to his pledges and honor cannot for a moment be doubted. If look and manner can speak at all, they plainly declared that he was true and faithful to his position.

The bearing of the Missouri troops had won from General Pemberton, as it did from all others, the highest encomiums, and he was heard to say that, if he had ten thousand Missourians, he would cut his way out rather than surrender, or it might, perhaps, be more proper to say that, it was talked of in the command as a speech that he had certainly made.

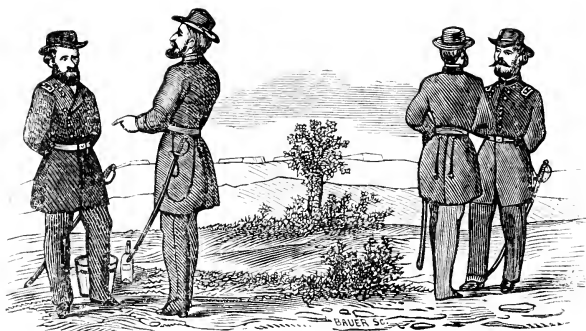
By the morning of the second our defences were again in tolerably good condition : but while prepared to face any assault of the enemy upon our lines, our situation, in other respects, was rapidly approaching a crisis ; the provisions, though doled out in most scanty allowances, would only last two days longer, and this fact became in some way known or understood by the army. It was reported also that Johnson was fighting at Black river ; this was not readily credited, as the army had almost ceased to look or hope for relief from that quarter.

The rumor was circulated that some of the officers favored the idea that the garrison should cut its way out, and I heard Cockrell say that he would lead the charge with his brigade. This view, however, if seriously entertained, was abandoned, and, under the circumstances, it was certainly a very hazardous undertaking. It would have been necessary, at the outset, to have charged and carried triple lines of breastworks, and, when this might be accomplished, heavy reserves, in the rear of the enemy's lines, yet remained to be encountered, still greatly superior to the reduced and exhausted force of the garrison.

The siege had now lasted forty-five days, and our loss in killed was very heavy, while those who were wounded or sick constituted nearly half the men that were still living. Though the Federal loss was large, reinforcements were constantly received, which not only kept up but even increased the strength of the besieging force.

Our men had become worn out, and not alone careless, but even reckless, and I noticed, on the day of the second, that many of them were killed from needless exposure, and a large





Negotiation for the Surrender of Vicksburg.

amount of casualties occurred. We were now losing a great number of men every day, and the fire from the enemy's batteries and sharp-shooters was actively and unceasingly maintained.

About nine o'clock, on the morning of the third, a flag of truce was sent out by General Pemberton and the firing ceased. Upon putting up sentinels on the works around the parapet, the Federal guard and ours could touch bayonets, and at one point they were so close, that each claimed the ground upon which the other stood; it was finally decided that the Federal sentinel should keep a little back, and not have an opportunity of looking into our works.

An interview took place between Generals Pemberton and Bowen on our part, and Grant and McPherson on that of the enemy, and was held just to the right of the parapet, about thirty yards distant. Every one is familiar with the descriptions and photographs of General Grant, and I will only observe that, with dark hair and whiskers, his features are rather heavy, and, though good looking, his appearance is by no means striking; he seemed very plain and unassuming in his manner. General McPherson was one of the finest looking men I ever saw, fully six feet high, exceedingly handsome, and straight as an Indian, and his elegant uniform was worn with the perfect grace and bearing of the soldier. The parleying was principally between Bowen and McPherson; Grant and Pemberton talked but little, and the truce terminated in the course of an hour, without any adjustment or agreement: General Pemberton was unwilling to accept the terms offered. At ten the firing was again commenced, and continued until three, when another truce occurred, during which the terms of surrender were settled, which was to take place on the following day. Thus the fall of the Gibraltar of the South was at last accomplished.

About twelve o'clock, on the fourth, the troops marched out and stacked their arms on the outside of the works. Our brigade performed this last act in perfect order, just to the left of the Jackson road. General Grant sat upon his horse within ten steps of the point at which the company laid aside its guns and accoutrements, and saw the tattered and worn, but proud old battle-flag of the regiment droop quietly upon its standard, and rest its scarlet folds peacefully upon the stack of arms, no longer grasped firmly to sustain and uphold it.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

THE SITUATION—REFLECTIONS ON THE SURRENDER.

UPON arriving at camp, dinner was just ready, and the state of our rations can be imagined, when we found mule meat prepared for us. It was not a fat mule, either, but one that had lived among the shells and minie balls during the siege, and was by no means in good order. The appetites of some of the boys were so good, that they partook of it even with a relish. I was not, however hungry enough to enjoy eating this sort of flesh, and only tasted it—not for the sake of satisfying the appetite, but to test its flavor, which was not very pleasant and by no means palatable.

The brigade commissary informed me that the last ration of flour had been issued, and that there was not enough left even for a scanty meal. Some bacon was still in store, yet by no means a large supply, and this was reserved for hospital use, as the sick and wounded required something better than mule meat. Taking everything in consideration, the surrender was an undoubted necessity.

Our garrison, greatly reduced, had been with each succeeding day subjected to increasing losses; while a large proportion was sick or wounded, many of the remainder were worn and broken down, and there was no hope or prospect of succor or relief: not a single ravine or hollow near the works was any longer secure from the Federal artillery and sharp-shooters, and passing for water, to and fro from camp, and all movements of troops had become very dangerous. Mining operations by the enemy were commenced and actively pressed on at five or six points, and his fire from all sources had increased and extended even to the last moment. Under all the circumstances, the surrender cannot be justly censured or condemned.

On the evening of the fourth a portion of the Federal army marched in and took possession of the city. No private dwellings in the place were disturbed except those from which the

families had removed for safety; and the furniture in these was appropriated by the soldiers, who unhesitatingly removed from the handsome bureaus their large mirrors, and placing them about their camps, seemed to survey themselves and surroundings with evident complacency, and used these new luxuries with the most nonchalant air. Sugar belonging to the Confederate government, and also some that belonged to private parties, were rolled out into the streets by the Federal soldiery, the heads of the hogs-knocked out, and the rebs around were invited to come up and help themselves.

In two hours after we had stacked arms and the flag on the court-house was lowered, the wharf was crowded with shipping for half a mile. Almost every variety of vessel was represented, and the naval force and transports attending the Federal army, seemed to correspond, in extent and character, with the hosts that were marshalled under their common leader.

It has been stated that we were driven from outer lines of intrenchments around Vicksburg, and forced back to an inner one during the siege. This is altogether a mistake, as we had but one line of works, and this was held from the beginning to the close.

The terms of the surrender were honorable, alike to General Grant and to the garrison, and were similar to those granted by Napoleon to Wurmser at the siege of Mantua. The officers were allowed the privilege of retaining their swords, pistols, and all personal property, save their servants and cooks, who were generally negroes, and were considered free or contraband. The soldiers also retained their personal effects, such as pistols and other articles not belonging to the government, and one four-mule team and wagon were allowed to every regiment. The garrison was to be paroled and permitted to go South, where it was to remain prisoners of war until exchanged. The terms were strictly complied with by the general commanding the Federal army.

The loss of Vicksburg was a sad and almost paralyzing blow to the South and the army of the Mississippi, which occupied it, never recovered afterwards from the fatal and disastrous effects accruing from its fall. We lost over one hundred pieces of artillery, and more than thirty thousand stand of arms, about twenty-seven thousand prisoners, of whom sixteen thousand

were fit for duty, and the rest were sick or wounded in the camps and hospitals.

One of the worst features was the unfortunate effect of the association of our army with the Federals, during the several days we were detained at Vicksburg before getting our paroles. The garrison was treated remarkably well by the Federal soldiers, who accepted success with moderation, and did not appear to exult immodestly in their triumph. They used every argument imaginable to induce the men whose homes were in their lines, to return there and take the oath, when they could remain on parole without being disturbed until the close of the war. These and other promises had quite a serious effect upon numbers of our men, and perhaps not more than half the army paroled at Vicksburg was ever got together again, and the service of many Confederate soldiers expired there.

All the Missourians had opportunities of going home upon the most favorable terms; but it is honorable to their proud name and high character that they turned aside from the alluring temptation presented to them, and, with noble fortitude and courageous devotion, determined to stand by the waning fortunes of the Southern cause. Only a few left—perhaps a dozen from our regiment, and about in this proportion from the other regiments of the division.

Provisions were abundant after the surrender, and we had plenty of coffee and other rations we had been unaccustomed to receive. Going down into town one day, I heard a Confederate, who was a Mississippi conscript, discussing the question of rations with some Federal soldiers. His haversack seemed to be pretty well filled, and he said, while at the same time patting it with his hand, "You have given me more rations in a day than they did in a week," and declared that he had been nearly starved to death. The locality of his patriotism could not be mistaken, and there were some others like him. The volunteers from the South were splendid troops, but among the conscripts there were commands decidedly inferior. This acknowledgment is due to the truth of history.

General Grant's squadrons were fine looking men, active and hardy in their movement and appearance. The Western troops, who composed this army, and the Federal forces that fought in the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries, were soldiers of

high military pretension, constituting armies of admirable efficiency and incontestible bravery: this is not said in any spirit of disparagement towards Federal troops from other quarters, of whom I cannot speak with any assurance, never having faced their lines upon a battle-field.

The strength of the Confederacy was now decidedly failing; the region from which the fighting material was drawn, was being rapidly circumscribed, and the military resources of the country, still within her control, were almost exhausted; the thin and scattered population of her territory had been drained of its best and bravest men, and few were left, of any sort, to fill the places of those who had fallen, while the Northern and Western armies were still readily recruited, not only from their own dense and numerous population, but from the endless swarms that were constantly pouring in from the Old World. During the siege, no force on our part could be gathered of any figure or consequence, not even sufficient to attempt the slightest diversion in behalf of the beleagured city.

The unequal odds had been for a long time counteracted by the indomitable spirit of the Confederate soldiery, and the skill and ability of its distinguished and gallant commanders. The preponderance in numbers at last became so overwhelming, the difference so wide and fearful, that it could no longer be balanced, not even by the most daring and devoted courage of veteran legions, nor by the inspirations and conceptions of those great captains, whose names are now enshrined "in the Pantheon of history," and consecrated by memories sacred to immortal genius.

A conversation occurred in my presence, between some Confederate and Federal soldiers, in reference to recent military events, when one of the former remarked that, though they had taken Vicksburg, their losses had been very heavy in doing so; a Federal replied that "some of us expected to be killed when we left home, and did not calculate to subdue the South without losing many men." It was decidedly a soldierly speech, and struck me forcibly at the time. I conversed with several of the Federal soldiers, and got some of them to send letters home for me. Among them, I came across one from Hovey's division, which was a portion of the troops our command had fought at Baker's Creek; he said it was so badly used up that the division had not been called on for duty since.

A very barbarous and desecrating act was committed here by some of the Federal soldiers, which, as it undoubtedly occurred, should be recorded. The cemetery at Vicksburg covered quite a large space of ground, extending over several acres on both sides of a hill near our camp, just above the city : the grounds had once been highly ornamented, and though the hand of war had destroyed much that adorned them, yet some traces of former beauty still remained.

In the cemetery were several family vaults, very elegantly finished, and which contained the bodies of members of families to whom they belonged. These vaults were built above the ground, and could be opened at any time ; and I had looked into them on one occasion during the siege : the bodies were arranged on shelves upon either side, in metallic cases, and were tolerably well preserved, as could be distinctly seen through the covering of glass ; they were richly dressed, and upon the hands and persons of nearly all was very fine and costly jewelry. Upon entering these depositaries sacred to the dead, a day or two after the surrender, to look again upon the quiet faces of the inmates, I observed, to my horror, that the glasses had been broken and the bodies had been disturbed and desecrated by the foul touch of the ruthless invader, and the hand of the robber had torn from its sacred resting-place the jewelry that had been committed to the tomb as memorials of love and affection, the last tribute of the living to the memory of the dead.

The men who perpetrated this shameless sacrilege, it was understood, belonged to a Federal regiment encamped close by. Whether this act was approved, sanctioned or countenanced by the officers, I cannot say ; it certainly did not appertain to, and was wholly inconsistent with, the honorable profession of arms. If any public censure or condemnation was pronounced by the Federal commanders, I never knew or heard of its promulgation.

When the barbarous hosts of Theodoric, Genseric and Attila advanced into the plains of Italy, the city of Rome and the vast empire beneath her sway abounded in magnificent mausoleums, whose marble vaults received the remains of the illustrious dead. In them were deposited the costly and valuable memorials, with which patrician wealth was accustomed to mark the final resting-place of the descendants of a noble race ; and these tombs were held sacred from barbaric outrage, were respected

alike by the Goth, the Hun and the Vandal. If, in that day, and from savage nations, such respect was paid to the monuments of death, might we not expect at least as much in these modern times, and from a people claiming to be enlightened and civilized? In that remote period few shrines were erected except to heathen deities, and the wild and fierce hordes that swept over the empire of the Cæsars, bowed down only before the altar of the God of war. But this is a Christian age, and on every hand the eye is greeted with temples, reared to "the true and living God."

It is almost impossible to conceive the quantity and variety of artillery projectiles thrown into the city during the siege; they were scattered in such abundance over the ground that citizens of the place, with wagons, gathered them up to dispose of as old iron.

I heard a droll-looking fellow talking about the surrender and our having to give up the place; he had belonged to one of the river batteries, and was a cannonier attached to the famous piece well known as "Whistling Dick." He said he did not mind the fall of the city so much, but it nearly killed him to leave behind "Whistling Dick:" it is somewhat remarkable what strong attachments are formed by artillerymen for the pieces they are accustomed to handle.

The army was detained at Vicksburg from the fourth to the eleventh, during which time the slow process of paroling was going on, and guards were kept upon the fortifications around to prevent the men from escaping.

On the morning of the eleventh the troops were all ready to march out, and to our division, now very small, was accorded the privilege of going out first. After moving up on the Jackson road, the knapsacks of our brigade were searched, to see that they contained nothing contraband: they bore inspection so well, that a continuation of search throughout the army was abandoned, and between nine and ten o'clock our brigade, in the van, passed out through the gap in the works, and waved a parting adieu to the scene of that terrible and bloody drama, in which, it was known, it had borne a faithful and honorable part.

CHAPTER XC.

THE MARCH TO ENTERPRIZE—THE DEATH OF BOWEN.

NEVER was an army more grateful than ours upon leaving Vicksburg: it was like the prisoner who had been unshackled in his cell and turned loose to breathe again the pure air, and though the hot, vertical rays of a July sun were pouring down upon us, the garrison went on its way, almost rejoicing in the sense of freedom.

The life of a soldier is so varied and precarious, that nothing seems to depress him long, and even after smoothing the grave of one of his dearest comrades, he is soon found deriving the little pleasure he can from whatever transpires around him; so with the garrison of Vicksburg; knowing that lamenting over the fall would not restore its possession, thoughts of the national disaster did not long depress, and the boys were already thinking of the good time they would have on parole.

The first day's march brought us to Edwards' depot, which, it has before been stated, was six miles beyond Black river. At the crossing here Grant had fortified to receive Johnson; his fortifications were not, like Pemberton's, on the wrong side of the river, as the Federals expressed it; but he had fortified the bluffs on the side next to Vicksburg, and the position was made very strong, indeed almost impregnable.

It was a rich sight, the appearance of the negroes we had met during the day, going into Vicksburg to get their freedom: many of them were walking, but many more were riding mules stolen from the plantations on which they belonged. Several large, black field negresses had on their mistress' dresses, some of which were silk, and the bodies were tied with strings near a foot long, as they wanted that much of meeting in the waist.

The command was on the road early the following morning, and two days' march brought us to the ferry on Pearl river, ten miles below Jackson, where we went into camp for the night.

On the march we enjoyed the fruit and roasting-ears upon the route, which were a great treat after being confined so long to meat and hard bread.

Johnson was now fighting at Jackson and we could distinctly hear the sound of the musketry and artillery: the original army of Mississippi stood within a few miles of the battle, without the power of rendering the slightest assistance, the hands of its soldiers completely tied—bound on oath not to take up arms until regularly exchanged, and in no condition to render even a particle of aid; this was a situation very galling to many of our men.

John McDowell, who was not very well, and considered himself in bad condition for the long march before us, and somewhat free on his parole, turned off at Raymond, through which we had passed, and directed his steps upon a road leading towards Linden.

General Bowen was taken sick at Vicksburg after the surrender, and was conveyed in an ambulance with the army as far as Raymond, when his disease assumed an aggravated form, and he stopped there for treatment; he became worse, however, and died after a brief illness.

Bowen had attained the rank of Major-General, and his standing with the whole army was very high, second to no other officer in it. From the prominent part assigned him in negotiating the surrender, it is evident that General Pemberton had the utmost confidence in his ability; his name may be properly associated with the greatest soldiers of his day. He was complimented by Beauregard at Shiloh, and also by Breckinridge at Baton Rouge, and distinguished himself in bringing up the rear of Van Dorn's army from Corinth; the skill he displayed with the small command under him in the battle of Port Gibson, and the address with which he conducted the retreat to Black river, in the face of an active and immensely superior force, will ever rank, in the art of war, as masterly exhibitions of military genius. His generalship was admired and applauded throughout the army, and he was held in the very highest personal esteem by the soldiers of his division, and by all who knew any thing of his character.

Only a few days before the battle of Port Gibson, Mrs. General

Bowen, Mrs. Colonel Sentiny and Mrs. Colonel Irwin had come out from Missouri, passed through the lines, and joined their husbands at the command. The day before the battle I noticed them all three at General Bowen's headquarters, chatting gayly with one another and a group of officers around; their faces were bright and cheerful, and in a reunion with their husbands and friends they seemed perfectly satisfied and happy. But alas! so soon, by the reckless hand of war, was this to be turned into grief and woe and bitter wailing!

These ladies were left outside, separated from their husbands by the siege, and when it was over, Colonels Sentiny and Irwin had gone to their long, last home, and the happy wives of a few weeks before were now grief-stricken widows. Mrs. Bowen had the sad satisfaction of again seeing her husband, but it was after the fatal disease was upon him, from which he soon sunk insensible in death. Thus she was alone with the rest, and called upon to mourn the loss of that gallant spirit, dear to his country, dear to us, but dearer still to a loving and devoted wife.

Crossing Pearl river, the route of the paroled prisoners lay in the direction of Brandon; but approaching within a day's march of that place and finding the railroad was so crowded with business pertaining to Johnson's army that transportation could not be furnished, the course of the command was directed towards Enterprise, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, twenty-five miles below Meridian. We reached this place after a long and fatiguing march, having traversed about a hundred and seventy miles since leaving Vicksburg.

A paroled camp had been established at Demopolis, Alabama, and all the men, who did not want furloughs upon their parole, took trains for that place. I applied for and got a furlough, like many others, which continued during my parole, and was accompanied with verbal orders to report to the command as soon as it was exchanged.

Having some time for recreation before me, I concluded to visit relatives supposed to be then in Johnson's army, as it was stated that Strahl's brigade, of Cheatham's division, to which they belonged, had been ordered from the army of Tennessee to Mississippi; but, finding upon enquiry that they were not there,

I purchased a horse, and thought of straying off in the direction of Linden, to get another glimpse of that scene, whose image yet stood upon the tablet of memory, too deeply graven for time or change to obliterate—like the beacon that, in darkness and storm, still burns, and cheers the wave-tossed wanderer with the light of assurance and hope.

CHAPTER XCI.

REVISITING LINDEN AND PORT GIBSON.

MOUNTING my horse one morning about the twenty-fifth of the month, I turned his head backward for some distance upon the road we had just travelled, and finally moved off on the most direct route to Linden. 'Three days' tolerably good riding brought me to my destination, and to Chesnut Ridge, where a warm welcome was received from the inmates of that hospitable mansion—and, among them, Cousin Mollie still appeared, bright, lovely, and resplendent.

A crowd of gay, young soldiers was in the neighborhood, paroled like myself, and was now paying court to the girls around, and to Miss Mollie in particular: she was admired by all, and the centre of attraction to many. A certain lieutenant was playing the devoted, and evidently looked upon me as usurping his place and privileges: he adopted the principle that all is fair in love as well as war, and managed his cause with skill and address—and, indeed, was well calculated to please and succeed in affairs of this kind. Both of us had, doubtless, a good time—at least, I did, and enjoyed hugely the picnics, parties, little social gatherings, drives, rides, and other pleasures and amusements of the time, which were always crowned by the presence of my fair cousin.

Everything was considerably changed in the neighborhood of Linden since we were last there. As Grant's army had passed up to the rear of Vicksburg, many of the houses had been visited by squads of cavalry, who were hunting "pretties," as they called it: this meant money, plate, watches, jewelry, spoons, and other valuables. Depredations had not been so great in the immediate neighborhood of Linden, which was rather out of the track; but, upon visiting down toward Port Gibson, we found scarcely a house had been passed without receiving a call. The negroes had left the plantations, and all the fine equipages had been carried off by the Federals.

Around our old camping ground, near the Gulf, the handsome estates were in ruins; all the houses in the vicinity had been burnt, except one, and every means of living completely destroyed. This was a sad state of affairs, and one well calculated to impress the beholder with a conviction, that the worst pestilence was preferable to a visitation from the Federal army.

These sad scenes were almost forgotten in the presence of Cousin Mollie, with whom I was constantly thrown, and became still more lost in the delightful mazes of infatuation. Several times I was on the verge of making a clean breast of it, but, again and again, smothered the almost-uttered declaration, clinging to the hope that a day might come, "When this cruel war is over." In a glorious dream of the future—in the bewildering enchantment of the present, Time glided on, his wings tipped with the dew of the flower, and gilded by the light of the sunbeam.

John McDowell was already enjoying himself on my arrival, and continued to worship at the shrine of his former devotions. He moved on joyously, and seemed to forget that the day of grace would end at last. It finally drew to a close, and again we must leave. Let me pay here a parting tribute to that bright memory, and an invocation of the Muse will be pardoned; for, while the Graces attend the goddess of love, it is in the spirit of poesy they wreath the chaplet that adorns her brow.

Can I forget the strain so soft,
Which once was heard in that far land?
In Fancy's vision, oh, how oft!
I've gently press'd that jewel'd hand.
Fond mem'ry wakes those days of yore,
When rose the touching, sweet refrain—
I long to watch that look once more—
I wish to see her smile again.

Through shaded groves and blooming bow'rs,
Oftimes together we did roam,
Where clust'ring vines and budding flow'rs
Adorn'd that loved and happy home.
The notes by flying fingers play'd,
Their haunting sound will still remain—
Bring back the thought of that dear maid—
I wish to see her smile again.

In wild and troubled scenes afar,
To weary eyes her light was giv'n;
Amid the raging storm of war,
'Twas like an angel bright from heav'n.
Will that fair form ne'er greet my eye,
Nor presence soothe this throbbing pain?
Have I forever said "good-bye?"
I wish to see her smile again.



Gen. Cockrell

CHAPTER XCII.

RETURNED TO CAMP—EXCHANGED—THE DIVISION CONSOLIDATED
INTO A BRIGADE—DEMOPOLIS.

WE reached Demopolis on the thirteenth of September. The Missouri division were the first troops exchanged of the Vicksburg garrison. The boys of the command, who had all been absent for a longer or shorter period, were now like ourselves coming in, and arms were issued again to the brigade.

The various commands of the division having been greatly reduced by the campaigns of the previous spring and the earlier part of the summer, it was deemed advisable to consolidate the companies and regiments, and also to organize the two brigades into one. Our company and company D of the regiment were united, and the Second and Sixth regiments were thrown together, and the command was afterwards known by the name of "The Second and Sixth Consolidated." The Third and Fifth were united, under the command of Colonel McCowan. Gates' regiment and the Third Missouri cavalry were brought together, and Gates, who had succeeded in making his escape a night or two after his capture at Blackriver bridge, assumed the command. The Missourians of Green's brigade were thrown into ours, and the Arkansas troops he had formerly commanded were assigned to duty elsewhere.

The Missourians were now in one brigade, and Colonel Frank M. Cockrel, of our regiment, who had been appointed since the fall of Vicksburg to the rank of brigadier-general, was placed in command. It was assigned to French's division, of the army now under General Johnson, whose headquarters were at Meridian. McNair's and Ector's brigades constituted the other troops of the division.

A rather unusual occurrence took place here in our regiment, in regard to the promotion and advancement of Captain Flournoy to its command. Major Tom Carter, by right of seniority, after the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Sentiny and the promotion of

Cockrell, was entitled to the command. He and other officers of the regiment, who were seniors of Captain Flournoy, waved rank and requested him to take the position of colonel, which he was well qualified to fill. This was a remarkable instance of modesty in the army, where the greatest ambition of men and officers is promotion or another grade; but the Missourians were fighting for objects far dearer to them than self-advancement, and they wanted men to direct and lead them who were most capable of command, and could sustain the honor and fortunes of the cause.

Three Missouri generals had already been lost on this side of the river, and Cockrell was now the only one from the State with us. In the consolidation of the commands, many officers were necessarily thrown out, and a number of the Missouri officers now became supernumeraries, and were assigned to post and conscript duty. They also attended to other government business in Alabama and Mississippi.

Though Wilson, the captain of our company, was still in prison at the North, General Cockrell appointed Lieutenant Alford to its command. Wilson's conduct at Black river had been censured by Cockrell, and he was disposed to advance Alford, whom he greatly admired. This circumstance, however, injured the character of Wilson but little with the men, who retained for him a strong personal regard and esteem, while, at the same time, they looked upon Alford as altogether equal to the position he now occupied. Lieutenants Welch and Gillespie, both remained with the company, and Lieutenant Madole, of company D, filled the other position of this rank. Both companies united, numbered only about forty-five men.

John Hanger, upon arriving at Demopolis, where the paroled camp was situated, found his brother Charley, who had arrived there before him. He had only been badly stunned and knocked insensible at the time, and was paroled with the wounded at the hospital. He had reached Demopolis some time before the surrender. The re-union of the two brothers, under the circumstances, was one of profound happiness.

Two of my best friends in the company were absent: Massey Smith had obtained a transfer to the Ninth Kentucky cavalry, under Wheeler, which was then in Georgia; George Bryson had left the company, and gone west of the river, where he received

a commission from General Price to go into North Missouri on recruiting service. In this capacity he rendered himself very efficient, and succeeded in raising a large company of more than a hundred men, which was attached to the battalion of Colonel Perkins in Price's army. Before getting out with his command he was wounded very severely, and yet suffers from its effects. He was a brave, active and energetic officer.

By agreement, our mess and Hanger's were thrown together—that is, what was left of them—and this was the last change in the affairs of the mess until the close of the war.

Demopolis is a small town not densely or regularly built, situated on the east bank of the Tombigbee river, just below the junction of the Warrior with that stream. It is navigable at all seasons of the year for light boats, some distance above this place, and is also upon the line of a new railroad, which had been built during the war, running east, to Selma, fifty miles, and west, to Meridian, fifty-five; This town is one of the oldest in Alabama, and was settled originally by the French. Some of Napoleon's general's, who became exiles after the battle of Waterloo, also found a pleasant refuge and resting place here, and the descendants of some of them are still living in and around the place.

The residents of Demopolis were, with few exceptions, wealthy, and the family dwellings were all commodious and comfortable, and some of them very stylish and elegant. General Whitfield's princely mansion is situated in the outer edge of the town, surrounded by highly ornamented grounds, truly magnificent in their wealth of shrubbery, and adorned by statuary from the chisels of the finest European artists. It is said to be one of the handsomest places in the South, and rivalled the conceptions of Oriental splendor. Its owner was generous and hospitable, and opened his doors and spread his board for the officers and soldiers. His brother, Gaos Whitfield, extended his hospitalities after the same fashion, and always welcomed the Confederates with warmth and cordiality. Indeed, the people about Demopolis, and the rich country that surrounds it, were almost universally hospitable to the Missouri soldiers, and gave them a free and hearty welcome.

Every soldier who returned to camp was full, for awhile, of the good times he had seen, and, as they were constantly coming

in, the time spent on furlough was the principal topic of conversation among us ; and of course the girls were always introduced, for where is the brave and true heart that does not love the dear creatures ? First in love and first in war is the sentiment and characteristic of many a gallant soldier.

Demopolis and Port Gibson are the two places dearer, perhaps, to the Missouri soldiers than any others in the South.

John and myself were very fortunate again, in finding relatives at this place—Alex. M. McDowell, a first cousin of my mother and of John's father, with his interesting family : he had emigrated from Kentucky to Alabama about thirty years before, and settled at Demopolis ; by some means having learned that he had relations in the command, he inquired in the company for John before our arrival, and, upon ascertaining that he belonged to it, left an invitation for him to come and see him as soon as he reached camp. John called, a day or two after we arrived, and was requested to bring me up on his next visit : a few days after we went together, and found him at his place of business. He was a fine-looking old gentleman of probably fifty, with long, flowing whiskers, almost white, and hair nearly as frosty : to a manly form he added a frank, open countenance, genial with smiles and cordiality, that could come from none but the warmest of hearts, while his mild, soft blue eye spoke the gentle kindness of his nature : in truth, he was one of the best and noblest specimens of our race. The hearty grip of the hand assured you a welcome at once. We had been in the office but a short time, when the carriage drew up at the door with his two daughters, going out for a drive. John had seen them before, and, after my introduction, we were invited by their father to join them in the excursion, and the invitation was so warmly seconded by the girls, that we accepted the two unoccupied seats, and were soon enjoying the scenery that surrounds the town.

The ride was delightful, and Miss Lou, the elder of the girls, was most agreeable and interesting : Anna was not over thirteen, and very modest and retiring. We spent the evening with the family, and, declining the pressing invitation to remain all night, returned to camp. Our visits were frequently renewed, and finally we yielded to the repeated solicitations of the major and his kind-hearted wife, and made their house our home for the

time; to this arrangement the consent of our officers was readily obtained.

The brigade was drilled daily, and could scarcely be surpassed in the admirable perfection of its discipline; it was several times reviewed, and, on one occasion, drilled by General Hardee, who pronounced its maneuvering entirely satisfactory. All the reviews were largely attended by the ladies of Demopolis and vicinity: other troops of the Vicksburg garrison, now exchanged, were reviewed with us. By the tenth of October there were probably six or seven thousand of the men under arms.

President Davis, passing on his way to the upper Mississippi, stopped long enough to review the troops who had received arms here: we were formed in line up and down the wide main street of the place, which was perfectly level, and the review took place in the town. The President was doubtless well satisfied with the appearance presented; he stopped in front of the First Missouri, and complimented it very highly: it was a small but decidedly military-looking command, and drew his attention very forcibly, especially by its style of cheering; all the regiments showed to advantage, and the polished bayonets of the grey line made a brilliant display.

I made the acquaintance of General Pettis, who commanded an Alabama brigade; he was a very fine-looking soldier and a pleasant gentleman: we played chess together, and he beat me. I also met General Moore, who has been mentioned before: he was a man of rare personal attractions, very graceful manners, and decidedly prepossessing appearance, and one of the best soldiers and generals in the department.

By way of a little diversion, I took a trip to Selma, and, sauntering along the street, heard the thrumming of a banjo in one of the saloons; upon entering, there was John Martin, with a group around, which he was amusing in the same old way! He was now dressed very handsomely, and had an off-hand, independent way about him, that seemed to take with the crowd. He was very glad to see me, and, upon inquiry, I found that he belonged to Captain King's battery, which had been detached for some time with the cavalry in Mississippi. He had been wounded in a skirmish, and left at a house near by, where he was thrown in contact with a lady from Georgia, who was visiting the family, and fell in love with her; his devotion was

not unrewarded, and, after a brief acquaintance, they were married. His wife, he told me, had made him a present a little while back, of a good round sum, and on the strength of it he had just been to Montgomery on a bender. We had a long chat, and this was the last I saw of John in the South. He managed to get safely through the wars, and I heard of him in Paris, our county-seat, since my return home, and he was still carrying his banjo.

After spending some time at Demopolis very pleasantly, the brigade was ordered away, and the troops left on a bright, fair morning in October; nearly all carried pleasant reminiscences with them, and took leave with reluctance. John and myself were loth to part with our kind relatives, but duty, with a soldier, must stand before every thing like pleasure and amusement, and we bade farewell with many promises to return when opportunity offered. Crowded on the train with a portion of the brigade, we were off for Meridian.

CHAPTER XCIII.

CAMP—DRILL—OCCURRENCES—BRANDON—SHERMAN'S RAID.

THE camp at Meridian was established in the piny woods near by, and the whole country around is of this character, the soil generally poor and unproductive. It was understood that the command would remain here for some time, probably during the winter, and the boys went to work and built cabins for quarters, such as have been before described, and made themselves quite comfortable.

The department headquarters were still at this place, and on going out daily to drill we passed by them, when the General usually made his appearance. General Johnson looked to be a man of over fifty years of age, about medium height, and square built; his forehead was high and intellectual, and his head partially bald; his eye was keen and flashing, and seemed almost to look through a man at a single glance; he wore a moustache and imperial, and side whiskers extending down below the ear; altogether, his style and bearing were fine and soldierly, and upon his brow was stamped the genius of the great chieftain.

Cockrell was diligently engaged in perfecting the discipline of the brigade; it was now but little more than two thousand strong, and contained all the Missourians that were left of eight thousand that had crossed the river under Price, and remained on the east side. It was often said, and even by officers of the old regular service, that it was the finest brigade of soldiers they had ever seen; and so fond was Cockrell of taking it out and putting it through the most difficult parts of tactics, especially when he had any persons of note for spectators, that he drilled us on some occasions until our tongues were fairly hanging out.

One Sunday morning the brigade was ordered out and formed upon the color-line, as we thought, probably for inspection; but no orders to that effect were given, and we could not tell what was wanted, in the absence of any special notification. It was

not however long before the band struck up near the upper end of the line, and soon came in sight, playing the "Rogue's march," and followed close behind by three soldiers of the brigade, each of whom bore a hog upon his shoulder. This novel squad of veteran "mud lark" hunters elicited shouts of laughter; and, as they moved on, one little fellow broke down with his hog, when a stouter comrade came to his assistance, taking it on his shoulder, and walked briskly along with two, and kept time to the music which played merrily in front. They passed along the entire extent of the line, and afforded considerable amusement to the men; doubtless the example was calculated to have a salutary effect.

Three Mississippians were shot here for desertion. The sisters and parents of two of them were on the ground to see them executed: the troops camped near were all in attendance. The kindred of the sentenced men took leave, and they were marched out and shot by a file of soldiers. It was a sad, sad scene—one of the horrible accompaniments of war. Under the circumstances, it could hardly be called a necessity, for it was too late to have much, if any, effect. At an earlier period, some benefit might have resulted from such severity, but desertion now was an every day occurrence in conscript regiments; and while thousands of others were only brought back and placed again in their commands, without any punishment, it was a hard fate with these poor fellows, to be consigned to death.

While in camp at this point I became unwell, and applied for and received from General Cockrell leave of absence for a short time, to recruit my health. About the latter part of November I took the train and ran over to Demopolis, to spend a few days and get cured up from the declining and unpleasant condition I was in.

Every possible attention was shown me by friends and relatives, but not getting better, the medical board in Demopolis extended my leave of absence. The Christmas was spent there; it was quite gay, and if I had been well, would have been a source of great enjoyment.

The brigade was still at Meridian, and all the parties at Demopolis were largely attended by officers and soldiers from it, who were toasted in a style calculated to turn the heads of most of them. One of the most pleasant and elegant of these

festivities was at the hospitable residence of Colonel Wheeler, where wit enlivened and beauty and grace adorned the enchanting scene. The merry dancers floated beneath the glittering rays of the astral lamps; officers in gay uniforms and sashes, hardened and sun-browned privates, in their humble and unpretending grey jackets, and lovely and fair forms exquisitely attired, fluttered in the mazy throng, and all was life and mirth, bright as the glowing images which fancy gathers round us in the land of dreams.

Just after Christmas, the brigade was ordered to Mobile, but my furlough was not out, and I concluded to spend the remainder of it with a family of relatives living at Brandon, Mississippi. Leaving Demopolis, I reached Meridian the same day, and was compelled to remain all night for a train. I found the hotel, both bed and board, to be rather a little harder than any place my good or ill-fortune had ever got me in before: this fact is within the knowledge of any one who stopped in Meridian during the war and slept in room number forty; there were not that many rooms in the house, but number forty had that many beds or bunks in it, the furniture of which was by no means familiar with the wash-tub.

The next day Brandon was reached, and my reception by Mrs. Clark, whose husband was a colonel in the army, and Mrs. Welch and their mother, was most cordial: Mrs. Welch and her husband were both there, on a visit. Never was a welcome more hospitable, nor was any one ever more kindly treated.

During my stay at this point I met Lucien McDowell, then a surgeon in the army and in charge of the hospital at Brandon, also Hervey McDowell, major of the Second Kentucky, Hanson's old regiment: these gentlemen were both relations. Hervey bore the air and look of a true soldier, and had the good luck, as he termed it, to get several furloughs during the war, from wounds: he had been wounded in six different battles, and still his fine physical organization was perfect, and he had not lost the use of any of his limbs.

Hervey was very proud of the old Second Kentucky and of the brigade, composed chiefly of Kentuckians, to which it belonged, and considered it the best in the Confederate army. I told him, wait until he saw the Missouri brigade, and he would at once acknowledge his error; he afterwards saw our brigade,

and said it was the finest command he had ever seen, except that from Kentucky. Both of these bodies of troops were indeed alike superb soldiers and splendid fighters.

Dr. Lucien McDowell was one of the most pleasant gentlemen I ever met; often thrown with him afterwards, favors and courtesies were received by me at his hands, which are most gratefully remembered and acknowledged.

During Major McDowell's conversation he related an anecdote in regard to the Kentuckians, of Breckinridge's division, in the army then commanded by Bragg. It may have been in print before, but never having seen it, I will repeat it here. During the campaigns of Bragg in Tennessee, the brigade, to which Hervey belonged, bore an active part: it was composed of Kentuckians, except one regiment of Alabamians. It seemed that the Alabamians were given to falling out of ranks upon the march and lying down to rest by the roadside, and the Kentuckians, throwing gibes at them, said they were like the yellow-hammers that flew up and down the fence after pokeberries, and called in question their fighting qualities. The Alabamians retorted by charging all the stealing that was done upon the Kentuckians, and finally the Kentuckians of the brigade went by the soubriquet of "Breckinridge's rogues," and the Alabamians by that of "the yellow-hammers."

In a charge, at the battle of Chickamauga, the Kentucky brigade captured a heavy battery, and General Breckinridge, coming up at the time, some of the men called out, "Well, General, your rogues have stolen you a battery," when a long, lean-looking Alabamian, placing his hand upon one of the pieces near him, said, "Yes, General, and one yellow-hammer." A general burst of merriment followed from all in hearing.

A few days before Christmas, General Johnson was removed from our department and placed in command of Bragg's army, which, since the battle of Missionary Ridge, had been lying near Dalton, Georgia. General Polk was transferred to the command that Johnson had just occupied.

Two weeks after Christmas, every thing about Brandon was thrown into confusion by Sherman's advance from Vicksburg to Jackson, and on down the railroad in the direction of Meridian; his destination was supposed to be Mobile. Two brigades of French's division, Ector's and McNair's, were the only troops

at Jackson, and they fell back through Brandon before Sherman's advance. As that place was considered no longer tenable, it was time for me to leave, and I intended to take the last train that would go out that morning; but Mrs. Clark proposed that I should ride a horse which she wished to send her husband, then at Mobile, and it could be shipped from Demopolis or any convenient station on the railroad, or probably I might meet Colonel Clark, as it was not unlikely that his regiment would be ordered up with the other troops now reinforcing French and concentrating at Morton, twenty miles farther down the railroad.

French's division passed through in the night, and I left after daylight the following morning, just before the Federals came in. Remaining near the rear, which the cavalry was bringing up, and at the same time skirmishing with the enemy's advance, I camped that night with a body of it, fifteen miles below Brandon. In the morning I learned that our brigade had been ordered up from Mobile, and was with the infantry at Morton, five miles lower down, where it was expected that battle would be offered. I rode on down, and was soon with my comrades, who were in line of battle just above Morton, where General Polk had by this time massed a force of about ten thousand men.

Towards sundown, though there had been some skirmishing, yet there was no prospect of a fight that evening, and I rode a little distance into the country to get something for my horse and self to eat; my furlough gave me the privilege of doing so, and of absenting myself altogether, but if there was a prospect of battle, however unfit for general duty, I intended to be with the brigade. About a mile and a half in the country accommodations were obtained for myself and horse.

The next morning, leaving a little after daylight, I was at Morton by sunrise, where I expected to join the company again, but found the place abandoned both by the army and the inhabitants, and as quiet almost as the tomb. I turned my horse upon the road taken by the army, which had left during the night, and half a mile from the place came upon a cavalry picket; inquiring if this was the outside post, the answer was in the affirmative, and passing within our lines, I stopped at a smouldering fire by the side of the road; the cool morning air had chilled me, and its warmth was grateful.

One of the cavalry soon came dashing up from behind and said, I had better get on, as the Federals were in sight, and that he was going on to report to the regiment, but a little distance ahead. About this time a volley was fired up the road, and I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs around the bend. Mounting and taking the road, another of the picket soon overtook me, and said that they would be upon us directly; our picket was falling back on the regiment. We soon came up with a fine body of cavalry formed across the road in open woods, waiting the enemy's approach: I remained some time to see what would follow, but the enemy did not press on, and in the course of half an hour, rode back with the cavalry, which again took position; there I left them, and overtook the command about ten miles below.

It was reported that the army was trying to draw the Federals out far enough for the cavalry to operate in their rear; but Sherman moved his force in such a concentrated manner, leaving no posts behind and keeping no communication open in any direction, his train always in the centre of the column, that he left no straggling or detached troops that might be picked up, and no opening at which cavalry could make an attack. I heard a couple of officers in conversation, when one observed, "Why it was that Sherman's rear was not attacked by this time was incomprehensible, as cavalry had been sent for that especial purpose;" the other replied, "It was strange," and added, "I do not believe he has any rear."

Remaining with the army a day or two, during which time it was falling back, I ascertained that it would not make a stand this side the Tombigby, and that Demopolis was its destination. I accordingly rode on ahead, and reached there two days before the arrival of the army. General Sherman did not go on to Mobile or come to Demopolis: he advanced as far as Meridian and stopped for a few days, waiting for a mounted column, about ten thousand strong, that was to come down the Mobile and Ohio railroad, under Generals Smith and Grierson, and which was to join him with supplies at that point. This column was met above Columbus by General Forrest, with a force not over half its strength, and badly whipped, cut to pieces and driven in confusion back upon Corinth or Memphis.

Sherman was forced to retreat to Vicksburg. He placed no

restraint upon his army on his route back, and the country on its path was entirely devastated. Having been foiled in his undertaking of going to Mobile by land, he savagely turned loose a lawless and unrestrained soldiery upon the people, and the foul deeds of that unbridled army rest upon him. His record is dark, blackened with heartless cruelty to Southerners, and marked by the bitterest invectives against them. A letter written by him, from Huntsville, Alabama, is so doubly-dyed in ferocious and inhuman barbarism, couched in language so shamelessly insulting, that History must ever look upon him as one of the most cruel, vindictive and unrelenting persecutors and enemies of the Southern people, and even of Humanity itself

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CHAPTER XCIV.

AT DEMOPOLIS AGAIN.

THE army remained about a month here. The time was spent in reviewing, parading, and other similar proceedings, all of which attracted numbers of the good people of the surrounding country. Several parties were given during the time, and about the grandest affair of all came off at Colonel Frank Lyons,' then a member of the Confederate Congress. All the generals and most of the staff of the army were present.

Quite a pleasant little collection of officers of the Missouri brigade took place at Major McDowell's: Captain Mauppin and Captain Young, of Cockrell's staff, Lieut. Colonel McDowell, of McCowan's regiment, and Major Wardell and Captain Bane. There were also a couple of General Polk's staff present: Captains Ellis and Morris, and John and myself made up the party of gentlemen. The ladies were about equal in number, and were friends of Miss Lou; among them were the Misses Tayloe, great favorites with the Missouri officers and soldiers, and Miss Belle Stafford, of Tuscaloosa, who, though not really pretty, was exceedingly attractive and admired. The evening went off most agreeably amid general enjoyment; the music was excellent; the Missouri officers all joined in the favorite song "Rally round the Flag," and it was finely sung.

Let us pause for a moment and ask here as well as on another page, where are those noble fellows now? Out of the five, three are in soldier graves—they sleep on the long and bloody track from Dalton to Atlanta, and at Alltoona. Col. James McDowell had won from the command the title of "the young Napoleon." Major Wardell was killed at Alltoona while planting the colors of his regiment upon the enemy's breastworks. Bane fell at the same place, leading his company over the fortifications. Mauppin and Young are the only survivors, and the former has a bullet hole through the lungs and an arm off, but has found a

balm for all his hardships in a union with one of the fair Miss Tayloes.

The time soon passed and the brigade was ordered off to Lauderdale Springs in Mississippi, twenty miles above Meridian, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. I did not go with it. The disease, that was steadily gaining upon me, was called by the physicians "hepatitis," or chronic inflammation of the liver, and had reduced me very much. I was becoming weak and by no means able any longer to march or undergo the exposure of camp life, and had not been well enough to do so for some time past; for the present was unfit to render service in the field. I applied for a detail or an order to be put on lighter duty. My application was forwarded to General Polk, who ordered me before a medical examining board, which pronounced me unfit for active service, and I was assigned to duty in the commissary department at Demopolis.

Major McDowell and family so cordially insisted upon my staying with them while I remained, that their kind invitation was gratefully accepted. Captain Carpenter, the post commissary, was a pleasant, clever and friendly gentleman; he was from Bardstown, Kentucky, and had originally been in Morgan's command. His treatment of me was always very courteous, and his manner and conduct were civil and kind to those in his office. We got along together quite agreeably.

While at Demopolis, many of the trophies and fruits of Forrest's victories came under my observation. He was now operating in North Mississippi and Tennessee; scarcely a week passed without something from him, and sometimes for days the trains were crowded with prisoners, artillery, and whatever pertains to the defeat of an enemy. His work did not stop at one success or battle, but he kept striking until victory after victory perched upon his banner, and laurel after laurel was entwined into that immortal wreath which will ever encircle, honor and adorn the brow of this distinguished soldier, associating his fame and genius with that brilliant circle, illustrated by such names as Stuart, Morgan, Shelby and Murat.

Confinement to the desk and office did not agree with me, and instead of getting better as the long hot summer days came on, my health grew worse, and Captain Carpenter gave me a furlough to go to Bladen Springs, whose waters were said to be

beneficial, and my friends insisted upon my trying their effect.

The Springs are situated in the pine woods about a hundred and fifty miles below Demopolis, and four miles from the Tombigby river. It was a pleasant and rather gay place, and up to the opening of the war had been a resort for the fashionable world of New Orleans and Mobile, and was frequented both for pleasure and the curative properties of its waters. There was no crowd there at the time of my visit, but enough to dance and engage in various other amusements.

At the expiration of three weeks I returned to the office again somewhat improved, but soon became worse. Not to dwell on my own ills, it is sufficient to say that I was gradually sinking into that prostrated and wretched condition, in which life was long suspended almost by a thread, and from which it was for a considerable time thought I could not recover.

Let us now follow the old brigade to a new field and to other scenes. It is proper to state here that the material for the closing chapters, relative to the command, is derived in part from the diary of Lieutenant Gillespie, with which he has been kind enough to furnish me, and from the narrative of Will Giddings, who is my neighbor, and was a participant in all that follows. It can be relied upon as strictly true to the letter.

CHAPTER XCV.

WITH JOHNSON'S ARMY.

WE come upon the brigade on Kenesaw mountain, Georgia—it is the twenty-seventh day of June. Johnson's and Sherman's armies are front to front; the Federal batteries are shelling our lines fiercely. Geboe's and Bledsoe's guns, in a gallant and effective manner, return the enemy's fire. The bugle's blast is heard, and its notes ring clarion like upon the ear; what means this? Far and wide resounds the order to advance. The blue lines move forward—they are charging. The glittering bayonets and pennons pointing to the front, as they rush forward, sweep boldly and gracefully up the steep hill-side, and are met by the murderous fire which blazes from our lines; but still on they come to dislodge our force from this strong and commanding position.

The withering volleys of musketry and the sweeping fire of grape and canister poured upon them, deal death and destruction in their ranks. They waver, and an officer seizes the colors of his regiment and rushes forward. A few of the bravest follow, and as he falls the colors trail in the dust, but soon are raised, only to go down again. The brave fellows falter; the ranks behind have given way, and are retreating in disorder; their only alternative is to follow. Sherman has charged Johnson's lines and been repulsed. Though the attack was general and failed at every point, the portion described was in front of the Missouri brigade.

It is now necessary, in order to bring up the narrative, to give a brief review of the movements and operations of the brigade for the previous two months.

After leaving Lauderdale Springs the command marched to Tuscaloosa, where it met an enthusiastic reception, and during its brief stay every thing was done by the people there that could contribute either to its wants or enjoyment. From this point it was ordered to Georgia, and after a long march of more

than four hundred miles, joined Johnson's army at Kingston, about the eighteenth day of May, 1864. He was now falling back slowly before the overwhelming numbers of Sherman, and while maintaining a menacing front, fought almost daily, and was always ready to deliver battle wherever a favorable opportunity presented.

The brigade was now in Polk's corps, and all the troops of the department of Alabama and Mississippi, that could possibly be spared, had been sent to reinforce Johnson. It still belonged to French's division. McNair's brigade had been removed from this command, and Sears', of Mississippi, placed in its stead.

The night after reaching Kingston, the army fell back to Cassville, and on the following day the brigade was engaged with the enemy; at night it intrenched, using bayonets for digging as no tools at the time could be procured. The following morning the army fell back to the south side of the Ettowah river, and from this point Polk's corps was ordered to New Hope church, where there was more or less fighting daily. The brigade lost a number of men, and Colonel Reilly was among those killed, the gallant leader of the first Missouri regiment. None possessed higher or more sterling qualities, and the stubbornness with which he fought, and the dash and impetuosity that characterized his every movement, rendered him a model of chivalry, and won for him a wide and extended reputation. Jas. Hulan, of our company, a brave soldier, was badly wounded—one of his eyes was shot out; he suffered for a long time, and has not yet recovered.

Withdrawing from this point, the army fell back upon Lost Mountain, where the view and scenery are described in Lieut. Gillespie's diary as beautiful, striking and picturesque beyond any thing he had ever seen before. From a position on the extreme left the brigade was removed to the centre, where skirmish pits were dug and active operations kept up for several days. These pits were generally dug about a hundred and fifty yards in advance of the works, and were capable of sheltering from four to six men in each, and were ten or fifteen paces apart, protected by the troops in the regular line of intrenchments, who kept sharp-shooters back at a respectful distance, and prevented the artillery from crowding too close upon our ditches. The first regiment lost a company here, taken prisoners in the pits.

One morning, just at daylight, a charge was made upon them, and though the enemy was soon driven back by the fire from the main line, yet he carried off the prisoners with him. From this position, moving with the army, the command found its way to Kenesaw mountain, where the battle of the twenty-seventh of June was fought.

Many gallant and determined stands were made by the army of Johnson against the overwhelming force brought to bear against it, in all of which the brigade bore an active part. Only by the weight of numbers was Johnson pressed back, fighting in front, and compelled to fall back when flanked by a superior force. It is well known that his army did not, in effective strength exceed forty-five thousand, while that of Sherman was a hundred and twenty thousand—nearly three times his number.

Under the circumstances so much was at stake, and so great was the disparity of force, that it was the policy of a wise and prudent general not to fight, unless there was at least a fair prospect of success. This was Johnson's plan. The army kept in good spirits during the entire retreat, which was one of the most orderly, obstinate and determined that the pen of the historian will ever be called upon to record. Not a single movement of Sherman escaped his eagle eye and sleepless vigilance; he was met defiantly at every point, and when he expected to move forward with little or no opposition, was confronted and hurled back by the cannon of Johnson.

The aim of the Confederate general during that whole movement, the object for which he watched, labored and manœuvred, was to bring about a partial separation of Sherman's forces, so that he might strike a portion at a time. In the existing state of affairs it would have hazarded too much to risk a general and decisive engagement with Sherman's combined army, which had such superiority in numbers, and at the same time was composed of Western men, good soldiers and veterans, of whom a large majority had been with Grant at Vicksburg.

Johnson was now drawing close upon Atlanta, and by the administration at Richmond was removed from the command. General Hardee was called upon by President Davis to take charge of the army, which he modestly declined. The opinion of this officer was, that if Johnson was considered incapable

of commanding, he did not feel himself competent to undertake the responsibility.

General Hood was dispatched to take the command, which he assumed on the eighteenth day of July. The army was opposed to the removal of Johnson, in whom its faith and confidence were strong and abiding; however, like brave and true soldiers and patriots, they were willing to fight cheerfully for a cause so dear, under whatever commander might be appointed, but Johnson was given up with the greatest reluctance.

After General Hood took charge of the army, a new policy was inaugurated. He was placed in command by President Davis to fight, and to save Atlanta at all hazards. On the twentieth of August a charge was made upon the left wing of the enemy, by which nothing was accomplished; and on the twenty-second a desperate and bloody battle was fought. General Hardee's corps attacked the fortifications on the right and carried the lines, which after a short time were abandoned. The enemy had fallen back to a position equally as strong as that from which he had been driven, and fresh forces advanced to aid in its defence. Hardee's command acted with the most daring and determined bravery, and its loss was very severe.

A few days after, the army was forced by a flank movement to fall back from Atlanta, and occupied Lovejoy station, twenty miles south on the railroad, where it remained about two weeks; during the time company G had a skirmish, in which Lieutenant Welch was wounded.

General Polk had fallen, and General Stewart was in command of the corps, and continued in that position until General Stephen D. Lee was placed at its head.

The army moved from Lovejoy, north, to Palmetto station, on the West-Point and Atlanta railroad, where it was met and reviewed by the President, and in a speech made there, sentiments were expressed by him that were not favorably received either by the army or a large majority of the people of the South.

In regard to the removal of Johnson, and in reference to General Hood, he said:—"Soldiers, in giving you a new commander I have chosen one who has struck in the cause of the Confederacy *an honest* if not a successful blow." This was construed at

once to impugn the honor, fidelity and standing of Johnson, which were beyond suspicion or the slightest taint—"sans peur et sans reproche," and nothing could detract from his bright and unsullied escutcheon. General Hood also addressed the army, and preparations were made to move north.

CHAPTER XCVI.

THE ARMY MOVES NORTH—ATTACK ON ALLTOONA—ARRIVAL AT
TUSCUMBIA.

ON the twentieth day of September the army left Palmetto on its course northward. Nothing of interest occurred until the forces, now divided and operating at different points along the railroad, came into the region of the Alltoona mountains. French's division, on the fifth of October, came upon the enemy at Alltoona station, strongly fortified. On the summit of the mountain he had perched himself in three forts, with a formidable line of intrenchments around each. The fortifications extended along the crest, at a distance from each other of a hundred yards or more, with slight undulations of the ground between, and were constructed in a regular line. The country around was rough and broken, covered with a growth chiefly of stunted timber, interspersed with pine, which grew large and towering. Within three hundred yards of the works the trees had been felled but not cleared up, and a very brushy and tangled space was left for some distance near the intrenchments.

General French made dispositions to attack this position with his division; he ordered two brigades, ours and Ector's, round to the northwest end of the line of forts, while Seers' was held back upon the southeast, to charge there and distract the enemy, while the main force was to advance from the opposite direction. The lines were formed with our brigade in advance, and Ector's in supporting distance, and three companies of skirmishers, Coniff's, Burke's and ours, were thrown out in advance; Sears' brigade was also in line of battle, and the attack began at both points about the same time.

The first fort made but a feeble resistance, and was carried by the line of skirmishers, which halted here and the brigade came up, when an assault was made upon the second fort by our command, ably supported by Ector's. They were met by a

murderous fire of all arms, but pressed on to the fortifications: the color-bearer of our regiment was shot down, but the fallen colors were raised immediately and planted upon the works. The battle now raged fiercely, and, considering the number of combatants, was one of the bloodiest and most desperate of the war. The Federals stood their ground, and with fiery impetuosity our boys rushed upon them with the bayonet; the furious strife lasted for twenty minutes, during which the bayonet was the chief weapon used, and at the expiration of that time the fort was in our possession.

Lieutenant Gillespie broke his sword in a cut at a Federal soldier, whom he forced to surrender, and a number of prisoners were captured. While this fighting occurred, Sears was charging the other fort, but had not succeeded in taking it. A general attack was now made upon that point; this, however, proved to be much the strongest fortification of the three, in fact, it was almost impregnable, and was well and stubbornly defended. The boys advanced bravely and held their ground for some time at the very mouths of the cannon, but the resistance was such that they could not carry the works, and, after a desperate, fierce and deadly encounter, they were compelled to retire. The assault was renewed and kept up for over two hours, but without success, and at the end of that time the troops were withdrawn.

The loss of our brigade was heavy: I have stated before that Major Wardell, one of its field-officers, and Captain Bane fell here. Without attempting any general enumeration, the casualties in company G were, P. Combs, killed; Captain Alford, severely wounded in both legs; George Waller, also wounded in the legs and badly crippled for life; John Blackburn, shot in the knee, from which he has not entirely recovered; Ike Gray, dangerously wounded in the side. These were the men who originally belonged to company G before it was consolidated. There were others of company D, now a portion of it, among the list of wounded.

Another instance occurred here of John Hanger's self-sacrificing disposition. The color-bearer of our regiment was killed, as stated before, and, after the battle, the colonel offered Hanger the position of color-bearer, which would have given him the rank of first-lieutenant of the line; but he again

declined a commissioned office, and said that he was entirely satisfied to serve in the capacity in which he was then acting.

From Alltoona the army continued its march up the railroad as high as Dalton, capturing the garrisons and destroying the forts upon it, and from that region its course was turned westward into Alabama; upon reaching Tuscumbia, it halted and rested for a few days, preparatory to advancing into Tennessee.

CHAPTER XCVII.

HOOD'S CAMPAIGN IN TENNESSEE.

THE army left Tusculum on the fourteenth day of November, and crossed the Tennessee river just above the railroad bridge on the Nashville and Charleston line at Florence; and at this point orders were received in regard to the conduct expected from the troops on the coming march. Hood also proclaimed to the army that he was about to lead them to the relief of many of their families, friends and kindred, and to rescue from the grasp of the despoiler their once fruitful and bounteous country, and all would go to a land of plenty.

Though the snow was now upon the ground and many of the troops were thinly clad and poorly provided with shoes, tents and bedding, which last consisted of one blanket only, in bad condition to endure the rigors of a winter campaign, yet they advanced cheerfully, without a murmur or complaint.

The army crossed the Alabama and Tennessee line on the twenty-second of the month, and continued on its course through Henryville, Mount Pleasant and other towns on the route, and on the thirtieth of November came upon the Federal forces strongly intrenched at Franklin, on a wide, open plain. The land for a mile in front of the works was entirely clear and almost perfectly level; the lines were probably a mile in length, and extended around on the outside of the suburbs of the town.

It was rumored in the army that General Hood was very anxious to bring the Federal force to an engagement before it could fall back upon Nashville, where the fortifications were known to be very formidable. Franklin could have been flanked, but in his eagerness to bring affairs to a crisis before the enemy could retrograde, Hood ordered a general charge, only halting long enough to form his lines of battle.

Our brigade was first assigned to act with the second line, but was soon ordered forward, and occupied a position about the centre of the right wing, while closing upon the left and centre

and touching upon the line of our brigade, was Cleburne's division, and joining upon the right was that of Loring.

The order to advance was general, and the line moved forward with banners streaming and bands playing ; the movement was executed with perfect order, and the line, in solid and unbroken ranks, charged on. Lieutenant Gillespie, since breaking his sword at Allatoona, carried an axe in its stead, and now advanced upon the works with this implement of peaceful avocation, converted into a formidable weapon of war.

A heavy battery, from a fort some distance in the enemy's rear, poured a destructive fire upon our lines as they moved on. The infantry did not open upon the brigade until it was within thirty steps of the works, when it was met by a deadly and terrific fire from troops armed with the seven-shooting Spencer rifle ; and here the slaughter of the remainder of that gallant band of Missourians was almost consummated ; in less than half a minute most of them went down. Will Giddings says, when he looked around, after the first shock, there were only seven or eight men of the company standing ; and the ranks of the brigade were proportionately thinned. Our lines were now too weak to carry the works in front, and the order was given to fall back ; some, however, rushed forward and gained the fortifications, but were there, with few exceptions, killed or made prisoners.

General Cleburne's division succeeded in carrying the works at one point : the gallant Cleburne himself fell upon the enemy's fortifications in this charge, and several other generals were killed and wounded. Loring's division was stopped by a very dense osage orange hedge, and did not succeed in reaching the enemy's lines. The loss of the army was fearful. Our brigade went into the charge eight hundred strong, and came out with little over two hundred men ; nearly three-fourths of the number were killed and wounded, and half were left behind upon the field. General Cockrell was badly wounded, but succeeded, with assistance, in getting off.

It is melancholy and painful to record the names of the gallant fellows, who fought their last battle upon this bloody field. Colonel Flournoy was the only field-officer left in the brigade, and there were but two captains ; Gates had both his arms broken, and all the others were wounded. Coniff, and many brave and gallant soldiers like him, sunk to rise no more.

In our company twenty-one were killed and wounded out of thirty; among the number was Lieutenant Welch, commanding, Joe Kennedy, Nim Haden, Charley Lander and Kapp, all of old company G, and one of company D, making six killed; and the wounded were, Lieutenant Gillespie, Charley Hanger, Frank Pitts, Bob Carver, John Moredock, John Horn, Dick Bridgford and several others; John Hanger was wounded and taken prisoner in the enemy's works. This came near using up old company G, and the brigade suffered as severely. The thoughts of that battle recall a sad and mournful story. Will Giddings, James Die and one or two others were all that remained of company G before its union with company D.

The night following the Federals evacuated their position, and withdrew within the lines at Nashville, to which point Hood advanced. Repeated skirmishes took place for several days, and intrenchments were constructed by our forces. The Federal commander, General Thomas, soon received large reinforcements, and made successive charges upon our lines, which throughout the first day were repulsed; but a portion of our troops gave way on the evening of the second day, and the Federal forces pouring through the opening, rendered the position no longer tenable. Our army was forced to fall back, and fifty pieces of artillery were abandoned and lost in our works.

Here commenced that trying and perilous retreat, which continued from day to day until the Tennessee river was re-crossed. Bledsoe's name and battery, already distinguished, now became immortal in the annals of war. With unflinching courage and a spirit the most determined and intrepid, he stubbornly and defiantly opposed the advancing squadrons, and day and night the thunder of his guns was never silent. Repeated attempts were made to capture his pieces, but all proved fruitless; like an impenetrable barrier they stood between Hood's broken down and shattered ranks, and the pursuing columns of the enemy, who, flushed with success, came pressing on. Fighting his guns with heroic nerve and courage, and with the experience of a hundred actions, on every hill he confronted and hurled back the advancing foe.

Among the several incidents connected with this battery worthy of record, one will be given here, as it is an isolated and remarkable occurrence. While upon the retreat, one morning

just before daylight, Bledsoe had taken a position upon the turnpike behind the brow of a hill, with a deep cut in the road extending some distance in his front; by the character of the ground the pieces were concealed from view, and at daylight a dense fog lay so heavy around that every thing was invisible at the distance of a few rods. Immediately after daybreak a regiment of Federal cavalry, in the advance, entered this cut, and came up four abreast, until it was within twenty steps of the battery. By an instantaneous and rapid movement a couple of twelve pounders, double shotted, were advanced to the right and left centre of the road, and with every appliance at hand to fire in an instant, Bledsoe called upon them, in his sentorian voice, to surrender or he would fire. The Federal colonel, taken by surprise and aware of his peril, at once surrendered, and three hundred prisoners with their horses, arms and equipments, were captured in less than ten minutes without firing a shot—the whole were brought off safely before any additional force of the enemy came up. A capture of a similar character, in field manœuvring or fighting, is not I believe on record, and it was certainly one of the most ingenious, bold and successful strategies of the war. The bearing of the men of this company, during the retreat and throughout the struggle, was characterized by the greatest determination, firmness and bravery.

The army under General Hood, having crossed the river, fell back to Tupelo, Mississippi, a place already well known to the reader.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

THE ATTACK AT BLAKELY—THE LAST OF THE BRIGADE.

THE army lay in camp for some time, reorganizing and equipping, but was never known any more as the army of Tennessee. General Hood, at his own request, was relieved from the command. The forces were separated and detached to different points; our brigade was sent to Mobile, and reached there on the fifth of February, where it remained in camp near the city for two months; and during this time it was recruited to some extent by the return of men wounded at Alltoona, of others who had been unable to march when the command entered Tennessee, and by a few prisoners that were exchanged.

All of our men severely wounded at Franklin were left behind, upon the retreat of the army, in a hospital at that place, and whenever well enough were sent north and placed in prison; on this list were several of our company. The regiment was reduced so much that it was consolidated into two companies, and the other regiments of the brigade underwent a similar reorganization. The brigade was now four hundred strong, and about the fourth of April was ordered to Blakely, twenty-five miles from Mobile.

On the ninth of April Blakely was attacked by a strong Federal force. The position of our brigade was in the line of earthworks near the centre, with troops from other commands upon each side of it. The battle consisted chiefly in one charge by the Federals upon our lines, which were carried at every point except that occupied by the Missouri brigade. A portion of the attacking force was composed of negroes, who, it is said, behaved well in the action.

The Federal command in front of our brigade was repulsed and driven back with heavy loss; the attack was renewed, but the position was firmly held. Shoulder to shoulder, with courage that never yielded, the repeated assaults were withstood,

and the enemy successively beaten back. The troops on each side had given way, but the brigade still held and stubbornly defended its post.

In this critical juncture a Federal brigade, which had succeeded in getting into the works, made a rapid movement and came up in the rear, while our brigade was still fighting in front, and drawing its guns down upon it at the distance of ten paces, called on the command to surrender. Down in the works as it was, and hemmed in on all sides by Federal bayonets, there was no alternative left but to yield to inevitable circumstances. The colors were lowered and the command was surrendered prisoners of war.

The Federal general who commanded the brigade that charged in front of ours, was accused by his superior in command of the army, of cowardice, both on the part of himself and his men, and was called upon to give an explanation of his conduct, and why he did not advance and carry the works in his front as the other forces had done. His reply was, that his failure to carry the lines in his front was not on account of any cowardice upon his part or upon that of his men, for they advanced bravely to the charge and fought well, but they had different kind of material to contend with in the works; and farther, the general stated, that the valor of his brigade was substantiated by its loss, which spoke for itself, and was heavier than the combined losses of all the rest of the army.

This statement is given a place here because it has a direct bearing upon the part taken in the battle by that handful of Missourians; and all who read the Mobile papers of that date are familiar with the facts, as they were published in their columns. This was the last battle of the brigade.

The command was sent as prisoners to Ship Island, which is nothing but a bleak sand-bar, without any shade or shelter upon it of any kind, and kept there in the hot sun, guarded in a very brutal manner by negroes, for twenty days. One of the men was shot and killed by a negro guard, for no offence at all that any one could discover, and all were in a state of uneasiness for fear the negro regiment, which was constantly shooting round, might fire upon them.

One of the negroes, who ordered the boys about and guarded them, often accosted them with the expression or something

similar, "who be you rebels now? bottom rail on top dis time sure"—(alluding to the negro now having authority over the white man). "Oh, shame! where is thy blush?" that those gallant fellows, who so often, honorably and nobly, perilled their lives for their faith and principles, should be dragooned by a negro, and placed beneath his African heel!

From this island the command was sent by way of New Orleans to Vicksburg, and there exchanged on the third day of May, and transported by railroad to Jackson, Mississippi. On the fourth, under the terms accepted by General Taylor for the whole department, it was surrendered, and upon the fifth received paroles. Thus ended the career, as soldiers, of the First Missouri Confederate brigade,—the remains of the eight thousand who crossed the river with General Price, and served on the east side to the end of the war. At the time of paroling, when the halt, the sick and the lame came in, there were not eight hundred Missourians present.

Here closes the History of the brigade. I have shared with its soldiers the trying scenes wrought by the convulsed elements of war, and solitary and alone in my room have gone with them again through their toils and battles, and inscribed upon these pages a faithful and unvarnished record of their past. As regards them I have done, and conclude this narrative with a fond, lingering and affectionate farewell.

For the living—the hand and heart of an ancient comrade; to the dead, who sleep on many a bloody field—the sacred tribute of faithful memory.

CHAPTER XCIX.

PERSONAL INCIDENTS—VISIT TO ALABAMA RIVER—SACKING A
PLANTATION—CLOSE OF THE WAR.

TAKING up the thread of the narrative at my old position in the commissary's office at Demopolis, I must mention, in connection with the acquaintances formed there, the arrival of a distinguished kinsman, Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell, formerly of St. Louis, then a surgeon in the Confederate army and inspector of hospitals and camps in that department. In appearance he was over sixty, fully six feet high, and his hair and beard were perfectly white: the former he wore combed back from the forehead, and, having been trained in this position, it stood up straight in front; the latter was long and flowing. His forehead was high and intellectual; the eye blue and rather mild, I thought, in its natural expression: his nose was Grecian, and the mouth expressive, with thin, curling lips above a massive and well-developed chin. Altogether, he was a very fine and remarkable looking man, and resembled very much the portraits I have seen of "Old Hickory."

Since the beginning of the war, while engaged in the service of the government, he had been to Europe, and was in both France and England. He said that we certainly had a great many friends in France, and probably the sympathy of a majority of the nation; but did not think we had many friends in England.

Dr. McDowell was one of the most interesting men I ever met: his fine conversational powers, the peculiar interest with which he invested every subject on which he touched, and his inexhaustible fund of humor and anecdote, rendered him one of the most instructive and agreeable of companions.

My health became such that I could no longer render any service in the office, and, on application for a release from duty, was ordered again before a medical board, and placed upon the retired list. Being now free from army restrictions and in a

situation to take proper care of myself, I hoped soon to get better.

About Christmas I received a letter from an uncle, General Alexander Anderson, a brother of my father, living near Camden, on the Alabama river. It contained a very cordial invitation to visit him. As I had never seen him nor any of his family, the invitation was accepted. It was only half a day's run to Selma, and a few hours down the Alabama to Bridgeport, where I landed, and soon found the way to my uncle's residence, a mile distant.

My reception was very kind by him and his family, which consisted of his wife and daughter, Adelia, a young lady of twenty. His only son was in the army—a captain in the First Tennessee cavalry. Living together in the same house with him, was his son-in-law, Mr. McMillin, a very clever gentleman, with an interesting family of four children and his wife, a remarkably sweet, amiable and pleasant woman.

My uncle was a grey-haired gentleman of sixty-eight, and very fine-looking. Possessed of a splendid physical organization, and having led a temperate life, he was still youthful in his step and bearing; fully six feet high; straight and erect. His wife was very small. With a soft, dark eye, she still retained the traces of former beauty. Adelia was interesting, pretty, stylish and intelligent.

The general had been forced to leave his home at Knoxville, and was a refugee after the evacuation of that city by our forces. He had been able to bring off nothing but his family in the carriage, and their trunks in a two-horse wagon. His property and estate were left within a region that had fallen under the special control of Brownlow, who had been constituted a sort of confiscator-general of the estates of those obnoxious to his jealousy or vengeance.

The mention of an individual so remarkable as Brownlow, requires at least a passing notice of this distinguished, or, rather, notorious character. Since that period, his career has, if possible, extended his notoriety. His speeches made after the war at a convention in Philadelphia, and repeated in other cities of the North, present him in a light distinct and unmistakable, and he appears desirous to have his views and opinions widely circulated and fully known and understood.

The plan of this Radical chief seems to be, to outrage and

oppress the Southern people with a tyranny so cruel and inhuman, that, in mere desperation, they will commit some act of resistance; then, to use his own language, he wishes to have "a finger in the pie"—to have a voice in controlling and directing the hosts that are to be turned loose upon them. The white race is to be utterly destroyed—radically annihilated, and the country committed to devastation and conflagration: no living thing, no vestige of cultured existence is to be left upon its broad surface. The army of destruction is to be followed immediately by the corps of survey, and the lands are forthwith to be divided among the negroes, the brigands and incendiaries. In Radical circles, the author of these sentiments was greeted with applause and honored with ovations.

History has made familiar the names of Marat and those ferocious revolutionists who deluged France with blood. The age in which they lived did justice to the characters of this horrible Jacobin and his terrible compeers, and consigned their memory to an infamy that will be eternal. Is there not virtue enough in our own times to do equal justice to these modern monsters, who, while invoking the spirit of their renowned prototypes, seem ambitious to transcend even their infamy and their crimes?

My uncle had served in the Senate of the United States with President Davis, and knew him well: he had filled several positions of trust and honor, and was familiar with our most distinguished public characters, and his conversation was to me a source of constant interest and instruction. He thought Mr. Davis' prejudices very strong, and that they had affected the fortunes of the Confederacy, upon whose future he looked with gloomy foreboding.

The general seemed to dwell with the most grateful and paternal satisfaction upon the character of his son, and recounted the part he had borne in so many battles, and was familiar with interesting and amusing incidents connected with them. David came home on furlough with Wallace Deaderick, a kinsman, while I was there, and he certainly came entirely up to his father's finely drawn pictures of dash and manliness. He was about twenty-seven, fully six feet two inches high, with a powerful, athletic form, and a decidedly commanding appearance. In one of his late battles he had been wounded in three places. Wallace Deaderick was a lieutenant in a Tennessee regiment,

and still suffered from a wound received at the battle of Murfreesboro. He was exceedingly good looking, with engaging and prepossessing manners.

In the latter part of January my disease entirely prostrated me, and I was confined to my bed and room for two months. A part of the time my relations entertained but faint hopes of my getting up again; but, many thanks to the kind nursing of the family, particularly to cousin Adelia, who was unremitting in her attentions, and the care of Doctor Matheson, I was enabled under the providence and by the will of God, to get up and walk about the house again.

During my sickness I had written to John McDowell to come and see me, and he had arrived during the latter part of my prostration, and like myself was now a guest of my uncle. My surprise can scarcely be conceived when Doctor Matheson, after examining him, announced to me that his lungs were almost entirely gone, and that he was in a worse condition than myself. The doctor requested me not to inform him of this fact, and gave him something to alleviate his cough.

At the opening of Spring, affairs assumed a very dark and serious aspect in Alabama. General Wilson's raid had destroyed all the Government stores at Selma, and stopped the boats upon the river, which were kept close in or near Mobile. We were cut off from all communication by mail, and could hear nothing except from persons passing through the country.

In April we learned that a Federal army was coming up the country, both by land and water, and General Canby's fleet soon afterwards made its appearance at Bridgport; the negro troops had been landed below and marched up through Camden. While the fleet lay so near, my uncle's place was visited by several squads of Federal soldiers.

The first which came was a band of negroes from the gunboat that was in advance of the fleet; no white man was among them, and charred and blackened by the smoke, and wearing their greasy and dirty blue uniforms, their big white eyes had an expression as much like demons as men. Mr. McMillin and the general had gone off with the mules and negro boys, and taken up-quarters in a canebrake on the river.

John and myself were at the house; the appearance of the negroes terrified the ladies, who fastened all the doors and win-

dows, and took refuge in one of the rooms remote from the front. As they approached the yard gate I stepped out upon the porch to meet them, and cousin Adelia bolted the door behind. A large negro in front, wearing a sergeant's stripes, seemed to be their leader, and rushed through the gate in advance, running up the yard, followed close by the others, drawing at the same time a holster pistol from its scabbard by his side. I looked him straight in the eye, and to his first question, "are you a soldier?" promptly replied in the affirmative. He then wanted to know if I had been paroled; my answer was, that I did not suppose that to be any part of their business, and asked this Ebo with the stripes on, what they came out there for? No response was made to this question, but they looked at each other for a moment, and turned to knocking over the chickens and visiting the negroes about the premises.

At the negro cabins they learned there was another soldier in the house besides myself, and the knight of the stripes soon came round, backed by his squad, and announced this fact, and said he wanted to see him, and if the doors were not opened he would break them down. I called to John, who immediately came out and the door was again fastened. My object was to keep them out of the house if possible. Their leader asked John two or three questions, and finally, whether he was able to walk down to the landing and be paroled? John told him he was not. He then turned again to the quarter, but soon came back and said, if we would let him into the house to get a few pounds of sugar they would leave; that all they wanted was a few chickens and some sugar.

These were very favorable terms, and we told him that he could get the sugar, but it was not necessary for him to go in the house, and John was let in to get it; but the door had only been partially opened when they made a rush over both of us and all went in. They scattered out and were in four rooms at once; the drawers and trunks were broken open and every thing thrown in a general pile upon the floor; the parlor, dining-room, safe and pantry, where preserves were kept, were ransacked. We succeeded, however, in keeping them out of the end of the house to which the ladies had retreated, and finally got them out after they had taken such things as they chose to appropriate, among which were clothes, fine shirts and boots, towels,

napkins, and in short any and every thing that suited their fancy. All the eatables they came across went up or rather down in the general melee; one of them stuck his head into the cream jar, and when it was withdrawn after his long deep draught, the whiskers and face smeared with the cream, gave to his black phiz a ludicrous and grotesque expression. They next proceeded to the smoke-house,—broke in and took a few hams, and then favored us with the pleasing intelligence that they were going to leave, which was almost in the same breath marred by the information communicated on leaving:—"when the white men come they will take a heap more, and do you worse than we done."

This squad was scarcely out of sight when it was followed by others, and they kept on coming until there were about three hundred on the premises at once, black and white together. They were not disposed, however, to force their way into the house, with the exception of a few, who tried the doors, which were securely fastened, and they were finally prevailed upon not to break them down.

The attention of these marauders was turned chiefly to the smoke-house, the poultry and hogs, and they tried to get the servants to go off with them. Their skill and agility in catching chickens was astonishing, and at the same time really amusing; a chicken stood no chance with them. Besides being very adroit themselves, they had along two dogs of the genuine breed, apparently trained for these raids, and the word was enough for them; turkeys, chickens or hogs were equally their spoil.

These bands soon stripped the yard of the poultry, even to an old muscovy duck that was setting in a hollow tree near the door; they carried her off, and her eggs with her. Little Von McMillen ran to me, saying, "They have taken my gander, older than I am, and I'm twelve years old." The whistle of the boats relieved us from these visitors, and the fleet moved on up the river.

In the short space of an hour a great change had been wrought in the aspect of things upon the plantation: it had been completely sacked. A fine ox and several hogs were left unappropriated—killed in the mere wantonness of barbaric waste and destruction; all the poultry was gone, and only a few middlings were left in the smoke-house that had contained, an hour before,

the product of nearly fifty hogs; all the potatoes and the last vegetable had disappeared, every thing was turned upside down, and it seemed scarcely worth while to straighten up, as the country was now entirely exposed to this system of Federal plunder and devastation. The ladies were very much terrified, and did not recover from their fright for several days.

Not long after this, we received news of the surrender of General Lee, followed in a short time by the return of troops from the Virginia army, who brought the sad and melancholy tidings of the capture of President Davis. The patriotic people and soldiers were depressed and stricken with sorrow and mourning, and the gloom that spread over the land appeared so heavy and pall-like, that it pervaded the very atmosphere around; even the notes of the song birds seemed to partake of the feeling, and were mournful and wailing. The last scene in the drama was closed, and nothing was left but to submit to the decree of inevitable destiny.

CHAPTER C.

START FOR HOME—MY COMRADE'S DEATH.

I HAD written home, that one of my brothers must come and take charge of John and myself, as we could not make the journey by ourselves; but the weather was getting hot and we felt unable to stand it, and concluded to make the attempt before my letter could have reached Missouri. Transportation was furnished to all soldiers, but we were in no condition to undertake the trip with such transportation as the government supplied. We did not have current money sufficient to pay our way, and my friends, like thousands of others at the close of the war, had nothing but Confederate paper. Fortunately I had fifty dollars in money that would pass, and with this we started.

Both very weak, scarcely able to walk even a short distance, we took a boat from Bridgport to Selma, as we wished to go that route, and thought we might probably make an addition to our funds at Demopolis. We reached Selma on a very warm, sultry evening, walked up street a short distance and halted for a rest. As we were sitting and meditating where to go in order to avoid the expensive cost of a hotel, a kind-hearted gentleman, Doctor Williams, stepped up and invited us to his house, to remain for the train to Demopolis on the following day. His invitation was most welcome and gratefully accepted.

We accompanied our kind host to his house, and having given him our names were introduced to his family, which consisted at the time of his two daughters—his wife had gone since the surrender to visit some relations in the north. Another young lady was there on a visit to the family. They were all three refined, intelligent and pretty girls, and, like the good old Doctor, exceedingly clever; the only fault we found with them was, they never seemed to know when they had done enough for us.

Dr. Williams was a refugee from Memphis to Grenada, Mississippi, and from that point to Jackson, and upon the advance and capture of that place by Grant, had fallen back to Selma, where he remained practicing his profession and engaged in the drug

business. He had lost a great deal of property by the war and was almost entirely broken up, but still contrived to distribute and dispense his medicines to all; those who had money paid, and such as were unable to pay received them in charity. None were ever refused.

The business portion of Selma was a perfect mass of ruins; the town had been sacked and burned by Wilson on his raid.

We were to leave on the following morning at light, but John was so much fatigued from his trip on the previous day, that he did not feel well enough to go, and his nerves were in such a condition that he had slept but little and was very weak. His repose of late had been much disturbed by his cough, which kept him awake constantly through the night. Doctor Williams insisted upon our remaining another day or as long as we felt inclined to rest. During the day we took a cab, went down to the paroling office and received our paroles, and procured our transportation to Demopolis: the Federal officers seemed to be obliging and attended to our business in a very polite manner.

An unusually bright and lustrous expression appeared in John's eyes during the day and a delicate flush upon the cheek. He complained of want of sleep and extreme weakness; it was very evident that he was rapidly sinking, and life was steadily relaxing its hold upon his shattered and wasted frame. When the Doctor came home to dinner he told me my comrade was dying, though he might survive a few days longer, but that I would not be able to get him any farther on his way home. Poor boy! this was sad news indeed: just to be spared to see peace after four long years of war, but not to realize any of its blessings, not even that pleasure so ardently looked forward to, of seeing his mother and family before he died. He was well aware that his life was drawing to a close, and with Christian fortitude and resignation he calmly waited the summons of his God.

I thought it would be cruel to destroy his last hope, that of getting home, and had not the heart to tell him what the doctor said. As he was very anxious like myself to get on to Demopolis the following day, and in order to do so it was necessary that he should sleep, the doctor prescribed three doses of morphine to be taken at intervals of two hours, provided he did not get to sleep. He took them all three, and in the morning was in a

stupor from which it was difficult to arouse him. We awoke him; however, by throwing cold water upon his forehead and by bathing his head, face and hands; he was even then but partially awake and begged us to let him sleep, and the doctor said it was the best thing for him. He awoke towards noon, but was so very weak that he could not be moved from the house.

A dispatch was sent by me to Major McDowell, informing him of John's condition and my inability to attend to him, and also my unwillingness to depend entirely upon strangers to discharge the last offices necessary to our dying kinsman. He immediately came over with his wife and daughter, and the patient seemed to revive on that day; and the doctor thought he might be well enough to go to Demopolis in a day or two. Believing he was getting better, the major and his wife went on to Talladega to bring home his children, who had been there on a visit for some time. They would return in a day or two, when we would all go to Demopolis together. Miss Lou remained with a friend in town, but was with us most of the time.

The morning after, John was worse, and continued in bed most of that and the following day. Towards evening he said that he wanted to sit up awhile, and we rolled him out on the porch in a large chair, where his fevered brow was fanned by the cool and refreshing breeze from the river. He remained seated, conversing a portion of the time, for nearly three hours, when about sunset he asked to be assisted into the house. Miss Lou and one of the young ladies supported him to the lounge, where, lying down, his breathing soon became very heavy and laborious; and as night drooped her sable curtain, and cast her shadowy mantle upon the quiet group around, the soldier breathed his last, his head supported by his cousin Lou.

Dressed in his soldier apparel, with his grey jacket on, we laid him in his coffin, and he was buried in the soldiers' cemetery at Selma. Flowers were strewed upon his grave, and the Misses Williams said, as long as they lived there, they would visit it and bring with them a floral offering.

My last comrade was now gone, and heartsore, sad and lonely and borne down by disease, I scarcely expected ever to reach home; but I took John's haversack and left my own, and deposited in it some few memorials to be delivered to his mother and sisters, in the event that I should get through,

CHAPTER CL.

SEARCH FOR TREASURE—RETURN.

DURING my stay at Selma, an incident of most singular and atrocious barbarity was narrated to me, which occurred at the time of Wilson's raid. At this period every thing valuable that the Federals could lay their hands upon was taken off, and they searched the yards and gardens for hidden treasure. The day before Wilson came, Doctor Williams had buried a little child in his garden, and the fresh signs of the new-made grave were distinct. Upon getting possession of the place some of the Federals saw the mound, and commenced opening the tomb. The doctor and family informed them that it was the grave of his child, and used every remonstrance, but in vain; they dug on down until reaching the coffin, they broke it open, and left the corpse exposed without even returning it to its resting place.

My friends at Demopolis had not yet turned their attention to monied affairs and were without funds. I remained there four or five days, during which time General Cockrell called to see me; he had not entirely recovered from the effects of his wounds received at Franklin, and while speaking of the fatal charge there, said that he never gave an order to advance with so much reluctance, and was almost certain that half his men would be killed when he did so.

The general and many of the officers and soldiers of the command were sojourning for awhile with their friends in and around Demopolis; many were loth to return to their homes while the remembrance of the ruin of the Confederacy was still so recent. General Cockrell's advice, however, to all his men, was to go home and be as good citizens as they had been true and faithful soldiers.

I determined to start home on what money I had, though nothing like a sufficiency, and already considerably diminished; a long trip by railroad I could not stand, and a friend had agreed

to meet me in Mobile, who had money enough to take us both through.

To Captain Stone, of the steamer *Marengo*, my grateful acknowledgments are due for a passage down the river to Mobile, for which he would accept nothing, and said I would need all my money and more before getting home, and he would rather give than receive any thing from me; he was indeed a most kind and clever gentlemen.

From circumstances which he could not control my friend did not meet me in Mobile, and after waiting four or five days for him, and finding he could not be there, I prepared to start for New Orleans. My funds were reduced to fifteen dollars, but my whole thoughts were now concentrated in the one hope of getting home, even if I had to beg my way.

At Mobile I fell in with Colonel Nat Wickliffe, of Kentucky, with whom I had become acquainted some time previous; he was on his way home with his family, and like myself was about out of money. I travelled in company with him to New Orleans, and am very much indebted to him for courtesies on the route and kind attentions after reaching there.

On the boat I met with Mr. Beckwith, an Episcopal clergyman, with whom I had a slight acquaintance; he let me have ten dollars and promised me ten more, which I received after arriving at New Orleans. In whatever circumstances my career has placed me, I have found good and noble spirits, whose hearts bade a cheering welcome to the sufferer, the wanderer, and the helpless victims of adverse fortune.

With the funds now in my pocket and my transportation I was enabled to pay my passage to St. Louis, and reached there with two dollars and a half; but I was in the region of friends who could supply my wants, and felt that my strength would bear me up yet a little longer.

The following morning I was visited while on the train by some ladies who had moved from Monroe to the city during the troubles; they had heard I was there and thought I would be on the cars that morning. After a most cordial and affectionate greeting, we conversed until the train was starting, when bidding them good-bye I said, "God bless you! and all the ladies who have southern feelings." A Federal officer, a colonel, was sitting immediately in front of me, and turning round, said,

"that sort of talk is played out, and is not permitted." I responded, "my feelings are my own, and at any rate they are not played out with me." He commenced a harsh and bitter denunciation of the "d——d rebels," as he called them. I was too weak to enter into an argument, and had neither taste nor inclination for such controversy. He continued for some time, and I took out a newspaper and read during his tirade.

I have not associated much with Federal officers or soldiers, but cannot think this style of sentiment general amongst them. After the surrender at Vicksburg, from what I saw, they appeared courteous enough, and freely disposed to leave us at least our feelings and honor. They listened without rudeness or discourtesy to the expression of the one, nor did they brutally and insultingly challenge the claims of the other.

With thankful heart and joyous greeting the soldier stood once more in his old home, and all those bright faces were around him, to which, in many a sad and weary hour, and in painful vigils and perilous trials, fond memory had still clung and turned with wistful longing and undying hope.

CHAPTER CII.

CIVIL AND POLITICAL LIBERTY—THEIR OVERTHROW DURING THE
WAR—POLICY ADOPTED TOWARDS THE SOUTH..

TO SPEAK of the structure and character of governments is the province of history, and in connection with the great wars, both civil and foreign, in which they are involved, it is proper to note their spirit and genius, their administration, progress and changes. Upon this subject I have bestowed some labor and attention, and have endeavored to investigate and comprehend the real nature of our institutions, and more especially that part of them which establishes civil and political liberty. The result it is proposed briefly to place upon record as a part of this work.

At an early period it became a fixed idea of our English ancestors, that the rights of the citizen or subject should be clearly and distinctly ascertained and defined, and first among these, that their persons and property should be fully and securely guarded and protected. On the nineteenth of June, in the year twelve hundred and fifteen, at Runymede, more than six hundred and fifty years ago, "Magna Charta" was granted by, or rather was extorted from King John, the third Plantagenet, in which these words occur: "No officer of the crown shall take any horses, carts or wood without the consent of the owner;" "Justice shall no longer be sold, refused or delayed;" "No one shall be put upon his trial from rumor or suspicion alone, but upon the evidence of lawful witnesses. No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or dispossessed of his free tenement, or liberties, or outlawed, or banished, or any wise hurt or injured, unless by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land."

It is to the honor and glory of our ancestors that even in that remote age, they conceived so correctly the true principles of liberty. The Saxons, originally a Germanic tribe from the Cimbrian Chersonesus, had been invited to their island by the

native Britons, to protect them against the invasion and inroads of their northern neighbors, the Picts and Scots; and having defeated these tribes, they determined to make themselves masters of England, and under Hengist and Horsa, their first leaders, established there the foundation of the Saxon empire. They seemed to have had, from the earliest period when any authentic annals can be collected, a very strong passion for liberty, and so far back as the days of the great Alfred, more than three hundred years before the time of Magna Charta, we find in his laws decided and striking proofs of the free and enlightened spirit of our Saxon forefathers.

Personal security and liberty and the safety and protection of property from the power of government, were settled and fixed principles with the English people from the beginning of the thirteenth century, and whenever an English sovereign violated these rights, they brought the Charter up before him and made him swear to it anew; three times the third Edward, the greatest of all the Plantagenets, renewed his oath to Magna Charta. The Tudors were politic princes, and though they often claimed very extensive prerogatives, yet they exercised them with such prudence, and made concessions so timely, as to avoid direct collision with their subjects; but the Stuarts, if not a more obstinate race, were neither wise nor skilfull, and exhibited but little address in the management of public affairs.

Under pretext of martial law, and by claiming a prerogative in the sovereign to set aside the provisions of Magna Charta in times of public danger and necessity, arbitrary arrests were still sometimes made and the property of the citizen was occasionally invaded; but it was the fate of Charles the First to bring to a clear and distinct issue those questions which the policy of former princes had kept away from the field of dispute and controversy. The unyielding pertinacity that marked the character of the house of Stuart, insisted strenuously upon the claims of royal prerogative, and was bold and uncompromising in asserting all its pretensions; this spirit and assumption in Charles the First brought him in immediate collision with the Commons, and elicited from them "the Petition of Right," intended to mark plainly and unequivocally the boundary of kingly power and the meaning of Magna Charta.

While this petition was pending in the House of Commons, two propositions were made by the House of Peers, to save the prerogative of the king, in regard to arbitrary arrests. The first was in these words: "And, in case that, for the security of his majesty's person, the general safety of his people, or the peaceable government of his kingdom, the king shall find just cause, for reasons of state, to imprison or restrain any man's person, he was petitioned graciously to declare that, within a convenient time, he shall and will express the cause of the commitment and restraint, either general or special, and upon a cause so expressed, will leave the prisoner immediately to be tried according to the common law of the land." But, as the Commons did not intend to leave the king an authority of arrest under any circumstances, or that control or restraint should, at any time or at the discretion of any power, be exercised over the citizen, except through due process of law, they promptly and without hesitation rejected the proposition.

The second amendment was directed to the same object: it was proposed to insert the following: "We humbly present this petition to your majesty, not only with the care of preserving our own liberties, but with due regard to leave entire that *sovereign power*, with which your majesty is intrusted for the protection, safety and happiness of your people." This also was immediately rejected, and the Petition of Right was passed by the commons, adopted without amendment by the lords, and, finally receiving the king's assent, became a part of the English Constitution.

In this parliamentary enactment it was fully and conclusively settled, that there should be no more arrests by executive or kingly authority at any period or under any circumstances, nor in any other manner except by law; there was to be an end then and forever of all martial law, and of its exercise by military authority, or by commission of the king, and troops were never more to be quartered in private houses or upon private families.

Notwithstanding Charles the First gave his assent to this Petition of Right, and it became a part of the fundamental law, he afterwards weakly and treacherously, or wilfully and arbitrarily, violated its provisions. A long and bloody war followed, which resulted in the dethronement of the king; and, finally, he

was beheaded, in the street before Whitehall, in London, on the thirtieth of January, sixteen hundred and forty-nine.

A similar contest concerning prerogative terminated in the exile and dethronement of James the Second, the last of the Stuarts; and, by the Act of Settlement of sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, the English crown finally devolved upon the house of Brunswick and Hanover, whose princes unite in their race the blood of the Normon conqueror, of the Plantagenets, the Tudors and the Stuarts.

Since the days of the last Stuart, no attempt has been made on the part of the British kings to interfere with the liberty of the people: no arrests have ever been made except according to the laws of the land. The pretext of war, either foreign or civil, has never been resorted to, to dispense with the laws and constitution, nor to assume, claim or exercise, even to the smallest extent, a right in the crown to arrest a citizen by executive or military authority.

Many and terrible wars at home and abroad, both domestic and foreign, have convulsed the British empire, yet the fundamental principles of English liberty, as contained in Magna Charta, the Petition of Right and the Act of Settlement, have been held sacred, and, under all circumstances, acknowledged, guarded and respected. Prisoners taken with arms in their hands, upon the field of battle, during their civil wars, have been invariably, and without the slightest controversy, turned over to the civil tribunals: such was the case in reference to Emmet, O'Brien, Meagher, and all others taken at any period of intestine commotion. No trials by military courts, or establishment of military tribunals, have ever occurred, except for military offences committed by soldiers or seamen in the army or navy, and the military power has at all times been held and kept in strict subordination to the civil authority. The attempt of an English general, at any period and under whatever circumstances, since the banishment of the last Stuart, to establish a military court, either to try prisoners taken in war or citizens arrested with or without process of law, would have cost him his commission, and most probably his head.

The liberties of our ancestors across the ocean have been fully and incontestably settled for centuries. The perfect protection of their persons from arrest or confinement, under all conditions

of peace and war, except by due process of law, the right to trial by their peers for all offences charged against them, and the security of their property from invasion by the government, or any other unlawful claim or pretension whatever, constitute the basis of the civil liberty of the English people. Their representation in the House of Commons, the peculiar powers and constitution of that body, the structure and character of Parliament, of the council and ministry, together with the well-ascertained limitations of royal authority—These are the foundations of their political liberty.

The house of Brunswick and Hanover has carefully studied the British Constitution and English history; and the heirs of the throne upon which it sits are faithfully taught to respect, cherish and protect those great principles of constitutional liberty, which should be dear and inviolable to the sovereign, in proportion as they are sacred and inestimable to the citizen and subject.

All the principles and safeguards contained in the guaranties of English liberty, were inserted into our constitutions, state and national, and every word and sentence that gave force and effect to them in Magna Charta, the Petition of Right and the Declaration of Rights connected with the Act of Settlement, were carefully preserved and written down as the recorded rights, privileges and franchises of the American citizen, so that they should be as full, clear and incontestible in this country and in our government, as they ever were or could be in England among our ancestors.

The Parliament in Great Britain has the power to suspend the writ of habeas corpus in times of great public exigency, and the same power is given to our government, if in a period of invasion or rebellion it should be deemed advisable or necessary. To follow the analogy of the British Constitution, the suspension in this country should be declared only by act of Congress.

Though, whenever under ours laws a citizen or other person is consigned to imprisonment, it can be done only after an investigation of the charge upon which he was arrested, made before the magistrate or judge who issued the process for the arrest, and also when from the evidence there is a proper ground for holding him to trial, yet so tender and jealous is the spirit of our Constitution of the security of the person and the personal liberty of the citizen, that it afforded him an additional and second

investigation through the writ of Habeas Corpus, and if any error occurred in the first instance or the party charged discovered evidence showing the commitment to be improper, this writ claimed his immediate liberation.

The right to suspend the writ of "habeas corpus," in periods of peril arising from invasion or rebellion, is granted to the government in England and in this country, simply to give them more time, in which full testimony may be obtained against, what might be supposed, a dangerous character, and to prevent the exercise of improper influence in effecting his immediate release. No power, however, is given to suspend any other process whatever, and a prisoner cannot be deprived of the right to a speedy trial, to know the charges and be confronted with the witnesses against him, and to have compulsory process to bring forward witnesses in his behalf; nor is the power granted to arrest a citizen under any circumstances without due process of law.

The experience and judgment of our ancestors have settled beyond all controversy, that the personal security of the citizen and the absolute protection of his property must be surely and unchangeably guaranteed against invasion from every authority save that of law, in order to establish and ensure civil liberty. The enlightened spirit, the irreversible conviction, the unfaltering determination and devotion to freedom of the Saxon race have achieved for it the most glorious possession, and left to its posterity the most invaluable birthright that man can hold; and we, inheritors of this priceless legacy, are bound by every aspiration cherished by patriotic ambition and sacred to freedom, to defend, preserve and perpetuate it "to the last syllable of recorded time."

The attacks by Charles the First and James the Second upon the personal liberty and private property of English subjects, though they roused the people to arms and resistance, and consigned one monarch to the scaffold and another to exile, were yet few and insignificant compared with the furious, daring and general onslaught made upon the freedom and property of American citizens during the administration of Mr. Lincoln. This prominent personage was simply the representative of those who had elevated him to power, and his conduct and views, and the actions of the councillors and agents around and under him

having received their endorsement and approval, the responsible party to History and to the People of this country is the radical faction.

The number of citizens arrested by arbitrary authority and without any process of law, during the time of Mr. Lincoln, amounted to tens of thousands, not accused of any crime, or if charged at all, the accusation was for some sympathy or opinion unknown as an offence against the laws. In many counties of Missouri more than a thousand were arrested in a single county; these arrests, however, were not confined to any one state, but extended over all, throughout the length and breadth of their wide boundary. The native of the distant north, who became obnoxious to this new and monstrous tyranny, shared the same prison with the captives seized in the remote regions of the west. Neither the decrepitude of age nor the delicacy of youth, debility or disease, nor the tenderness of woman were any exemption from the grasp of this gigantic despotism; its victims were often seized in the night, and surrounded with the threatening bayonets of soldiery, were hurried to remote prisons, and without being even informed of the charge against them, were held at the will and pleasure of a self constituted and absolute tyranny.

The number arrested during the Lincoln administration without law was tenfold greater than all that were illegally taken by royal authority for four hundred and thirty-four years, from the time of Magna Charta down to the period when Charles the First was beheaded, and it exceeded by thousands the whole number incarcerated in the Bastile of France during the centuries of its existence.

The groans and sighs of these victims could only be heard by the military jailors who guarded their prisons; they were dead and buried to the sight and knowledge of their friends, families and countrymen; and when from long confinement the sufferings of any had exhausted the strength and vigor of life, they were turned loose only to die, still ignorant even in the hour of death of what offence was charged or alleged against them. Others, with broken or enfeebled constitutions, were finally discharged and left without the satisfaction of hearing what crimes they had been suspected of committing. If there be a drop more bitter than any other in the cup of tyranny, it is that which the

poor prisoner drains in his hours of sadness, pain and solitude; and if there be an act of doubly dyed blackness and atrocity execrable beyond any other in the catalogue of crime, it is that which, in defiance of the laws, the tyrant perpetrates in consigning victims unheard and untried to the walls of his bastiles, there to pine, waste and sink in sickness, suffering and death.*

If the outrages of the radical faction, during the Lincoln term, were fatal to personal liberty, they were at the same time equally destructive of the right to private property. Their seizures extended to every thing that belonged to a citizen's person, household or estate, and included wearing apparel, watches, jewelry, money, plate, provisions, saddles, bridles, harness, wagons, horses, mules, cattle, grain and provender, in short everything of value that was applicable to use or attractive to fancy. In Kentucky and Missouri the levies of money by officers of the government were to a large amount, and the appropriations of other property extended to millions.

If a person whose property was taken applied for its restoration or compensation for its loss, he was probably threatened with imprisonment, or insulted with the most gross and vulgar abuse, or in the event that the officer, to whom application was made, was disposed to be unusually civil and polite, the applicant was informed that the government paid for nothing appropriated by its agents, unless the owner proved his loyalty to be of the strongest and most decided character; and this was always fatal to the claim of any one who was not either an informer or an active partisan.

What was this loyalty or disloyalty which, unknown to the language of the Constitution, yet constituted the standard of radical approval or condemnation? The first undoubtedly meant, in the radical vocabulary, decided and active support of its views and measures, and disloyalty was unhesitatingly denounced against every one who was not an unequivocal advocate of such views and measures. It was in vain to tell these minions of a power from which they had their instructions, that this was intended to be a land of freedom, that the approval or disapproval of the measures of government was not only a matter of conscience and opinion beyond the control of the will,

* See Appendix.

but was also the free and unquestionable privilege of every citizen; that if the citizen committed any crime or misdemeanor he was responsible to the laws, that his property was under their protection, and in no event could the government or its officers make use of it without compensation. The most courteous of these officers would say, they had their orders, and no compensation could be made.

Where are the instances, save under radical rule in this country, in which a government has become the downright and unblushing robber of its own citizens, the plunderer of that property which it is one of its first duties to respect and defend? No precedent or example of this kind can be found among the civilized nations of this or any other age, and even among barbarians, a government of this character would most probably be considered infamous.

What is true loyalty in this country? There is no royal family whose position at the head of the state invokes the respect and affection which a citizen may feel for the hereditary sovereign, especially if he belongs to a dynasty distinguished for wisdom, humanity and virtue: this sentiment, in a kingdom or empire, is called loyalty, and is identified with the name and sovereignty of the royal or imperial family. Among a people whose freedom is secured by constitutional provisions, the proper object of loyal affection is the constitution, and he who does not respect the spirit, character and meaning of that instrument, may properly be considered a disloyal man; but even a sentiment of disrespect or disloyalty to the constitution is neither a crime nor offence against the laws; still less can it be any offence to disapprove or censure the conduct and action of a party in power, whose own measures and policy may be in hostility to the spirit and genius of the constitution; and even if the conduct of government is wise, proper and necessary, the freedom of speech and opinion remains the same, the right to condemn and censure in this country, and in any other that claims a title to liberty, is absolute and unquestionable.

The radical policy and practice was to refuse compensation for property they had seized, not only in cases where the owner did not approve their measures, but where he had failed to exhibit active and earnest zeal in their support; so that a Missourian could understand, if he did not become an active

supporter of the radical dynasty and measures, he was to be subjected to robbery without redress, to say nothing of the chances of other and more desperate outrage. History will ever be at a loss whether to express most its loathing and condemnation of principles so vile, infamous and revolting to freedom, or of the bold, daring and audacious practices which carried them into execution.

If a citizen's property was liable to be seized or appropriated on account of opposition to the measures of an administration adopted for carrying on a pending war, then the property of the Federalists during the war with England was undoubtedly liable to be claimed and taken by the existing government. They denounced the war in the most unmeasured terms from the press, the rostrum and the pulpit, and private opinions were freely and fully expressed in bitter condemnation, and while they refused to fight, the Hartford convention embodied opinions that looked very much like joining the enemy. Notwithstanding the violence and fury of the Federalists in denouncing every measure to sustain the honor and arms of the government, yet was there any idea or conception at that time that their property could be seized and appropriated without compensation? The Democratic party of that day, which was then in power, would have considered such a conception absurd, mad and outrageous, and certainly the Federal party would have looked upon it as equally wild and insane.

At a later period, how bitter and unmeasured were the denunciations of the Mexican war, of the measures adopted to carry it on and of the government that waged it! On the floor of Congress the strongest sympathy was expressed for the Mexican cause and a species of invocation was uttered, calling upon them to welcome the American soldiers "with bloody hands to hospitable graves." Was there any attempt to violate the rights of private property by the government, because of this furious opposition to a pending war? Could a single man be found at that period so reckless and lost to a sense of liberty, as to question the right of opposition or the most unrestricted freedom of speech? Yet the very men who uttered the strongest denunciations of these two wars and of all who aided in carrying them on, the very regions of country which indulged the most extravagant terms and modes of expressing opposition, the descend-

ants of the same parties and the heirs of their faith and opinions have been the zealous advocates and supporters of Radical outrage during the administration of Mr. Lincoln.

The power of consigning a citizen to exile or banishment is not given by the constitution to the government of the United States, nor is it known among the penalties imposed by the laws; and may therefore be fairly and justly recognized as an unusual punishment. The eight article in the amendments to the constitution of the United States declares that no unusual punishments shall be inflicted; banishment may then be properly considered unconstitutional. Even, however, if it were a legal penalty, its infliction could only follow prosecution and conviction for the crime to which it was assigned as the punishment.

In the exercise of arbitrary power and military tyranny, citizens were frequently consigned to banishment and exile by the radical chief at Washington, and his subalterns and representatives in many and widely extended regions. In Missouri the petty provost martial and the military commander of a county or district banished, exiled, seized, confiscated, burnt and disposed generally and specially of the liberty, property and possessions of the people with the spirit and authority of an absolute tyrant and all the insolence and airs of an autocrat.

It is expressly provided in article third of the amendments to the constitution of the United States, that no troops shall be quartered in time of peace upon a private house without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war except in a manner to be prescribed by law. As no law has ever directed the mode in which troops may be quartered on private houses in time of war, it follows as an inevitable conclusion that they cannot be quartered at all without the consent of the owner. Yet the practice was universal in Missouri for Federal soldiers to take possession of citizens' houses and premises and use them at their will and pleasure, though they belonged to men who were in every way entitled to the protection of the laws. Churches were often permanently used as barracks, and the protection which law gives to private property is at the same time extended to them, to say nothing of that respect which should be paid to their religious character,—a sentiment not always appreciated in radical circles.

By the fourth article of the amendments to the constitution, it is declared that a citizen's security in his house, person, papers and effects shall not be violated, and no one is permitted to enter without his consent, unless by warrant from a magistrate, which can only be granted upon oath or affirmation being made, stating that a criminal is secreted or property feloniously taken is concealed, and that oath must describe the person or the property for which search is to be made and the place in which either is hid or deposited. Notwithstanding this plain and distinct constitutional protection, the military under the orders of radical rulers were incessantly engaged in violating this constitutional provision in every conceivable form and manner. With daring audacity they broke into the mansions and abodes of peaceable citizens, and exhibited a style of outrage that would have been revolting even in a barbarous age; and if asked for their warrant in assailing those rights deemed sacred by the constitution and laws, they would present and shake their arms in the face of the insulted and outraged citizen, and declare that these were their warrant and authority. By such conduct and actions the radical programme and orders were systematically carried out, and boldly and defiantly avowed.

When it is added that trial by jury was decidedly and unequivocally refused and resisted by the radical government in all cases where persons or property were seized or outrages upon them committed by its officers, the list is full and complete, exhibiting the utter overthrow and destruction of the civil liberties of the citizen, the rights of personal security, of private property and of trial by his peers.

While the destruction of the civil liberties of the people of this country has been accomplished by the radical faction, how have their political liberties fared under the rule of this triumphant tyranny? These are intended to be secured by a full and fair representation in both houses of Congress, and by the constitution and relative powers of all the different branches of government. The constitution requires that representation and taxation shall go together, and considers them as co-relative ideas. In addition to the character of the two houses of Congress and the mode of their election, the independent organization of the executive and judicial departments are vital principles in the political structure.

While some members have been expelled from Congress who were opposed to the radical faction, others legally elected, that were hostile to their measures, have been refused admission to seats, and at the same time an immense region, comprising numerous states, is taxed without the privilege of any representation whatever. The judicial and executive departments are subjected to constant threats, and vengeance is denounced against them if they controvert the soundness or question the infallibility of radical action or opinions.

Will it not be a melancholy picture, if History should say of the two houses of Congress, that with fierce and jealous eagerness they grasped and usurped authority the most despotic and unlimited, while at the same time denouncing and threatening with destruction the co-ordinate departments of government, for exercising powers the most proper and legitimate? Will it not be a sad record that may be compelled to declare, that with daring defiance and unblushing audacity they spurned the obligations of solemn oaths and the bounds of all restraint, and were prepared to destroy, without fear or remorse, and obliterate without shame or hesitation every vestige of constitutional liberty?

In reference to the power and authority of Congress, or the government of the United States, over citizens of states, let it be admitted for a moment and for the sake of argument, that the action of a state government in resisting the mandate or encountering the military force of the general government is entirely revolutionary, and does not therefore protect its people by the shield of state sovereignty and legitimate obedience from their national allegiance and its responsibilities: it would follow that the individuals of a state warring against the United States, though even in defence of and obedience to their own state, could nevertheless be prosecuted for treason, if there is no exemption for obeying a government "de facto." But is there or can there be any power in the general government, or in any department of it, to prosecute or disfranchise states? It is impossible; they belong to the past, to the future, to posterity, to all time, to great and fundamental principles. There is no power given in the constitution to the general government, nor to any branch of it, to degrade and annihilate a state; such a power would be a solecism in government, a contradiction of ideas, fatal to the security,

freedom and preservation of the states, and any provision in the constitution, embodying a proposition so monstrous, could not have received a single vote among all the members of the old Confederacy.

If the exercise of this power by Congress is not a gross usurpation, by what title, appellation or designation can it be appropriately distinguished? There is no clause in the Constitution from which, even by the most strained inference or deduction, it can be derived: does it belong to the right to punish an individual for treason or misdemeanor? Can you obliterate the immortal inheritance of a thousand ages under the pretext of punishing the offences of individuals, or even those committed in a single epoch? Such action is a complete annihilation and overthrow of all those glorious conceptions of liberty, of that grand structure of republican empire, based upon the balance of powers, upon the security and municipal independence of states, which govern and revolve within a certain and indisputable sphere. How visionary would appear those noble principles, asserted and vindicated by the great founders of our institutions, that neither the whole government nor any branch or department of it should be clothed with, could have or exercise powers not granted in the charter, or of a questionable, despotic or unlimited character!

Let us call up in review the policy which Congress has adopted towards the people of the South: say that they were rebels overcome by arms. When the war was over and the South submitted to her fate, was there no example in history which might have inspired honorable and generous sentiments towards the exhausted and conquered foe? What was the conduct of France towards *La Vendee*? The Vendéans rebelled at the time when the French people were struggling for existence against the combined powers of Europe: the blow had almost proved fatal; she received the enemy into her bosom and advanced by his side against the armies of France; she fought long, desperately and bravely, but at last was conquered; and what was the course and action of the conqueror? Did she deal with those prostrate rebels in the spirit of vindictive hate and triumph? No—not at all; she rebuilt for them the habitations that had been destroyed, exempted them for a long term of years from taxation, admitted them without hesitation to their

full representation in the convention, and to all the rights, privileges and immunities of French citizens. With noble magnanimity and enlightened humanity, France took La Vendee by the hand and led her up to the altars of the republic, and surrendered there every sentiment of vengeance and the last remembrance of enmity.

How different has been the conduct of the dominant radical faction to the Southern people! It has poured out upon their devoted heads the vials of its wrath, and turned loose all the Furies, their brows lowering with vindictive passion and their hair wreathed with hissing serpents, to prey upon a worn and conquered race, lying prostrate and exhausted amid the ruins of their desolated land. Throughout this wide extent of territory and over millions of people, it has established absolute military despotism. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States had pronounced all military tribunals utterly unconstitutional, and yet the decision was scarcely promulgated, when the radical faction, directly in the face of it, established military tribunals throughout the whole Southern country, without any appeal or hope of release from their dark and cheerless tyranny.

Beneath the dome of the capitol and within the hall of legislation stands the statue of Liberty and a representation of the eagle, one of the emblematic devices upon the escutcheon of our national arms. How do radical legislators abide the ever-present though silent reproaches of these glorious emblems? Is there no vault or cell beneath that massive pile deep and dark enough, in which they might bury these noble remembrances of that freedom they have degraded and annihilated? Have they no dread of the frowns of that marble brow? Are there no fears lest, with that cold right hand, the indignant statue may mark down the names of those whom she considers apostates, that have polluted her temple and desecrated her altars? Yet even though the the proud memorials should be banished from sight and sunk in some fathomless abyss, perhaps a truer and a better age might penetrate the tomb, however deep and dark, to which they were consigned, and bring them forth and restore them to their pedestals, there to stand, an eternal condemnation of the shame, the degradation and the infamy of the past.

It may soon be too late, if it is not already, to save the liberties

of this country from the swift ruin that is upon them. They are worth a noble and devoted—earnest, yet peaceful, struggle for their rescue. What brave, generous and patriotic race can be indifferent to the memory of its ancestors? to its own glory, honor and freedom? and to a just conception of what is due to posterity? the ages that are to come hereafter, whose shadows glimmer in the mirror of Time? If these are not sufficient incentives to action—adequate inducements with the people of this country, to make at least an honorable and courageous effort in behalf of their civil and political liberties, can they be altogether insensible to the consideration, that the most enlightened portion of mankind, the friends and defenders of free institutions throughout the civilized world, look upon them as peculiarly intrusted with the hopes and fortunes of the human race? that, viewing their glorious inheritance, their proud and elevated position, the institutions with which they began their career—History—the race and the millions of generations unborn, the spirit and genius of all the past, will hold them accountable for a high and solemn trust, will demand from them a grand and noble destiny, will expect that the light of liberty, like the vestal fires upon the altars of Rome, shall be kept forever burning—still bright, perpetual and unextinguishable.

While affairs are in a condition so wretched and deplorable in the national government, let us look for a moment at the course and conduct of the dominant power in Missouri. Those who had served in the Confederate armies and were within the provisions of the amnesty declared by the President of the United States, received in their pardon a restoration to their franchises as citizens. Such was the benign and gracious character of the pardoning power, invested by our ancestors in the chief magistrate of the nation; but this ancient and well-settled principle was entirely repudiated in the State, and, if the spirit of disfranchisement had proceeded no farther, few reproaches would have been uttered by those deprived of the rights, to which, under the proclaimed amnesty, they were by our ancient laws entitled. The disfranchisement, however, has been extended to citizens who were never in arms, and even to thought, feeling and opinions.

What has the Radical faction done in the State of Missouri, or rather what has it left undone, to destroy the whole fabric of

civil and political liberty? It has emphatically declared that there shall be no freedom of speech, and, in the same spirit of despotism, has pronounced that there shall be no freedom of opinion, of thought, of mind. Opinions which, even in the code of tyrants, are unpunished, by it are proscribed. Opinions! In the atmosphere of liberty, they should be free as the air we breathe—free and untrammelled as the eagle in his flight—unbound and unshackled as the wave of the ocean—unchained and fetterless as the winds of heaven! Yet, upon their exercise it has inflicted the heaviest penalties that tyranny can invent—utter political disfranchisement—absolute civil and political enslavement and degradation.

Why, in accomplishing this foul act, while placing in the Constitution provisions that have forged the chains of the people and established the absolute power of despotism, why are any expressions left there, that only insult liberty in attempting to use its language? Come forth, Radical tyrants, and acknowledge the work you have achieved. Tear from the Constitution whatever semblance may remain of freedom: it is now hypocritical and insulting to the name. Obliterate from the scroll beneath the State escutcheon its inscribed motto—"Salus populi suprema lex esto;" it is not the feeling or characteristic of your government, and is a standing reproach to Radical outrage. While you and your tools and minions are busy and untiring in stripping the people of the last vestige of their rights and privileges, at least do not attempt to evade the responsibility of the wrongs you have perpetrated; do not deny and endeavor to conceal the part you have enacted. If you are without the sentiment and virtue of truth and honesty, have you not the courage openly to avow—what you so daringly practice—the boldness and audacity of falsehood and crime?

A part of the policy of the ruling power in Missouri is, to place the negro in social and political equality in this State, and it has become zealous in support of the views and action of the faction, which has constituted him superior and paramount in the Southern country.

In the record of ancient days, it is told, that, at the mandate of imperial will, a Roman senate elected the horse of the emperor to the office of consul. The distinguished animal, clothed with the insignia of rank, was placed in the forum, and the consular

lictors compelled the people to bow down before the august magistrate. If history has justly denounced this act as one of tyranny the most wanton, insolent and licentious, what will it say to that which, having chosen the African and decked him with the robes of state, has placed around military lictors to enforce from the white man reverence and obedience to this Radical idol?

By Congressional enactment the negro race has been made the controlling element in the Southern States, and military ascendancy has been established to invigorate and hasten the accomplishment of the end. If all the renown, the glory and genius, which have illustrated the name and character of the South, could not save her from this degradation, if no lingering respect for the Constitution and the rights of the States could stay the hand of the tyrant and destroyer, was not something due at least to the spirit of humanity? Alas! her appealing voice was lifted in vain, to save the prostrate and helpless victim from this vindictive infliction of the last extreme of torture. Wretched and deplorable fate! to be consigned to the tender mercies of military domination, and at the same subjected to the will and power of the African negro! It is indeed true, that a government ruled and controlled by reckless and unscrupulous faction, though professedly free at least in its form, may yet be worse, far worse in tyranny, than any monarchy swayed by one absolute despot. Of all the monsters of ancient or modern times the Hydra is admitted to be the most formidable and terrific.

This radical legislation has yet to undergo the test of public supervision. Will it be sustained by popular approval? Will this policy, this cruel, pitiless and revolting enslavement of the Southern people be endorsed by the citizens of this country? If it be, the seal will be set to the relinquishment of all claim to a high and noble destiny; and the name and memory of this land and people must be placed by history on that long and gloomy record, upon which are inscribed the fate, the fortunes and the crimes of barbaric races and of those nations, which, insensible to glory and honor, have sunk in the shameless degradation of malignant faction or the profound infamy of merciless tyranny.

On the Gulf of Finland, where the river Neva pours in its icy flood, is situated the city of St. Petersburg. Its spacious

streets, its magnificent palaces, its noble structures, devoted to religion and learning, its gigantic and costly public works and edifices, mark it as one of the great cities of the world. In its centre stands a fine equestrian statue, in massive granite, representing its founder, Peter the Great. This splendid metropolis has been reared by the mandate of absolute power: neither commerce nor the arts bade those grand and glittering piles rise up on that bleak and desolate shore.

In the marble halls of this proud capital, and throughout the vast empire to which it belongs, but one will is known; the sceptre is swayed by one single tyrant. Looking over the wide plains which acknowledge subjection to his power, the eye rests upon a point on their broad surface, where it beholds a long procession conducted by military guards, and slowly and wearily bending its course towards the Arctic circle, to those dreary wastes whose dismal shores are washed by the Frozen Ocean. The youthful forms of tender girlhood are mingled in the throng with the feeble and tottering step of decrepid age: the countenances of all are marked by painful suffering and with mute despair. If the observer seeks to know farther, he will learn that these are the victims of jealous tyranny, wretched exiles consigned to a living tomb in the gloomy and inhospitable abodes of eternal ice—sacrifices to the vengeance of the despot who sits throned in that gorgeous capital. In this wide extended realm, in that city of palaces, freedom has never been known or dreamed of; in all their past history there is not a single bright page invoking the spirit of liberty; and her only office there has been to weep over memories thronged with suffering and woe.

Upon our own American soil has been established a despotism more fearful and revolting than that which rules in the empire of the Muscovite, and scenes are in preparation here, which, in depth of wretchedness and misery and in the height of gloating vengeance and tyranny, will even surpass the most forlorn and dreary spectacle ever exhibited on the ice-bound wastes of Siberia. The victims will be countless, their fate sadder, more tragic and gloomy.

The land in which we live has not, in days that are past, been favorable to the growth of despotism. Liberty has been our presiding genius: in the most humble cottage, as well as in the

proudest mansion, she has been a household deity. Her temples have been reared here by the hands of freemen, and her shrines have been sprinkled with the blood of patriots. In no part of the wide earth nor in all the ages of time, have her altars been covered with more heartfelt offerings, or has her spirit been propitiated with nobler sacrifices.

If the turbid waters of faction cannot be stayed; if they still must roll over this fair country, sweeping away the temples in which our fathers have worshipped, and the altars before which they have bowed in a devotion so pure and ennobling, how terrible will be the wreck and destruction of the fearful flood! how woful and agonizing must be the wail that will go forth from the votaries of freedom throughout the world! Philosophy pauses in grave contemplation over the mighty ruin. History holds her pen in musing melancholy above the dark page. In sadness and sorrow Liberty bids farewell to the land of her love and her hopes, and oh! how mournful will be the tear dropped upon the tomb of her children, as she wings her flight away from her ruined home and desolated abode!

CHAPTER CIII.

CONCLUSION.

IN this volume are presented many of the scenes of the great drama, in which a brave people sunk at last exhausted from the protracted and desperate struggle that could no longer be maintained. They now lie helpless and unresisting, while the fangs of the furious and merciless conqueror are sunk still deeper into their vitals, and the torn and mangled victim writhes within the grasp of the fierce and glaring victor. As the tiger strikes into the heart of his prey, rends to pieces the cords of life and gloats over his bloody feast, so the ferocious and dominant faction of the day is holding high carnival over the remains of the Southern people.

When these radical cannibals have devoured the South, their appetites will be whetted to make a finish of the obnoxious copperheads, and then may they not, like the dogs of Actæon, turn upon their own household, and have a final feast upon some of their own leaders? Such was the fate of the best and greatest chiefs of the Jacobins,—Danton, Camille Desmoulins and others, who became at last the prey of the ferocious pack which they themselves had trained. The invocation of some moderation, a faint exhibition of forbearance, not enough to merit in reality these appellations, were fatal. Are there no radical chiefs who aspire to the forbearance and may realize the fate of Danton?

In these pages we have been with the soldier in his hours of ease, and witnessed the gayety and freedom with which he engages in the sport, the jest and mirth of the moment, and have seen the daring and dauntless courage with which he advances upon the battle-field, and his fearless intrepidity as he rushes to the cannon's mouth. We have beheld his love of glory, his devotion to his standard as borne in proud defiance, it floated above the embattled lines; and if it fell, how quickly it was seized from the lifeless hand that held it, and waved again over the stormy strife. Glorious memories that throng around that streaming

banner! Like many of the gallant spirits who fought beneath its folds, it is now no more!

After this long journey together, in which you have accompanied me through scenes of life and gayety, and of peril and suffering too, I trust, kind reader, we have become friends. My object has been to give you a faithful and fair account of what I have seen and known of interest or importance in our civil war, and to present a just conception of the life, character and fortunes of the soldier: and this has properly and necessarily involved a presentation of sentiments and principles, in behalf of which, the best and most precious blood of a generous and gallant people has been shed. The motives and incentives of a mighty struggle should be set forth in connection with the narration of its events. If any thing has been said offensive to your views, an enlightened and liberal toleration is invoked. Will you not "pardon something to the spirit of liberty."

My task is now done. What I have written may be an humble but it is an earnest and sincere offering to the truth of History. My vindication of those who fought and struggled so faithfully for a cause to which they were devoted, has been given; the narrative of the brave and noble spirit, with which the sons of Missouri bore themselves in the deadly contest, is committed to record; the last tribute of a soldier to fallen comrades is paid.

"When night and darkness have laid the world to rest," the magic wand of memory, with wierd incantation, has brought forth in long procession the well known forms that have sunk around me in the tide of battle. Upon their pale and manly brows were still stamped the mark and type of truth and honor. If there are any who pronounce upon them harshly, they now stand before a higher tribunal, where the victor and the vanquished, the conqueror and the captive, the tyrant and the victim will be alike impartially judged. When all human justice fails, this judgment alone can avenge the wrongs of the oppressed and vindicate the cause of truth, of right and humanity, and to its decrees is submitted the last appeal of the dying exile, of the forlorn and hapless prisoner, and of the outraged sufferer of every land, race and nation, who, hopeless of succor or relief, have felt the galling chains of oppression, and groaned beneath the iron heel of despotism.

APPENDIX.

NOTE.—A few instances, out of thousands, will illustrate the character of radical tyranny: In Perry county, and one or two adjoining counties in Illinois, during the war, about sixty were arrested at one time, seized in the night by the military, not permitted any intercourse with their friends or families, nor to take any supply of clothing; but were immediately transported nearly a thousand miles to distant prisons, manacled with handcuffs, and kept incarcerated for a long period, without knowing what they were charged with. From their long imprisonment some of them contracted diseases to which they became martyrs. Among these prisoners were the Hon. Wm. J. Allen, Judge Mulkie, Judge Duff, Dr. Smith, Marion Youngblood, Wm. Haynes, Logan McCarver, Wm. Green, Dr. Turman and upwards of fifty others. None of them had been in arms; their offence consisted in the disapproval of radical measures.

A gentleman of unimpeachable veracity, from Illinois, visited one of the Federal prisons in search of an imprisoned kinsman. It was the latter part of winter, bleak and cold. He described the condition of the inmates as most wretched and deplorable. Their clothes were in rags, their legs, arms and breasts comparatively naked; they were confined in a small enclosure, surrounded by a high, strong plank fence. Guards were stationed around on the inside and outside, and some kept watch, marching their beats on broad planks or platforms fastened on top of the fence. The weather was very cold; the prisoners were without shelter and slept upon the ground, many of them having only a piece of an old blanket for cover. A little smoke made with chips was all their fire, not amounting to anything that could be called by that name. The gentleman's kinsman was dead, and among the numerous fresh graves he could not distinguish the one he sought. The prisoners were, to use his expression, "dying like sheep with the rot." He had sent his relation three full suits of clothes, including an overcoat in each suit; but they had been appropriated, he presumed by Federal officials, as only one pair of socks and one pair of pants ever reached the prisoner.

The clothing was committed to the charge of the government authorities, and at the time the government promised to deliver to prisoners everything of this sort sent to them by their friends.

In St. Louis a Confederate officer had been sentenced to

death. His case enlisted the sympathy and interest of many, and among them, one young girl resolved to make an attempt to save him. With this view she applied to the authorities for admission to the prisoner, and stated that she was his wife. It was soon discovered that her statement was incorrect, and she was immediately imprisoned. Manacles were placed upon her hands and feet, and she was chained so as to be unable to move. She was kept in this condition until the irons eat into her wrists and ankles, and her situation was horrible and pitiable. Even a Federal military court, when acting on her case, found no excuse for her detention, still less could there be any for the brutal and savage cruelty inflicted upon the weak and helpless girl.

An implement of death in some of these prisons was a gallows, somewhat ingeniously constructed and painted black; it was portable, and could be conveyed into a cell or dungeon of moderate size. The one used in Gratiot street prison, St. Louis, is preserved there in one of the halls of the Museum attached to the Medical College.

